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Hallock, Rev. G.B.F.

Three Hundred Five-Minute Sermons for Children

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THREE HUNDRED FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

Books by Rev. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

Three Hundred Five-Minute Sermons for Children
Five Thousand Best Modern Illustrations
Holy Communion Cyclopedia
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Christ in the Home
Growing Toward God
Upward Steps
God's Whispered Secrets
Doran's Ministers Manual, Volumes for 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929

THREE HUNDRED FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

A CYCLOPEDIA OF CHOICE AND PRACTICAL PRESENT-DAY SERMONS TO CHILDREN—STORY SERMONS, OBJECT SERMONS, DRAMA SERMONS, LESSONS FROM NATURE, ART, SCIENCE, FABLES, LEGENDS AND FOLK-LORE, MISSIONARY TALKS AND SERMONS, WITH ESPECIALLY AMPLE INCLUSION OF THOSE APPROPRIATE TO THE SPECIAL DAYS AND OCCASIONS OF THE CHURCH AND SECULAR YEAR

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

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FOREWORD

Most ministers to-day in speaking to children do not use over five to seven minutes. In the past, sermons to children have been much too long and too formal. The purpose of this cyclopedia is to offer a large collection of brief, yet choice, practical and suggestive sermons to children of the present-day sort. We herewith present a treasury of hundreds of such sermons, and in great variety—story sermons, object sermons, drama sermons, sermons with lessons from nature, art, science, from fables, legends and folk-lore, also a large number of missionary talks and sermons, with especially ample inclusion throughout of those most appropriate to the special days and occasions of the entire church and secular year.

We make bold to claim also that they are good sermons. The themes are good. The material is good. The treatment is good. They are interesting, suggestive, stimulating, being chosen from a large number of ministers most gifted in addressing children and young people.

This claim of quality is made in spite of the fact, which we well know, that it is not easy to prepare really good sermons for children. It is said that an overwise seminary student at the close of one of the lectures of his professor in Biblical Theology on the Book of Proverbs, remarked to his teacher that he did not see anything especially notable or indicative of inspiration in the Hebrew Proverbs. The professor gave quick and caustic answer: "You would better make a few proverbs yourself."

If any reader should be inclined to criticize the children's sermons here presented, we courteously invite him to write those that are better. The art of preaching interestingly and profitably to children and young people is not easy. It is difficult. Yet it is an exceedingly important art, and one that can be cultivated. The very fact that so many ministers have succeeded in it is proof enough.

We commend the hundreds of sermons in this volume, first, to ministers. They can find in them, especially in their themes and stimulating thoughts, suggestions for good short sermons for children and young people to precede the longer sermons which they preach to adults. Oftentimes the older people appreciate most the thoughts given the young, while the minister can often say intimate things to the young worthy also of older people's attention, yet that could not wisely be included in the more formal address to the elders. And we recommend these sermons also to parents. They will find them good reading for their children for a little while on Sunday afternoons or at other times. We commend them

also for use or suggestiveness to Sunday School and Day School teachers and to teachers of Week-day Schools of Religion and Daily Vacation Bible Schools. We commend them, moreover, to all older people who feel young, believing they will find them interesting as stories, profitable as sermons, and youth-provoking to their spirits.

G. B. F. H.

Brick Church
Rochester, N. Y.

CONTENTS

ACCORDING TO SPECIAL DAYS, SEASONS, AND DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER

(These together with all upon more general themes are found also in the complete alphabetical index, "Sermons According to Subject.")

ORDER OF THE YEAR

New Year

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE ..... No. 19
BOY IN BLOSSOM, A ..... No. 18
COUNTING YOUR CHICKENS ..... No. 245
HOW TO GIVE PLEASURE TO GOD ..... No. 23
LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN, THE ..... No. 22
NEW BEGINNING, THE ..... No. 21
NEW SONG, THE ..... No. 20

Lincoln's Birthday

AMERICAN GREAT-HEART, THE ..... No. 37
BOY LINCOLN AND HIS DOG, THE ..... No. 151
KINDNESS OF LINCOLN ..... No. 39
LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO A BIRD ..... No. 38

Washington's Birthday

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY STORY, A ..... No. 179
WASHINGTON AND THE CHILDREN ..... No. 41
BOY OF THE REVOLUTION, A ..... No. 169
BOY WHO WOULD NOT LIE, THE ..... No. 129

Winter

LESSONS FROM THE SNOW ..... No. 51
SAINT BERNARDS, THE ..... No. 50
SNOW, THE ..... No. 52

Palm Sunday

BLESSEDNESS OF BEING NEEDED, THE ..... No. 83
BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE PROCESSION ..... No. 85
GARMENT GIVERS ..... No. 84
HOSANNA SPIRIT, THE ..... No. 81
SPREADING YOUR GARMENTS BEFORE HIM ..... No. 82

Good Friday

CALVARY CLOVER ..... No. 80
CROSS WE MAY WEAR WITHIN OUR HEARTS, THE ... No. 79

Easter

Darkness and the Dawn, The ..... No. 93
Easter Joy and Light ..... No. 91
Easter Lesson from Nature, An ..... No. 86
Easter Talk to Children ..... No. 93
Garden and the Rainbow, The ..... No. 88
How the Worm Became Beautiful ..... No. 89
How the African Speaks of Death ..... No. 90
If There Were No Easter ..... No. 92
Remember Life ..... No. 87

Springtime

Birds' Singing School ..... No. 65
Dandelions on the Lawn ..... No. 69
Farmer and His Fields, The ..... No. 71
Great Big Clock, The ..... No. 70
How the Birds Came on Earth ..... No. 66
Indian Parable of the Wren, The ..... No. 67
Spendthrift and the Swallow, The ..... No. 64
What Are You Going to Be? ..... No. 68

Arbor Day

Candles Made from Trees ..... No. 103
Greedy Tree, The ..... No. 99
Growing Umbrella Handles ..... No. 101
Straight Trees Standing Together ..... No. 102
Tree That Sheds Its Skin, The ..... No. 100
Trees That Bear Soap ..... No. 98

Mother's Day

"I Thought of You, Mother" ..... No. 108
Mother Song, A ..... No. 109
Only Singing About Mother ..... No. 107

Children's Day

God's Whispering Gallery ..... No. 119
He Calls Them All by Name ..... No. 120
Use of Little Things, The ..... No. 118

Independence Day

Boys, Look out for Your Rights ..... No. 133
Lion and the Oxen, The ..... No. 134
Patriotism ..... No. 137
Test of Our Loyalty, The ..... No. 136
Three-Fold Loyalty, A ..... No. 135
What the Liberty Bell Said ..... No. 138

Summer

Handful of Corn, A ..... No. 145
Lamb with the Longest Tail, The ..... No. 147
River of God, The ..... No. 146
Sharpening Your Tools ..... No. 148
Story of the Little Rain Cloud, The ..... No. 149
Who Owns the Thunder? ..... No. 144

Harvest

Joy of Harvest, The ..... No. 173
Larks in the Corn Field, The ..... No. 150

Labor Day

Ant and the Grasshopper, The ..... No. 171
Down to Sleep, Up to Work ..... No. 172
Wind Is a Worker, The ..... No. 170

Armistice Sunday

Fable of the Foxes, The ..... No. 183
What a Monkey Taught a King ..... No. 182

Thanksgiving

Billy Boy's Thanksgiving Tooth ..... No. 188
Children's Thanksgiving ..... No. 184
Discontented Donkey, The ..... No. 215
First New England Thanksgiving, The ..... No. 291
Forget Not His Benefits ..... No. 190
God's Thank You ..... No. 187
Good Thanksgiving, A ..... No. 189
Sea Gulls and Thanksgiving ..... No. 185
Thanksgiving Story from Old Colony Times, A ... No. 186
Why Do We Forget God so Easily? ..... No. 191

Autumn

Bird Travelers ..... No. 218
Little Sunbeam Parable, The ..... No. 219

Temperance

At the Last ..... No. 220

Christmas

Bethlehem of the Heart, The ..... No. 296
Birds' Christmas Tree, The ..... No. 302
Bright Tinsel Cords on the Christmas Tree, The. No. 264
Christmas in Italy ..... No. 292
Christmas in Norway ..... No. 244
Christmas Tree, The ..... No. 298

Christmas (Cont'd)

Dutch Christmas Story, A ..... No. 217
God's Christmas Present ..... No. 299
Guiding Star, The ..... No. 295
Jesus Christ's Birthday ..... No. 300
Legend of the Christmas Rose ..... No. 297
Little Girl's Christmas, The ..... No. 301
New Kind of Christmas Tree, A ..... No. 294
Preparing a Road for God ..... No. 293
Prince of Peace ..... No. 303

End of Year

Using Time Wisely ..... No. 304

OF SPECIAL CHARACTER

Fables, Legends, Folk-Lore, etc.

Actions Speaks Louder Than Words ..... No. 55
Bag of Winds, The ..... No. 8
Brass Pot and Earthenware Pot, The ..... No. 116
Bright Tinsel Cords on the Christmas Tree, The. No. 264
Brother and Sister, The ..... No. 227
Cat and the Fox, The ..... No. 279
Crow and the Pitcher, The ..... No. 46
Cunning Outwits Itself ..... No. 114
Discontented Donkey, The ..... No. 215
Do Not Always Take Things for Granted ..... No. 275
Dog and the Donkey, The ..... No. 254
Dog and the Shadow, The ..... No. 49
Donkey and the Lap-Dog, The ..... No. 166
Elephant and the Leech, The ..... No. 271
Emperor and the Figs, The ..... No. 272
Fable of Androcles and the Lion ..... No. 197
Fable of the Young Farm Horse, The ..... No. 104
Fox and the Crow, The ..... No. 192
Fox and the Goat, The ..... No. 226
Fox Who Lost His Tail, The ..... No. 32
Fox and the Sick Lion, The ..... No. 278
Fox in the Well, The ..... No. 255
Frogs Who Wanted a King, The ..... No. 105
Getting Along Together ..... No. 234
Goose with the Golden Eggs, The ..... No. 204
Growing Wings ..... No. 45
Hare and Hedgehog Run a Race, The ..... No. 213
Hare and the Tortoise, The ..... No. 225

Fables, Legends, Folk-Lore, etc. (Cont'd)

Hawk and the Nightingale, The ..... No. 273
Hercules and the Wagoner ..... No. 126
Hindu Story, A ..... No. 33
Horse and the Stag, The ..... No. 1
How the Birds Came on Earth ..... No. 66
How the Bluebirds Became Blue ..... No. 253
How the Turtle Fooled the Coyote ..... No. 258
Indian Legend, An ..... No. 12
Indian Legend of the Maple Tree, An ..... No. 252
Indian Parable of the Wren, The ..... No. 67
Influence upon Others ..... No. 122
Judging a Pig ..... No. 60
Legend of the Christmas Rose ..... No. 297
Legend of the Dandelion, The ..... No. 238
Legend of the Diamond Cup, The ..... No. 176
Legend of the Indian Corn ..... No. 43
Legend from Italy ..... No. 288
Legend of the Trailing Arbutus ..... No. 73
Legend of the Wingless Birds. The ..... No. 256
Lion and the Mouse, The ..... No. 228
Lion Story, A ..... No. 274
Miller, His Son, and Their Donkey, The ..... No. 203
Not to Help Others Has No Reward ..... No. 165
Owl and the Grasshopper, The ..... No. 36
Proud Crow, The ..... No. 202
Quarreling Quails, The ..... No. 11
Scandinavian Folk Tale, A ..... No. 286
Silkworm and the Spider, The ..... No. 74
Sirens, The ..... No. 57
Something Hid Inside a Man ..... No. 262
Spaniel and the Mastiff, The ..... No. 277
Spendthrift and the Swallow, The ..... No. 64
Story of the Hen and the Fox, The ..... No. 276
Story of the Sick Stag, The ..... No. 13
Story of the Japanese Stone-Cutter, The ..... No. 259
Story of the Wooden Horse, The ..... No. 115
Sun and the Wind, The ..... No. 106
Thrush and the Swallow, The ..... No. 47
True Friendship ..... No. 233
True Orpheus, The ..... No. 56
Two of Æsop's Fables ..... No. 121
Two Teaching Stories ..... No. 117
Two Travelers and a Bear ..... No. 194
Two Traveling Frogs ..... No. 15

Fables, Legends, Folk-Lore, etc. (Cont'd)

Vain Jackdaw, The ..... No. 193
What a Monkey Taught a King ..... No. 182
Why the Swallow's Back Is Black ..... No. 224
Wonderful Foot Race, A ..... No. 7
Wood and the Clown, The ..... No. 143

Missions

Apostle to the Alaskans, The ..... No. 174
Brainerd, David, Missionary to the Indians ..... No. 42
Career of a Cobbler, The ..... No. 142
Egede, Mr. and Mrs. Hans, Missionaries to Greenland ..... No. 235
Eliot, John, Apostle to the Indians ..... No. 160
Fifty-Four Years Missionary in Syria ..... No. 159
First Medical Missionary from America, The ..... No. 112
First Missionary to Alaska, The ..... No. 125
Growing Circles, The ..... No. 237
How a Horse Got into the Church ..... No. 16
Missionary Hero, A ..... No. 223
Missionary with the Lancet, The ..... No. 111
Notable Missionary to Turkey, A ..... No. 124
Notable Woman Missionary, A ..... No. 200
One of the Haystack Band ..... No. 236
Paton, John G., The Saint John of the New Hebrides No. 221
Raining out of a Hole in the Ground ..... No. 26
Saint Patrick the Missionary ..... No. 40
Shoemaker Missionary, The ..... No. 97
Standing Fast in the Faith ..... No. 110
Story of David Livingstone, The ..... No. 158
Story of a Japanese Boy, The ..... No. 141
Taylor, Hudson, Missionary to China ..... No. 199
Two Women Heroines ..... No. 175
Williams, John, a Missionary Hero ..... No. 222
Wonderful Young Missionary, A ..... No. 198
Young Knight of Missions, A ..... No. 201

Object Sermons

Attraction of Sin ..... No. 123
Concentration ..... No. 96
Counterfeits ..... No. 61
Faith in Jesus ..... No. 140
Faith in Others ..... No. 139
Human Camera, The ..... No. 10
Ideals ..... No. 95

Object Sermons (Cont'd)

PATRIOTISM ..... No. 137
RESULTS OF SIN ..... No. 155
SCARS OF SIN ..... No. 157
SEEKING GOD ..... No. 178
SHEET OF PAPER, A ..... No. 6
THREE CLAY MONKEYS ..... No. 62
TUNING IN ON HEAVEN ..... No. 14
WARNINGS OF SIN ..... No. 156
WATCH, THE ..... No. 177

SERMONS ACCORDING TO SUBJECTS

About the Night, No. 260
About Two Arabs, No. 63
About Wireless Calls, No. 113
Actions Speak Louder than Words, No. 55
All About Geese, No. 283
American Great-Heart, The, No. 37
Annual Clearance Sale, No. 19
Ant and the Grasshopper, The, No. 171
Apostle to the Alaskans, The, No. 174
As Good as Your Word, No. 231
At the Last, No. 220
Attractions of Sin, No. 123

Bag of Gems, A, No. 241
Bag of Winds, The, No. 8
Benefits of Service, The, No. 53
Bethlehem of the Heart, The, No. 296
Billy-Boy's Thanksgiving Tooth, No. 188
Bird Travelers, No. 218
Birds' Christmas Tree, The, No. 302
Birds' Singing School, The, No. 65
Blessedness of Being Needed, The, No. 83
Boy in Blossom, A, No. 18
Boy and a Dog, A, No. 58
Boy Lincoln and His Dog, The, No. 151
Boy of the Revolution, A, No. 169
Boy Who Didn't Know How to Play, The, No. 230
Boy Who Would Not Lie, The, No. 129
Boys and Girls Becoming Living Stones in God's Temple, No. 244
Boys and Girls in the Procession, No. 85
Boys, Look out for Your Rights, No. 133
Brainerd, David, Missionary to the Indians, No. 42
Brass Pot and the Earthenware Pot, The, No. 116
Bright Tinsel Cords on the Christmas Tree, The, No. 264
Brother and Sister, The, No. 227

Cake Half-Baked, A, No. 214
Calvary Clover, No. 80
Candles Made from Trees, No. 103
Career of a Cobbler, The, No. 142
Cat and the Fox, The, No. 279
Chamber of Hearing, The, No. 209
Cheerers-On, No. 77
Child Minister, The, No. 215
Children Alike to Christ, No. 24
Children Like Arrows, No. 226
Children's Thanksgiving, No. 184
Chirps or Songs, Which? No. 181
Christmas In Italy, No. 292
Christmas In Norway, No. 244
Christmas Tree, The, No. 298
Concentration, No. 96
Conscience Clock, The, No. 128
Contentment Is Great Gain, No. 211
Counterfeits, No. 61
Counting Your Chickens, No. 245
Cross We May Wear Within Our Hearts, The, No. 79
Crow and the Pitcher, The, No. 46
Cultivation of Poise, No. 29
Cunning Outwits Itself, No. 114

Dandelions on the Lawn, No. 69
Darkness and the Dawn, The, No. 93
Deferred Payments, No. 282
Discontented Donkey, The, No. 215

Discontented Signpost, The, No. 164
Do Not Always Take Things for Granted, No. 275
Dog and the Donkey, The, No. 254
Dog and the Crocodile, The, No. 44
Dog and the Shadow, The, No. 49
Donkey and the Lap-Dog, The, No. 166
Down to Sleep, Up to Work, No. 172
Dutch Christmas Story, A, No. 217

Easter Joy and Light, No. 91
Easter Lesson from Nature, An, No. 86
Easter Talk to Children, No. 93
Egede, Mr. and Mrs. Hans, Missionaries to Greenland, No. 235
Elevator Boy, The, No. 130
Elephant and the Leech, The, No. 271
Eliot, John, Apostle to the Indians, No. 160
Emperor and the Figs, The, No. 272

Fable of Androcles and the Lion, No. 197
Fable of the Foxes, The, No. 183
Fable of the Young Farm Horse, The, No. 104
Faith in Jesus, No. 140
Faith in Others, No. 139
Farmer and His Fields, The, No. 71
Fifty-Four Years Missionary in Syria, No. 159
First Medical Missionary from America, The, No. 112
First Missionary to Alaska, The, No. 125
First New England Thanksgiving, The, No. 291
Five Rings and a Bracelet, No. 246
Flies, No. 148
Flowers on the Altar, No. 250
Folly of Judging by Outward Appearance, The, No. 167
Forget Not His Benefits, No. 190
Fountain of Delight, The, No. 205
Fox and the Crow, The, No. 192
Fox and the Goat, The, No. 226
Fox Who Lost His Tail, The, No. 32
Fox and the Sick Lion, The, No. 278
Fox in the Well, The, No. 255
Frogs Who Wanted a King, The, No. 105
Funny Mirrors, No. 280

Garden and the Rainbow, The, No. 88
Garment Givers, No. 84
Getting Along Together, No. 234
Getting Billy Well, No. 248
Girl Christian, A, No. 285
God's Christmas Present, No. 299
God's Garden, No. 78
God's Thank You, No. 187
God's Thoughts About Little People, No. 257
God's Whispering Gallery, No. 119
Good Temper, No. 127
Good Thanksgiving, A, No. 189
Goose with the Golden Eggs, The, No. 204
Great Big Clock, The, No. 70
Greedy Trees, The, No. 99
Growing Circles, The, No. 237
Growing Good Habits, No. 132
Growing Umbrella Handles, No. 101
Growing Wings, No. 45
Guiding Star, The, No. 295

Habit Making and Habit Breaking, No. 54
Handful of Corn, A, No. 145
Hard to Please, No. 4
Hare and Hedgehog Run a Race, The, No. 213
Hare and the Tortoise, The, No. 225
Hawk and the Nightingale, The, No. 273
Heavenly Post Office, The, No. 232
He Calls Them all by Name, No. 120
Hercules and the Wagoner, No. 126
Hindu Story, A, No. 33
Hosanna Spirit, The, No. 81
Horse and the Stag, The, No. 1
House with Golden Windows, The, No. 59
House You Live in, The, No. 247
How the African Speaks of Death, No. 90
How the Birds Came on Earth, No. 66
How the Bluebird Became Blue, No. 253
How to Give Pleasure to God, No. 23
How a Horse Got into the Church, No. 16
How Jesus Blesses People, No. 265
How to Look at Things, No. 25
How Railway Whistles Began, No. 48
How to Tell Genuine Love, No. 163
How the Turtle Fooled the Coyote, No. 258
How the Worm Became Beautiful, No 89
Human Camera, The, No. 10

Ideals, No. 95
If There Were No Easter, No. 92
Indian Legend, An, No. 12

Indian Legend of the Maple Tree, An, No. 252
Indian Parable of the Wren, The, No. 67
Influence upon Others, No. 122
Inside and Outside Religion, No. 240
It Can't Be Done, No. 249
I Thought of You, Mother, No. 108

Jesus Christ's Birthday, No. 300
Joy of Harvest, The, No. 173
Judging a Pig, No. 60

Keeping the Jewels Safe, No. 3
Keeping Things in Order, No. 284
Kindness of Lincoln, No. 39

Lamb with the Longest Tail, The, No. 147
Land of Beginning Again, The, No. 22
Larks in the Corn Field, The, No. 150
Leaking Dyke in Holland, The, No. 230
Learning God's Secrets, No. 264
Legend of the Christmas Rose, No. 297
Legend of the Dandelion, The, No. 238
Legend of the Diamond Cup, The, No. 176
Legend of the Indian Corn, The, No. 43
Legend from Italy, A, No. 288
Legend of the Trailing Arbutus, No. 73
Legend of the Wingless Birds, The, No. 256
Lessons from the Flowers, No. 131
Lessons from a Lead Pencil, No. 290
Lessons from the Snow, No. 51
Lincoln's Kindness to a Bird, No. 38
Lion and the Four Oxen, The, No. 134
Lion and the Mouse, The, No. 228
Lion Story, A, No. 274
Listening to God, No. 195
Listening to the Lark, No. 72
Little Girl's Christmas, A, No. 301
Little Sunbeam Parable, The, No. 219
Little Things That Count, No. 289
Love Letter, The, No. 34
Lovers of the Sunshine, No. 267

Making the Best of Things, No. 207
Making a Road for God, No. 294
Man God Called a Fool, The, No. 212
Marching Orders, No. 263
Message from a Postage Stamp, No. 153
Miller, His Son, and Their Donkey, The, No. 203
Missionary Hero, A, No. 223
Missionary with the Lancet, The, No. 111
Mother Song, A, No. 109

New Beginning, The, No. 21
New Kind of Christmas Tree, A, No. 294
New Name, The, No. 243
New Song, The, No. 20
Noble Woman Missionary, A, No. 200
Notable Missionary to Turkey, A, No. 124
Not to Help Others Has No Rewards, No. 165

One of the Haystack Band, No. 236
Only Singing about Mother, No. 107
Owl and the Grasshopper, The, No. 36

Parting of the Way, The, No. 216
Paton, John G., the Saint John of the New Hebrides, No. 221
Patriotism, No. 137
Pause in the Prayer, The, No. 28
Playing with Temptation, No. 31
Please Stand By (Radio Sermon), No. 161
Preparing a Road for God, No. 293
Prince of Peace, The, No. 303
Proud of Being Big, No. 17
Proud Crow, The, No. 202
Put out the Dark, No. 154

Quarreling Quails, The, No. 11
Question to Ask and Answer, A, No. 286

Radio Bridge, The, No. 270
Raining out of a Hole in the Ground, No. 26
Receipt for a Day, The, No. 210
Remarkable Clock, A, No. 242
Remember Life, No. 87
Results of Sin, No. 155
Right Side out, No. 251
River of God, The, No. 146

Saint Bernards, The, No. 50
Saint Patrick the Missionary, No. 40
Scandinavian Folk Tale, A, No. 286
Scars of Sin, No. 157
Sea Gulls and Thanksgiving, No. 185
Seeking God, No. 178
Serving One Another, No. 196
Shameful Signature, A, No. 180
Sharpening Your Tools, No. 148

Sheet of Paper, A, No. 6
Shoemaker Missionary, The, No. 97
Signboard, The, No. 76
Silent Forces, No. 229
Silkworm and the Spider, The, No. 74
Singing Bird, The, No. 94
Sirens, The, No. 57
Slow and Steady Wins the Race, No. 261
Snow, The, No. 52
Some One Is Trying to Tell Me Something, No. 30
Something Hard to Let Go, No. 292
Something Hid Inside a Man, No. 262
Spaniel and the Mastiff, The, No. 277
Spendthrift and the Swallow, The, No. 64
Spreading Your Garments Before Him, No. 82
Standing Fast in the Faith, No. 110
Stop Talking, No. 75
Story of the Hen and the Fox, The, No. 276
Story of a Japanese Boy, The, No. 141
Story of the Japanese Stone-Cutter, The, No. 259
Story of the King's Son, The, No. 268
Story of the Little Rain Cloud, The, No. 149
Story of David Livingstone, The, No. 158
Story of the Sick Stag, The, No. 13
Story of the Wooden Horse, The, No. 115
Straight Trees Standing Together, No. 102
Suffer the Children to Come, No. 27
Sun and the Wind, The, No. 106
Sunday Engine, The, No. 162

Taylor, Hudson, Missionary to China, No. 199
Test of Our Loyalty, The, No. 136
Thanksgiving Story from Old Colony Times, A, No. 186
Thou God Seest Me, No. 287
Three Clay Monkeys, No. 62
Three-Fold Loyalty, A, No. 135
Three-Handed People, No. 35
Three Phones, The, No. 281
Thrush and the Swallow, The, No. 47
Tracks of God, The, No. 5
Tree That Sheds Its Skin, The, No. 100
Trees That Bear Soap, No. 98
True Friendship, No. 223
True Orphans, The, No. 56
Two of Æsop's Fables, No. 121
Tuning in on Heaven, No. 14
Two Teaching Stories, No. 117
Two Travelers and a Bear, No. 194
Two Traveling Frogs, No. 15
Two Women Heroines, No. 175

Use of Little Things, The, No. 118
Using Time Wisely, No. 304

Vain Jackdaw, The, No. 193

Walking with God, No. 208
Warnings of Sin, No. 156
Washington and the Children, No. 41
Washington's Birthday Story, A, No. 179
Watch, No. 151
Watch, The, No. 177
What a Monkey Taught a King, No. 182
What Are You Going to Be?, No. 68
What the Little Gray Squirrel Told Me, No. 168
What Heaven Is Like, No. 152
What the Liberty Bell Said, No. 138
What Martin Owed, No. 9
What the Trees Said, No. 239
Who Owns Your Face?, No. 2
Who Owns the Thunder?, No. 144
Why Do We Forget God So Easily?, No. 191
Why the Swallow's Back Is Black, No. 224
Williams, John, A Missionary Hero, No. 222
Wind as a Worker, The, No. 170
Wishing for Wings, No. 206
Wonderful Foot Race, A. No. 7
Wood and the Clown, The, No. 143
Wonderful Young Mssionary, A, No. 198

Young Knight of Missions, A. No. 200
Young Parishioner, The, No. 269

SCRIPTURAL INDEX

OLD TESTAMENT

Genesis 1: 1 ..... No. 5
1: 3 ..... No. 93
1: 5 ..... No. 260
1: 31 ..... No. 207
2: 7 ..... No. 262
2: 8 ..... No. 78
5: 22 ..... No. 208

OLD TESTAMENT (CONT'D)

Genesis 9: 14 ... No. 88
16: 13 ... No. 287
45: 24 ... No. 11
Exodus 12: 2 ... No. 21
23: 30 ... No. 46
Leviticus 19: 16 ... No. 25
Numbers 13: 28 ... No. 249
Deuteronomy 6: 7 ... No. 3
Joshua 3: 4 ... No. 22
Judges 14: 2–9 ... No. 274
I Samuel 2: 18 ... No. 215
3: 4 ... No. 30
3: 9 ... No. 195
7: 10 ... No. 144
16: 7 ... No. 24
18 :1 ... No. 233
II Samuel 5: 24 ... No. 239
II Kings 5: 1–27 ... No. 257
Nehemiah 8: 10 ... No. 189
Esther 7: 10 ... No. 1
Job 37: 6 ... No. 51
37: 6 ... No. 52
Psalm 15: 1,2 ... No. 55
19: 2 ... No. 217
37: 3 ... No. 240
37: 3 ... No. 263
37: 4 ... No. 205
40: 3 ... No. 20
45: 1 ... No. 290
51: 6 ... No. 193
55: 6 ... No. 206
65: 9 ... No. 146
72: 16 ... No. 145
72: 17 ... No. 265
78: 2 ... No. 264
92: 1, 2 ... No. 210
98: 4 ... No. 209
103: 2 ... No. 190
103: 2 ... No. 191
127: 4 ... No. 266

NEW TESTAMENT

Matthew 1: 21 ... No. 264
2: 2 ... No. 295
5: 12 ... No. 280
5: 23, 24 ... No. 28
5: 37 ... No. 230
5: 43 ... No. 131
6: 20 ... No. 152
6: 20 ... No. 168
6: 26 ... No. 253
7: 7 ... No. 281
7: 12 ... No. 255

Psalm 128: 1 ... No. 184
139: 14 ... No. 247
139: 23 ... No. 267
Proverbs 6: 6 ... No. 171
8: 17 ... No. 272
10: 4 ... No. 12
10: 7 ... No. 37
13: 20 ... No. 277
13: 20 ... No. 44
14: 8 ... No. 60
14: 12 ... No. 226
14: 12 ... No. 275
14: 12 ... No. 278
14: 12 ... No. 279
15: 1 ... No. 106
15: 1 ... No. 234
16: 18 ... No. 202
17: 14 ... No. 8
17: 17 ... No. 47
18: 24 ... No. 228
20: 19 ... No. 36
20: 19 ... No. 276
23: 32 ... No. 220
26: 8 ... No. 241
26: 20 ... No. 25
28: 22 ... No. 204
29: 5 ... No. 36
Ecclesiastes 9: 10 ... No. 74
9: 11 ... No. 225
Song of Solomon 2: 12 ... No. 65
2: 12 ... No. 66
Isaiah 9: 3 ... No. 173
11: 6 ... No. 289
23: 3 ... No. 29
40: 3, 4 ... No. 293
65: 24 ... No. 113
Ezekiel 21: 21 ... No. 216
36: 26 ... No. 268
Hosea 7: 8 ... No. 214
Amos 3: 3 ... No. 234
Zechariah 9: 9 ... No. 81

Matthew 12: 12 ... No. 58
16: 24 ... No. 79
19: 14 ... No. 27
Mark 11: 45 ... No. 83
Luke 2: 14 ... No. 301
8: 5 ... No. 71
11: 11 ... No. 300
12: 20 ... No. 212
21: 29, 30 ... No. 70
John 1: 5 ... No. 154
3: 16 ... No. 299
5: 17 ... No. 170

NEW TESTAMENT (CONT'D)

John 5: 17 ..... No. 171
7: 24 ..... No. 167
Acts 12: 13–16 ..... No. 285
I Cor. 15: 14 ..... No. 92
16: 13 ..... No. 110
Galatians 5: 13 ..... No. 196
6: 9 ..... No. 69
Ephesians 4: 32 ..... No. 38
5: 16 ..... No. 304
Philippians 2: 4 ..... No. 165
2: 1–4 ..... No. 134
3: 14 ..... No. 7
4: 6 ..... No. 67
4: 8 ..... No. 246
Philippians 4: 11 ..... No. 166
Colossians 1: 5 ..... No. 152
2: 5 ..... No. 284
3: 12, 13 ..... No. 33
I Timothy 6: 6 ..... No. 164
6: 6 ..... No. 166
6: 6–9 ..... No. 211
II Timothy 4: 2 ..... No. 179
Hebrews 11: 5 ..... No. 23
12: 1 ..... No. 7
12:11 ..... No. 256
I Peter 3: 8 ..... No. 197
Revelation 1: 18 ..... No. 91
3: 12 ..... No. 243
21: 5 ..... No. 242

THREE HUNDRED FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

1

THE HORSE AND THE STAG

Of course you know, boys and girls, that in the old-time stories the animals were represented as talking to one another and acting in a good many ways like human beings. This is true of nearly all of Æsop's fables. Those, as you know, were written by an old Greek author of a time more than twenty-five hundred years ago. One of these stories I want to tell you this morning is about a horse and a stag. A stag, as you know, is a kind of deer, with big branching horns.

The story says: There was once a horse who used to graze in a meadow which he had all to himself. But one day a stag came into the meadow and said he had as good a right to feed there as the horse, and moreover chose all the best places for himself. The horse, wishing to be revenged upon his unwelcome visitor, went to a man and asked if he would help him to turn out the stag. "Yes," said the man, "I will by all means; but I can only do so if you will let me put a bridle in your mouth and mount on your back." The horse agreed to this, and the two together very soon turned the stag out of the pasture; but when that was done, the horse found to his dismay that in the man he had got a master for good.

The moral of this fable is that "selfishness brings its own pains." That means its own punishment. There is another truth it teaches also, that when you yield a little to a habit you may soon find it your master. When the horse let the man put a bit in his mouth he gave up his liberty, for then the man could make him do what he pleased. One lesson from this fable might be on temperance, and a good text would be: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last" (at the last) "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." (Proverbs 23: 31, 32.) But I do not think you boys and girls are in danger of yielding to this sin. But when people, younger or older, do so, it is like when a horse yields to the bit and loses his liberty, his power to control his actions. But there is another text I think quite more suitable for me to give you now. It is about Haman, told about in the Book of Esther: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai." (Esther 7: 10.) Selfishness brings its own punishment.—H.

2

WHO OWNS YOUR FACE?

Who owns your face? That is the question I want to ask you boys and girls this morning. You think you own a good many things. You boys say that ball is yours. You girls say that tennis racquet is yours. Those books are yours. That hat is yours, and so are those gloves. Yes, there are a lot of things that are yours; that is true. But who owns your face? That is the question I am asking. You say, "But my face is my own." I heard of a married man who said of the things he and his wife owned: "What's hers is mine and what's mine is my own!" But no, boys and girls, not everything you have is your own.

Now here is a story to make plain to you what I mean.

"My boy," said a wise father, who knew how to play and be a chum with his seven-year-old lad, "you do not own your own face."

The boy looked puzzled. He had come to the breakfast table with a frown on his face and had started to eat his food. Everybody felt the shadow of his ill spirits in his looks. His father's words brought him back to life, and he looked up with a guilty expression, but did not understand what was meant.

"You do not own your own face," his father repeated. "Do not forget that. It belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at it."

The boy had never thought of that before, but he understood and did not forget. And all of us should understand, and none of us forget, that our faces belong to other people and so should be kept sweet, cheerful, bright, and clean.

Look out for your face, boys and girls. Don't forget that it belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at it. Keep it sweet and cheerful. Keep it bright and happy, clean and shining, handsome for people to see and hopeful and helpful in its influence upon their spirits. Your own face is not your own. Other people, not you, have to look at it!—H.

3

KEEPING THE JEWELS SAFE

TEXT: *"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children."* Deuteronomy 6:7.

A nobleman was banished from the kingdom. On the eve of departure, he gave into the keeping of his steward a casket of very precious jewels. Years went by. The steward, in failing health, sought a place of security for the precious stones. He cut a hole in a tender tree and beneath its bark hid the treasure. Years later, the nobleman returned. The steward was gone, but his lord knew the secret of his deposit. The young tree had grown into a mighty oak. But well it had kept its trust. The tree was felled, and in its very heart the gems were found, not a point broken. They flashed in the light with the same brightness as in former days. Is not each lesson of truth deposited in the mind of the young like that hidden treasure? Is not the teacher like that faithful steward? When our Lord shall come again to seek His own, may not the precious jewels which the True Teacher quietly and faithfully hid, be found, beautiful as ever, to the joy of their rightful owner?

But, boys and girls, that sounds like a sermon to older people. And it is, too. But there is a sermon here for you, too. The things that you deposit in your minds and hearts now are kept. They are not lost. They will come out some day. That is true of bad things—bad books, bad pictures, bad words, bad acts. But it is happily also true of good things. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—H.

HARD TO PLEASE

I have told you before, boys and girls, how in old times the birds and the animals and even the forces of nature were supposed to talk to each other. Of course, they did not really talk, but the legends that tell us what it is supposed they said are very interesting and sometimes contain valuable hints, or suggestions, for our conduct. The legend I am going to tell you this morning is called "The Wind's Surprise." Isn't that comical, amusing, to think of the wind as being a person and having a surprise? The story is this:

One day in spring the wind was blowing about. He saw a boy trying to fly a kite. The boy would run and the kite would go up a little way. Then the boy would stop running and the kite would fall to the ground.

"What a lazy kite," said the wind. "I will make it fly." He flew down to the kite. "Ooo—Ooo—O—" he blew. "Why don't you fly up, you lazy kite? Get up! get up! get up!" He blew and blew, and the kite rose high in the air.

The boy laughed and called, "Thank you, good wind, for making my kite fly."

"He is a nice boy," said the wind. "I am glad I made his kite fly. I like to play with boys." After a while the boy went home.

Then the wind flew off and soon he saw another boy. This boy was walking along very slowly. "There is another boy," said the wind. "He does not look happy. I will play with him."

Down rushed the wind. The boy had no kite to fly. So the wind blew his cap off and flew away with it. "Oh!" cried the boy. "How I hate the wind!" The wind was so surprised he dropped the cap to the ground. The boy picked up his cap, put it on his head, and ran home.

"Well!" said the wind. "I am surprised. One boy liked to have me play with him and the other boy didn't. How can I tell what to do? Boys are queer!"

Boys, girls, be careful. Don't be hard to please. Don't be cross and crabbed. Don't get out of the wrong side of the bed mornings. Be a "good scout." Don't be fitful so no one can tell at any time what will please you. If you like the wind for your kite, then don't get cross when he blows off your hat. I have even seen a boy kick a door because he thought it bumped him or got in his way. I heard of a girl who slapped her book because she did not like to study it. Here is good advice for both boys and girls: Keep sweet. Keep always happy and good-natured. Especially, don't be hard to please. If you are, even the wind will not know when to blow and when not to, and even your best friends will not know how to get along with you.

I have a text for this sermon. It does not fit exactly, but it is a wonderful thought for you to remember. It is in Proverbs, chapter 26, verse 21: "As coals are to burning coals, and wood to the fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife."—H.

5

THE TRACKS OF GOD

TEXT: *"In the beginning God."* Genesis 1 : 1.

A little boy, only eight years old, asked me the other day, "How do we know there is a God?" That was not a wrong thing, or a wrong question to ask, and I do not think it a bad sign, but a good sign, when even very young boys and girls begin to ask such questions. Of course, there are many ways of knowing, or increasing certainty about God. He reveals Himself in our own hearts and consciences; also in the Bible, and especially in Christ and His coming here into the world. But just now I am going to speak about one way—another way. And in doing this I will tell it to you in a story.

"Father," asked Thomas, looking up from his studies, "how do you know there is a God?"

"Why, what makes you ask the question? Do you doubt the existence of God?"

"Well, I heard one of the students say that he had been reading a book that said you could know nothing about God, nor even be sure there is a God. Is there any way really to know?"

"Well, my boy, do you remember the other day that you were laughing about Robinson Crusoe's dismay at discovering that there were other persons on the island besides himself? How did he discover them? Did he see them? No; he discovered one track of a bare foot in the sand, and he knew it could not be his own. He knew that only a human being could have made it, and he knew that whoever had made it could not be far off, for the tide had not yet reached it. All those things he knew to be true, although he had not seen a human being within miles of the island. And the knowledge was all gained from a mark in the sand.

"If one print of a bare foot in the sand is absolute proof of the existence and presence of a human being, what are we to suppose when we see the prints of the Master's shoes, as Bunyan calls it, covering the whole wide world? We see a million creatures that only God could make. We see on mountain and in valley the print of the fingers of God. We see a million flowers and plants and trees that only God could make grow. We see all the rivers and the springs of the world fed from the sky. We see a great universe, perfectly mad and ordered from the tiniest speck to the greatest of all the worlds. What do all those things mean—those millions upon millions of footprints in the clay of the world? They mean God, living, present, ruling, and loving! They mean God and nothing else."

That story, boys and girls, gives you the reason I have called the subject of this little sermon, "The Tracks of God." "In the beginning God." And God ever since. And you can see the tracks of God all along the way. When you go out into the sunshine this beautiful day and look about over earth and sea and sky you will see the tracks of the great and loving God everywhere you look.—H.

6

A SHEET OF PAPER
(Object Sermon)

Here, boys and girls, is a fine text to-day, this nice, clean, white sheet of paper. We will let that piece of paper represent a life. Well, as it is mine, suppose I write my name on it. (Here I take out my fountain pen and begin to write and blot it.) There, now I have spoiled it in the very beginning. What shall I do? (Some will answer, Throw it away and get another.) No, I cannot do that, I have only the one. I have but the one life to live, and so have you. And isn't it a shame how soon we make a blot on it with some sin.

Now I will try to shake it off. (Here I shake the paper, which only spreads it.) Ah! That just made it worse. You see sin won't shake off. We cannot rid ourselves of sin by our own effort. Some folks have thought they could, but their efforts have proved worse than fruitless.

Here is an eraser, made of rubber with a little grit. I will try that. Some folks think they have grit and will enough to live right without Jesus. There, I have almost rubbed a hole in the paper. You see that blot soaked clear through the paper. A little sin in our lives soaks through and through our lives, and just ruins them.

Now that sheet of paper is spoiled. I would not care to write a letter to any one on it with that blot. The Bible says our lives are living letters to the world and are read and known of all men. Is the letter full of blots?

Well, what shall I do? There is just one other thing. There is an acid that will kill that spot and leave it white like the other. That is what our lives need, something to kill the sin. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses white as snow. Children, let us go to Him. He only can make us clean and happy and useful.—Rev. R. K. Gill.

7

A WONDERFUL FOOT RACE

Over in the school grounds I saw a lot of boys and girls having foot races the other day. People in all ages of the world have loved athletics. This morning I am going to tell you an old, old story about a wonderful foot race. It comes from the ancient country of Greece and from the age of fable, or mythology. So you see it is not a new story. It is a very, very old one. I think your fathers and mothers and most of the bigger boys and girls know it. But it is an interesting story, and it will not hurt them to hear it again, and there may be many of us younger folks to whom it will be new.

Long, long ago there lived in the beautiful land of Greece a maiden named Atalanta. She was so swift of foot that no youth in all Greece could pass her in a foot race.

Her grace and beauty were so great that many wished to marry her. But she declared that she would marry him only who could outstrip her in a race.

Many youths had tried their speed with her, but all had failed to overtake her. At last, at one of these races, Hippomenes, a fleet runner, was one of the judges. Seeing Atalanta's beauty, he determined to race with her.

He knew that it would be hard for him to win by mere swiftness of foot. So he took in his hand three beautiful golden apples.

Then the race began. Atalanta, sure of winning, at first let Hippomenes run ahead. This was only for a moment. Hippomenes soon felt her breath close on his shoulder, and let one of the golden apples fall to the ground. She looked down and saw it glitter on the grass. She seized it quickly and then on she ran.

A second apple rolled before her. Atalanta stooped to pick it up. Then, seeing Hippomenes close behind, she dashed on with added speed towards the goal.

The third golden apple flashed through the air and rolled at her feet. The goal was just at hand. Hippomenes was still behind, and she dared stoop only for an instant to grasp the apple.

But in that instant, like an arrow, Hippomenes darted past her and touched the goal. The race was won.

Do you know there is a wonderful verse about a foot race in the New Testament? It says: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and fin-

isher of our faith." (Hebrews 12: 1.) And Paul, the great apostle of Christ, said: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Philippians 3: 13, 14.) In your Christian life, boys and girls, run straight. Don't be turned aside by any golden apples of temptation. Keep on to the end and win the crown—the prize of eternal life.—H.

8

THE BAG OF WINDS

One thing of which I am sure is that all boys and girls like legends and Greek, Roman, and other classical tales. These are almost all stories of things that never happened, but were written to tell how they might have happened. They also teach important lessons that boys and girls like to learn, or at least find very interesting. The legendary story I have for you this morning is a very ancient one, and you may have heard it before. But whether you have or not, I am sure it will be well to hear or refresh our minds concerning it.

The story says that years ago, in a far-off country, there lived a great man named Odysseus. He did many wonderful deeds. Odysseus fought bravely in a long war. When the war was over he took his men in his ship and started home. But one thing after another kept him back, and he was ten years on the way. In this time he went to many strange lands and saw many queer things and people.

At one time he came to the island where Æolus, the king of the winds, lived. Æolus kept all the winds shut up, and only let them out, one at a time, when he wished a wind to blow. He ruled the north wind with its snow and ice, and the south wind with its flowers; the east wind, which brings rain for the plants, and the west wind, which blows the leaves from the trees.

King Æolus was glad to see Odysseus and to hear about his great deeds. When Odysseus sailed away in his ship the king gave him a queer present. It was a great bag tied with a silver string.

You could never guess what was in it. All the winds but one were shut up in this bag. That one was the east wind, which would take the ship home.

"Do not open the bag while you are on the ship," said the king. "If you do, the winds will rush out and drive you far away over the seas. It will be a long time before you reach your home."

You may be sure that Odysseus took great care of the bag. He told his men not to touch it.

The men would look at it and wonder what was in it. They thought it must hold a great treasure.

The east wind blew for nine days and nights. The ship dashed through the waves on its way home.

All this time Odysseus did not dare sleep for fear something might happen to the ship. At last he grew so tired that he fell asleep. Then one of the men said: "Let us peep into the bag and see what it holds. Odysseus will never know that we have looked." The other men agreed, so they untied the silver string. Whiz! Out rushed the winds with a roar. They dashed great waves over the ship, and swept some of the bad sailors into the sea. You know that one wind can do much harm. Think what a storm there was when all the winds at once blew as hard as they could!

Odysseus started to his feet. He saw at once what the men had done. He could not put the winds back into the bag. It was all he could do to keep the ship from being dashed to pieces.

The storm lasted many days. The winds blew the ship far away over the seas, and many years passed before Odysseus reached his home.

Now, look out, my young friends, for the bag of winds. Anger is a bag of winds. Keep it bottled up tight. If you don't, and unloose the strings, it will blow things all to pieces. It will blow your friendship, your loves, your character, your happiness all to smithereens. Oftentimes, too, curiosity, as with those sailors, let loose a bag of winds. I know a boy who touched a match to a little gunpowder just to see what it would do, and it blew up his hand and crippled it for life. I know a little girl, or she was little then, who saw a funny little round tin box in her mother's pantry, and curiosity caused her to open it to look in. It was red pepper and it made her sneeze awfully, and hurt her a lot, too. Then there is doing little things that are bad, which is much like dealing with a bag of winds. "I'll try it this once," some one says, and that opens the way to an awful rush of wickedness that never would have happened if the first beginning had not been made. There are a lot of other evils shut up in the bag of winds. Be careful. Obey the Captain. Do not untie the bag at all. Now I'll give you my text for this little sermon. It is in Proverbs 17:14: "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with." The same advice is good for lots of things besides contention. Ask your parents, when you get home, what some of them are. They'll tell you!—H.

9

WHAT MARTIN OWED

Money is a very good thing to have, boys and girls, but one would be very poor indeed who did not have anything but money. Contrary to what some people think, the Bible never says anything against having money. But it does say that the love of money is a root of all sorts of evil. But the story I have for you this morning is intended to show that there are many things more important than money and that if we do not have we are very poor indeed. The story is about a boy who seemed to think too much about money; at least, he did until he learned better.

The story as I heard it is about a boy by the name of Martin—that was his first name. Maybe his last name was Jones—I don't know.

When Martin was a baby they called him Tiddley Winks, because he was such a tiny little fellow. But by the time he was about eight years old he had gotten into the quite bad habit of thinking of everything as worth just so much money. He always wanted to know the price of everything he saw, and if it had not cost a great deal it did not seem to him to be of any value at all. I am afraid there are some big people like that, and it is just possible that Martin caught his ideas from some other and older people. Anyway, he seemed to reckon everything by its money value.

Now, this was very foolish of Martin, for there are a great many things very valuable that money cannot buy and that do not have any price at all. The fact is that the very best things in the world cannot be bought with money. I'll not name any of them now, but let the story about Martin suggest some of them to you.

This is the story:

One morning when Martin came down to breakfast he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Martin had written:

Mother owes Martin:

For running errands	50 cents
For being good	25 cents
For taking music lessons	35 cents
Extras	15 cents
Total that Mother owes Martin	$1.25

His mother smiled when she read the little paper, but did not say a word. She just folded the little bill in her hand and kept it there.

But when lunch time came there was the paper on Martin's plate and on top of it five twenty-five cent pieces.

Martin's eyes fairly danced, he was so pleased when he saw the money. He thought that his business ability had been quickly rewarded. All at once he saw that there was another piece of paper beside his plate, neatly folded, just like the first one. And when he opened it, what do you think he saw? Why, it was a bill from his mother. And this is the way it read:

Martin owes Mother:

For being good to him	Nothing
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever	Nothing
For clothes and shoes and gloves and playthings	Nothing
For meals and beautiful room	Nothing
Total Martin owes Mother	Nothing

Now, what do you think Martin did when he read these words? Do you imagine that he put the five quarters in his pocket and went off whistling? No indeed; I am sure you know better than that. No; the tears came into Martin's eyes and he put his arms about his mother and placed his hand with the five quarters in her hand and said: "Take the money all back, Mother, and just let me love you and do things for you for nothing."

10

THE HUMAN CAMERA

(Object Sermon)

How many of you boys and girls have ever had your picture taken? Yes, most of you. What was it taken with—a telescope? Oh, I see, with a camera, eh? Well, did you ever see a living, human camera? No? I am going to tell you about one. It's very different from this kodak I have in my hands. Each of you boys and girls has one with you—this very morning. Surprised are you? Don't believe me? It's true, though. It's right on top of your shoulders, back of your forehead, and between your ears. Doctors call it the brain; I call it the human camera. I'll tell you why.

I. A camera is like the brain. The camera cannot see, cannot speak, cannot write, cannot paint pictures, yet it takes pictures which

are stored up in the "brain" or rear part of the camera box. The human camera, your brain, also takes pictures and stores them up in the back of your head. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

II. In law language there is an old, unused word for camera which means "Judge's Chamber." The picture you store up in your brain will surely judge you. If you store up the pure and beautiful they will prove you innocent; but if you store up the ugly and impure, they will condemn you and sentence you to live all your life with ugly things.

III. In the ancient usage of the Catholic Church there is a word for camera which means "Treasury Department." You can make your human camera a "treasury department" if you want to. By storing it full of beautiful, pure, clean, and upright thoughts you will make of your human camera a wonderful treasury of precious things.

IV. Do you see this shutter on the camera? This shutter must be opened by the one who is operating the camera in order to take pictures. Boys and girls, your eyes are the shutters of your human camera, and you can refuse to open them to the things which are not beautiful. See, I can point this camera at this pulpit Bible and take a picture of it or I can point it at some dirty, ugly stable and take a picture of that. In the same way you can put into the back of your human camera just the pictures you wish. What kind of a human camera are you going to make of your brain—one with pure, beautiful, and upright pictures to put into the treasury chamber, or one with ugly, dirty stable scenes to make a judge's chamber of your mind and life?—H. J. V.

11

THE QUARRELING QUAILS

In India, especially in olden times, the people were very fond of relating stories. These were stories they had made up and would tell in the families at bedtime or when they would have little social gatherings. The most of the people had no books, but their minds were alert, and they would invent and tell the stories to each other. I have a sister who was for many years a missionary in India and she wrote me many of these stories which she said were known as folklore.

So, this morning I am going to tell you boys and girls one of these Hindu tales that has come down through many years from lip to lip among the people of India. This one is about the quarrel of the quails, and it goes like this:

Once there was a quail that lived in the forest. He was the leader of a flock of many thousands of quails.

At that time there was a hunter who used to go into the forest and make a sound like the cry of a quail. Then, when the quails gathered around him, he would throw his net over them and get them into his bag. In this way he earned a living for his family.

One day the leader of the quails said, "This hunter means to kill our whole family, bu· I know a way to get the best of him. When he throws his net over us, let us all fly together and take the net with us. Then, as soon as we are out of his reach, we can leave the net on a thorn-bush and fly away."

They all agreed to this, and the next day as soon as the net was thrown, they lifted it up, threw it into a thorn-bush, and flew away. So the hunter had to go home empty-handed. This went on from day to day for many days.

At last the hunter's wife said to him: "Day after day you come home empty-handed! I suppose you give your quails to some one else!" "No, my dear," replied the hunter, "I do not give quails to any one else. The quails are living together without quarreling. When I cast my net, they carry it away and throw it into a thorn-bush. Some day they will begin to quarrel. Then I shall bring home every one of them. I am sure that will bring back a smile to your face."

Not many days after one of the quails happened to step on the head of another. "Who stepped on my head?" asked the other quail in anger. "I did, but I did not mean to," replied the quail. "Please forgive me." But the quail was very angry and went on quarreling in these words: "I suppose it was you who lifted up the net the other day!" "Oh, no," replied the other, "you lifted so hard that the feathers fell out of your wings."

Just then the hunter heard them quarreling and threw his net. "If you are so strong, now lift up the net!" called one of the quails. "Lift up the net yourself!" replied the other. "Don't ask me to lift it!" But while they were quarreling and calling on one another to lift up the net, the hunter himself lifted it and emptied all the quails into a basket. Then he carried them home and made his wife smile again.

Now, think of it—that is what anger and quarreling will do. It divides people, even boys and girls. It makes them weak. It makes them so they cannot play well in their games, or work well in their undertakings. "In union there is strength." In disunion there is weakness. Quarreling makes people, little and big, very unhappy, too.

Let us learn from the success of the quails as long as they worked well together, and from their destruction when they quarreled and failed to work in unison.

Now, of course, you want a text for this sermon. All sermons

ought to have texts many people think. Some think they ought to be at the beginning of a sermon; but some are satisfied to have them at the end. So here is the text for this sermon, given you at the end: Genesis 45: 24 "See that ye fall not by the way." Look that up when you go home and read the story of Joseph's brethren.—H.

12

AN INDIAN LEGEND

All boys and girls like to hear about the Indians, and they like Indian legends, too. So I am going to tell you one of their legends this morning. It is about one of the ways in which they learned to make fire. Some of our Boy Scouts do it now in the same way. The story is about an Indian boy named Nomo, and how he lighted a fire. The legend says that one cold day in the fall two Indian children were playing in front of their father's wigwam. Near by was their mother, who was trying to light a fire to roast some meat for dinner.

Usually the fire was kept burning for days at a time, but it had gone out during the night.

"Nomo," called his mother, "run down to Red Feather's wigwam and bring a burning stick to light the fire. Hurry or the meat will not be done in time for dinner."

The children were playing with the drill with which their father made the tiny holes in the wampum beads. Nomo's father used a hard stone for a drill, but the lad had tied a sharp piece of dry wood to the drill and was trying to make a hole in another piece of dry wood.

Around and around went the drill as Nomo twisted the strings between his hands. All at once the piece of wood began to smoke and then burst into flame.

"Look, Mother," cried the boy with delight, "the drill has caught fire."

At first his mother was too astonished to reply. At last she cried, "Nomo, bring the drill here and light the fire."

So Nomo lighted the fire with the burning stick.

Nomo had made a great discovery. Before this time the Indians had usually borrowed fire from their neighbors when their own had gone out. Sometimes they lighted them with sparks from pieces of flint. But after Nomo had lighted his mother's fire with the burning stick, the Indians soon learned to light fires in that way.

Boys and girls, be alert. Be alert of mind and observing. That is the way people make discoveries and inventions and learn how to do

many things well, or in the best possible way. The wise Solomon said: "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." (Proverbs 10:4.)—H.

13

THE STORY OF THE SICK STAG

I suppose nearly all you boys and girls have at some time seen a deer. If not a wild one, then one in a zoo, or kept in some enclosure. A stag is a kind of big deer, with wide-branching horns. The story I have for you this morning is about an old and sick stag. The story is another of Æsop's fables, coming down from an old Greek writer of more than two thousand five hundred years ago. But although Æsop's stories are so old they are interesting to us to-day, interesting to boys and girls, and older people, too, and each one has a lesson it is well for us to learn.

This story tells that a stag whose joints had become stiff with old age was at great pains to get together a large heap of fodder—enough, as he thought, to last him for the remainder of his days. He stretched himself out upon it, and, now dozing, now nibbling, made up his mind to wait quietly for the end. He had always been of a gay and lively turn, and had made in his time many friends. These now came in great numbers to see him and wish him farewell. While engaged in friendly talk over past adventures and old times, what more natural than that they should help themselves to a little of the food which seemed so plentifully stored around? The end of the matter was that the poor stag died not so much of sickness or of old age as for sheer want of the food which his friends had eaten for him.

What do you think is the moral of this story? It is this: "It is easy to judge your true friends by the amount of care they exercise for your welfare."

Now that is a good story for you to think about when it comes to the matter of how you treat the possessions of other boys and girls. It has to do with such matters as helping them with their candy, or eating their nuts or pie or apples, or wearing their clothes, or borrowing their books or their money. A true friend helps and never harms us. A true friend is unselfish, never grasping and harmful. Yes, let us learn and keep in mind the moral of this fable of old Mr. Æsop, of the time so many centuries ago, and just as true for us in this modern twentieth century: "It is easy to judge your true friends by the amount of care they exercise for your welfare."—H.

14

TUNING IN ON HEAVEN

(Object Sermon)

I am sure, boys and girls, that it is not necessary for us to introduce the instrument that is on the table here beside me, for all of you know its name and are acquainted with what it can do, for it has sometimes brought you bedtime stories all the way from the Pacific coast, while the children out in California have been entertained by stories coming all the way from Chicago, Philadelphia, or New York.

When we think how wonderful the radio is, we ask, "Wouldn't it be fine if we could make instruments like this so we could tune in on heaven and hear the splendid music and Jesus as He welcomes the children who are coming through the gates of the city?"

A friend of mine who has spent more than twenty years as a missionary in China said to us the other day, "When I came back home for my first visit I had my first ride in an automobile; when I came home seven or eight years later I saw my first aëroplane; and this time when I came to California, I heard in the home of a friend the first message over the radio. As I listened I said to myself, 'Wouldn't it be great if we could tune in on heaven?' and I said, 'We can tune in any time we will, by means of the Bible.' "

Boys and girls, the Bible is the wonderful radio by which you and I can listen in on heaven and hear the Saviour speak to us just as He used to talk to the children in the country beyond the sea.

It takes lots of practice to learn how to tune in on heaven by means of the Bible radio so we can get the message clear and plain. Do you remember how grandfather or grandmother used to open the Bible? And as they read you could see from the look on their faces that they knew how to tune in and get a message that made them happy. They had been using this instrument for many years and knew all the combinations.

Most of us know that static is the disturbances coming from the outside that make the songs and stories and sermons over the radio indistinct. Now that is what makes trouble when boys and girls and older people try to "tune in on heaven" by using the "Bible radio." There are so many things coming into interfere that, as a result, we do not hear the messages as we should. These sinful thoughts and worldly influences are static and they spoil the message if we do not learn to keep them out.

Then we must by prayer every day keep the batteries of our lives

well charged. If we do this it will not be long until we can "tune in on heaven" any time we like and get messages that will help us to be better boys and girls; and as we continue to improve by prayer and practice we will find that our "Bible radio" will be more appreciated than ever before.

Let's all learn to use this wonderful instrument by which even boys and girls can "tune in on heaven."—A.

15

TWO TRAVELING FROGS

TEXT: *"Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil."* Proverbs 5: 25–27.

That is a long text, boys and girls, but before I say anything about it I am going to tell you a story. You have not forgotten, I am sure, the Chinese story I told you not long ago about a monkey that picked the peaches. This story I have for this morning is not from China, but from Japan. Every country has its folklore and fables and various legends that are told over and over again, all very interesting. As I have said, the one I have for you this morning is a folk-tale from Japan. It is about two traveling frogs—or frogs that at one time made up their minds to travel.

One of these frogs lived in the pond near the town of Osaka. The other lived in a little stream that flowed through the city of Kioto. The idea came into their heads at once that they would like to see a little of the world. The frog who lived at Kioto wanted to visit Osaka, and the frog who lived at Osaka wished to go to Kioto. So one fine morning they both set out along the road that led from Kioto to Osaka, one from one end and the other from the other end.

Halfway between the two towns there was a great mountain which had to be climbed. It took them a long time and a great many hops to reach the top. But there they were at last, and each saw before him another frog! "Good morning, friend," said one. "Where are you going?"

"I am from Osaka," said the other, "and I am on my way to visit Kioto."

"And I," said the first, "am from Kioto and am going to see Osaka."

"What a pity we are not bigger," said the Osaka frog. "Then we could see both towns from here, and tell if it is worth while to go on."

"Oh," said the Kioto frog, "we can stand on our hind legs and

hold on to each other: then each can look at the town where he is going."

This idea pleased the Osaka frog, and he at once jumped up and put his paws on the shoulders of his friend. There they both stood, holding each other tightly so that they might not fall down. The Kioto frog turned his nose toward Osaka, and the Osaka frog turned his nose toward Kioto.

But the foolish fellows forgot that their eyes were in the backs of their heads! Though their noses pointed to the places toward which they wanted to go, their eyes beheld the places from which they had come. "Dear me," cried the Osaka frog, "Kioto is exactly like Osaka; it is not worth while to go there." "Dear me," cried the Kioto frog, "Osaka is only a copy of Kioto. I shall go home." So the two frogs said farewell to each other and set off home again. And to the end of their lives they believed that Osaka and Kioto were exactly alike!

Now, boys and girls, what was it our text said? "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor the left: remove thy foot from evil." I think that means something like this: Don't have your eyes in the back of your head. Don't be satisfied to look backward all the time. "Eyes front"—that is what they say to soldiers. See straight. Know what you know. Know what you want to do and where you are going. "Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established." Don't be like the silly frogs who had their eyes in the backs of their heads and were fooled each into thinking the other town like his own, and so did not travel at all and accomplished nothing. Get a good purpose in life and then stick to it. "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee."—H.

16

HOW A HORSE GOT INTO THE CHURCH

(*Missions*)

Isn't that a queer title for a sermon? Well, queer or not queer, I am going to tell you boys and girls a true Horse story this morning. It is not an Uncle Remus story. It isn't about animals, that is, not about an animal horse, but about a man by the name of Horse.

But whoever heard of a man by the name of Horse? I have heard of people by the name of Wolf, or Mr. Badger, or Mrs. Catt or Mrs. Lion. But over in China there are plenty of people by the name of

Horse. It is a very common name there, only they pronounce it in a different way, but it means horse.

Now, I am going to tell you a true story about a man by the name of Mr. Horse. And he was no colt either, for he was fifty-nine years old. I am going to tell you how he got into the church. Not how he broke into the church building, but how he joined the church. The story is true, for it was told by a good, reliable missionary in China whose name was Rev. Dr. J. Mercer Blain.

Mr. Blain tells us that Mr. Horse is a farmer and lives a mile from a little town where there is a church and a small school. He had been coming to church for a long time and, when the elders and the pastor would meet, he would come and ask to be allowed to join the church.

But there was one thing in his house which kept him from becoming a church member. Mr. and Mrs. Horse had only one son and when he was twelve years old he died. They were sad and bought a little spirit tablet made of wood about a foot high with the name of the little boy on it. I have a table like this in my house sent over from China by a missionary. The worship of this tablet had been given up by a family over there who had become Christians. The Mr. and Mrs. Horse I am telling you about had put their tablet to their little boy in the niche in the wall where such things are put in heathen homes; for they did not know about Jesus.

They used to offer bowls of good things to eat before the tablet as a sacrifice and thought that in this way they were pleasing the spirit of the little boy that was gone. Mr. Horse said that if they took it down, all the neighbors would laugh at them and say that they believed in the God of the foreigners and that they would bring bad luck to the neighborhood.

One day the Chinese preacher and elders and the missionary met to examine people who wanted to unite with the church. Old Mr. Horse came, too. When it came his turn the pastor said: "Father Horse," that's a polite way over there to address old men, "do you believe in Jesus?" Mr. Horse said, "Yes." "Father Horse, do you pray to God and worship Him only and not worship idols?" He said that he did. "Father Horse, you know that as long as people see that spirit tablet in your home they will think that you still worship other gods and not the God of the Jesus doctrine."

Mr. Horse said that he did not worship the tablet and was willing to take it down but that his old wife was unwilling to have it removed.

"Now, Father Horse," said the pastor, "we believe that you really do worship the true God and want to do what is right, and we are willing to baptize you and make you a church member as soon as you remove that tablet."

Mr. Horse said that was very, very difficult because he did not know how he could persuade his wife.

The examination was on Saturday. On Sunday morning long before time for church service Mr. Horse came to the church. He came in smiling and announced that he had gotten up early while his wife was asleep and burned the tablet. When Mrs. Horse waked up and saw what had been done she cried and was very unhappy.

But her husband told her that he just had to burn the thing because he just must be a Christian and a church member.

Poor Mrs. Horse! We cannot blame her for being unhappy. She was thinking of her little boy and did not know how else to honor him. That morning the pastor baptized Mr. Horse in the church before all the people.

What do you think? Ten days after the missionary was at that church and preached, and there in the church sat Mr. Horse, and on the woman's side of the house there was Mrs. Horse, too! I do not know if Mrs. Horse became a Christian right away, but let us hope she did, and let us all pray for the many, many people in China who still have no better knowledge of God than to think He dwells in idols of wood and stone. Let us pray also that all among them who do know about the true God, our loving heavenly Father, may come to worship Him and have the strength and courage to come out and confess His name.—H.

17

PROUD OF BEING BIG

Now, boys and girls, I have a story this morning, and it is especially for any of you who are too proud of growing big and are tempted to be a bully toward others or to "boss it over them." It is an old folklore story about how Brother Rabbit fooled the Whale and the Elephant. This is the way the story goes—and I am sure you will like it.

One day little Brother Rabbit was running along on the sand, lippety, lippety, when he saw the Whale and the Elephant talking together. Little Brother Rabbit crouched down and listened to what they were saying. This was what they were saying:

"You are the biggest thing on the land, Brother Elephant," said the Whale, "and I am the biggest thing in the sea; if we joined together we can rule all the animals in the world and have our way about everything."

"Very good, very good," trumpeted the Elephant; "that suits me; we will do it."

Little Brother Rabbit snickered to himself. "They won't rule me," he said. He ran away and got a very long, very strong rope, and he got his big drum and hid the drum a long way off in the bushes. Then he went along the beach till he came to the Whale.

"Oh, please, dear strong Mr. Whale," he said, "will you have the great kindness to do me a favor? My cow is stuck in the mud, a quarter of a mile from here. And I can't pull her out. But you are so strong and so obliging that I venture to trust you will help me out."

The Whale was so pleased with the compliment that he said, "Yes," at once.

"Then," said the Rabbit, "I will tie this end of my long rope to you, and I will run away and tie the other end round my cow, and when I am ready I will beat my big drum. When you hear that, pull very, very hard, for the cow is stuck very deep in the mud."

"Huh!" grunted the Whale, "I'll pull her out, if she is stuck to the horns."

Little Brother Rabbit tied the rope end to the Whale, and ran off, lippety, lippety, till he came to the place where the Elephant was.

"Oh, please, mighty and kindly Elephant," he said, making a very low bow, "will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked the Elephant.

"My cow is stuck in the mud, about a quarter of a mile from here," said little Brother Rabbit, "and I cannot pull her out. Of course, you could. If you will be so very obliging as to help me——"

"Certainly," said the Elephant grandly, "certainly."

"Then," said little Brother Rabbit, "I will tie one end of this long rope to your trunk, and the other to my cow, and as soon as I have tied her tightly I will beat my big drum. When you hear that, pull; pull as hard as you can, for my cow is very heavy."

"Never fear," said the Elephant, "I could pull twenty cows."

"I am sure you could," said the Rabbit politely, "only be sure to begin gently and pull harder and harder till you get her."

Then he tied the end of the rope tightly round the Elephant's trunk and ran away into the bushes. There he sat down and beat the big drum.

The Whale began to pull, and the Elephant began to pull, and in a jiffy the rope tightened till it was stretched as hard as could be.

"This is a remarkably heavy cow," said the Elephant; "but I'll fetch her!" And he braced his forefeet in the earth and gave a tremendous pull.

"Dear me!" said the Whale. "That cow must be stuck mighty tight"; and he drove his tail deep in the water and gave a marvelous pull.

He pulled harder; the Elephant pulled harder. Pretty soon the Whale found himself sliding toward the land. The reason was, of

course, that the Elephant had something solid to brace against, and, too, as fast as he pulled the rope in a little, he took a turn with it round his trunk!

But when the Whale found himself sliding toward the land he was so provoked with the cow that he dove head first down to the bottom of the sea. That was a pull! The Elephant was jerked off his feet, and came slipping and sliding to the beach and into the surf. He was terribly angry. He braced himself with all his might and pulled his best. At the jerk, up came the Whale out of the water.

"Who is pulling me?" spouted the Whale.

"Who is pulling me?" trumpeted the Elephant.

And then each saw the rope in the other's hold.

"I'll teach you to play cow!" roared the Elephant.

"I'll show you how to fool me!" fumed the Whale. And they began to pull again. But this time the rope broke, the Whale turned a somersault, and the Elephant fell over backwards.

At that they were both so ashamed that neither would speak to the other. So that broke up the bargain between them.

And little Brother Rabbit sat in the bushes and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

18

A BOY IN BLOSSOM

(New Year)

"A Boy in Blossom"—isn't that a queer title for a sermon? But, listen, boys and girls, for it has a meaning. See if your nimble minds can catch the meaning. If you get it, why just hold on to it "for ever and ever."

Grandpa and Charlie were out in the orchard one beautiful day in apple-blossom time.

"Oh, Grandpa," said Charlie. "What lots of apples there are going to be this year! See how white the trees are with blossoms."

"Yes," said Grandpa; "if the trees keep their promises there will be plenty of apples. But if they are like some boys I know there may not be any."

"What do you mean by keeping their promises?" asked Charlie.

"Why," said Grandpa, "blossoms are only the trees' promises, just as the promises little boys make sometimes are only the blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips the blossoms, both on the trees and in the boy, and they never bear fruit."

"I see," said Charlie. "Then you think when I promise to be a better boy I am only in blossom? But I will try to show you,

Grandpa, that the frost cannot nip my blossoms. I am going to bear fruit."

"I hope you will," said Grandpa, delighted in his answer.

Yes, boys and girls, you are all blossoms. Here in God's house, on this blessed New Year Sunday, resolve, resolve in God's strength, that you will bear fruit. That will be a fine resolve to make and a good one to keep all through the year.—H.

19

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

(New Year)

At certain times of the year, particularly in January and February, the shop windows are full of all sorts of dress goods at reduced prices. Beautifully printed little cards look out at us as we stand looking into the window and they say something like this: "Reduced in Price; our Annual Clearance Sale is on. We must get rid of these goods."

One day I stood looking into my own shop window. "What! Yes, my heart is my shop: all my treasures, be they good or bad, are kept there." "Where the treasure is there is the heart also," said the Wisest of all men.

And as I looked into the shop window I saw that I had many, many things that I could afford to sell off at a reduced price. There were some "left-overs," first of all. How cheap now seemed to me the anger and hate against some one that I had been carrying so long! True, that person was to blame, but why load up my shelves so long with something that happened so long ago? Well, here goes the card on that thing— "Reduced; I must get rid of these goods," for it is not a "good" but a "bad."

Then, next, were some things that had no real value but littered up my shelves. Here was laziness, yards of it! I wonder why I ever laid in such a stock of it! Reduced! I'll sell it cheap. And then there was my habit of postponement! How it has cluttered up my whole shop! And after I once began I found whole loads of other things which had been accumulating for years. Useless old goods, all of them! Temper, bad moods, impatience, cross and ugly speech, too much love of fun and too much shirking of work. My shop seemed full of nothing but "old bads."

So I walked home and painted my signs—"Annual Clearance Sale." And I am now selling off all my rubbish. And if I can't sell it I am going to give it away! I won't have it around any more!

And do you know there is Some One who will take it all "off my

hands"! I think if you try you can recall His name.—Rev. George Lawrence Parker.

20

THE NEW SONG
(New Year)

TEXT: *"He hath put a new song in my mouth."*—Psalm 40: 3.

On this New Year's Sunday I am going to speak to you about a new thing. I know you like new things—new dresses, new pictures, new books, new years, new everything; do you not? Old people, perhaps, like old things better, although they like some new things too, especially sweet young faces and young hearts. But it is of new things you always think.

And I am sure you like singing, too. Where is there a boy or girl that does not like singing? Some of you can sing almost as sweetly as the birds in the hedges; and you are at it all day long. Even if you cannot sing yourself, you like to hear others sing; and many a time you ask your mother, or your sister, or a friend to sing to you.

Well, it is about a new song I am to speak to you to-day.

It is a very wonderful song. It is the sweetest ever heard in the world. You may have seen crowds of people flocking to a concert room to hear a famous singer. But when any one is singing this new song, though it be but a little child, there are angels listening, and even God Himself bends down His ear to hear. It is easy to sing it: it does not, like French or Italian songs, require learning to read the words; it does not require musical skill to learn the notes; it does not require a fine voice, for even the aged and the dying can sing it. Yet it is so peculiar that a singer with the finest voice in the world, and the most perfect musical training, may not be able to render it.

I have three things to tell you about the new song.

I. First, it is the Song of the New Heart. All good singing comes from the heart. I have often heard a singer with a really good song to sing, whose words were written by a true poet, and whose music was made by a skilful composer; and the singer had a good voice, a true ear, a thorough musical education, and a pleasing manner. But the song was a failure because it did not come from the heart. You have seen the robin in the morning piping with might and main on the fence, his sides throbbing with excitement. You have heard the lark on a summer day far up in the bosom of a white cloud. Why does their songs thrill you through and through? It is because they come straight from the heart.

The new song comes from the new heart. Some of us have old and some have new hearts. The old heart is hard and stony, godless and impure. The new heart is soft, pure, and Christ-like. Christ takes away the old hard heart and gives us the new one when we ask Him. Have you ever felt the hard old heart within you and cried to Him to take it away and give you the new heart? If not, you cannot yet sing the new song; for only those who have the new heart can sing it.

What is it which makes the new heart a singing heart? It is love. The new heart is a loving heart. It loves the Father, it loves Christ, it loves men. It is like Christ's own heart, which was full of love to the brim. Now nothing makes the heart sing like love. The new heart sings because it is filled full of love to Christ and lost in wonder at the thought of His love to it.

II. Secondly, it is the Song of the New Way. Boys and girls, you and I are travellers to eternity. Now, just as there are two kinds of hearts—the old heart and the new—so there are two ways which different persons are walking through this world. The one is the old and broad way, the other the new and narrow way. Those who have the old heart are going the old way, and those who have the new heart the new way. The old way leads down to death; the new way leads up to God.

The new way was made by Christ. Those who travel along this road sing as they go. Well they may; for every step is taking them farther away from sin and destruction and nearer to God, and they are treading in the footsteps of Jesus.

III. Thirdly, this new song is the Song of the New Home. The new way leads to the new home. The heart of man is never at rest till it rests in a home. And the new heart cannot rest except in the new home. Christ is there, and it rests not till it reposes on His bosom.

Home is the place of songs. And the new home is full of music and singing. It is because it is full of loving and joyful hearts.

But the new song will be sung there only by those who have sung it here—by those whose hearts have been made new on earth, and who have travelled to heaven by the new way.—J. S.

21

A NEW BEGINNING
(New Year)

TEXT: *"This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you."* Exodus 12: 2.

The old year is past and gone, the unknown one is here, and I am wondering how many boys and girls are starting out on the threshold of the new year fairly and squarely in a manner that will give them a chance to achieve a true and worthy character. What are your thoughts, your ideas, and your ideals about the future? What plans and purposes have you in your minds? Are they high or low, big or little, good or bad? You cannot go through life successfully unless you have some definite aim or goal in view. Perhaps in the years that have gone you have accomplished nothing because you did not set a goal before you. A definite aim in life is a very important thing.

A bright little fellow was on the scales, and he was very anxious to outweigh his playmate, so he puffed out his cheeks and swelled up like a frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. "Oho!" he said in scorn, "that doesn't do any good, you can only weigh what you are." That is all very true. And now in the beginning of this New Year take a good look at yourself and see just what you are. Are you a good Christian boy or a Christian girl? If you are going to be something then be something that is worth while. Be a Christian.

A little boy and his sister were holding a conversation with the minister's wife who was visiting them. She asked the boy how old he was, but he was overcome with shyness and he could not answer. His little sister, who seemed to have more courage, answered for him, and said he was six years old. "Six years old," exclaimed the visitor, "what a big boy! And how tall are you?" This was too hard for either of them to answer. The visitor expressed surprise that a six-year-old boy could not tell his height, and even his little sister hung her head in shame. The visitor then changed the subject and talked about other things, but soon the little girl edged around to her and whispered, "You mustn't tell Mother," she said, "but Rob is just tall enough to reach the jam on the pantry shelf." You see, he was a tall boy for six years of age, but he was not as good as he ought to be. A Christian boy will never steal jam. He knows the difference between right and wrong, and his aim in life is to do that which is right.

A minister asked a little fellow who was converted, "Does the devil tell you that you are not a Christian?" "Yes, sometimes," he replied. "Well, what do you say!" "I tell him," replied the boy, "whether I am a Christian or not is none of his business." We need more boys and girls who have courage enough to say they are Christians and who are ever ready to do their level best for Jesus.

Some years ago in the Northwestern University, near Chicago, a rescue crew was organized. Their purpose was the rescue of the drowning on the lake. One day the news came that a magnificent vessel was wrecked just off the shore. The young men hurried at once to the scene of the disaster and plunged into the angry waters to rescue those who were going down. All were driven back but one. Finally he came in bringing one man with him. Immediately he brought one after another until he had rescued seventeen. By this time he was completely exhausted and collapsed. During the night he cried in his delirium: "Did I do my best? Oh, did I do my best?" His brother replied, "Yes, you did do your best. You have saved seventeen lives." A little later he asked again, "Did I do my dead-level best?"

Young Spencer was a stalwart youth, but he never entirely recovered from this terrible experience. He lived many years, but in quiet retirement, never being able to stand the strain of active work in the world.

I hope every boy and girl here will try to do his and her dead-level best in the year that is just opening. I want all the boys and girls to be Christians. Then the whole year will be filled with happiness for you. Give your hearts to Jesus now and start the New Year with a set determination to do your dead-level best for Jesus.—Rev. Alfred Barratt.

22

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

(New Year)

TEXT: *"For ye have not passed this way heretofore."* Joshua 3: 4.

Happy New Year, girls and boys! My wish for you is that it may be the happiest and best you have ever had.

Do you know why the first month of the year is called January? The old Romans named it so in honor of one of their gods whose name was Janus. Now Janus had two faces. With one he looked forward and with the other he looked backward; so he saw the past and the future.

On New Year's Day we looked back over the past year, and we can see a great many things which we would like to do over again. There were times when we were angry; when we said things which hurt our friends and those of our family. Then, too, we were disobedient and wanted our own way. I am sure we are very sorry for these things.

Don't let these failures worry you too much, however. It is well to think of them so that they will be warnings not to repeat them. There are some people who say, "I've tried so hard to be good, but I can't; there is always something that comes along which makes me forget and I fail miserably." Well, if you keep on looking at it in that way you will never win the victory. Don't give up. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The past is past; it will never come back. The only thing to do is to decide to begin all over again.

I heard a man give a lecture on, "What I would do if I were to live my life over again." He said a great many things but the most important was this, "I would begin it with Jesus as my helper." Young friends, if you ask Jesus to guide you through the coming year, He will help you to avoid the mistakes of the past and make it indeed a Happy New Year.

I like to think of life as a book in which one writes his diary.

There are as many pages in this book as there are years in our lives. On the first one we write our names, and each succeeding year a record of how we spend it. On some pages we find a good many blots and lines which make us blush; while here and there are passages which we like to read again and again. We are starting a new page at this time. What are we going to write upon it? We spoiled some of the others. Let us be careful of our penmanship.

Joshua was a young man when he became the leader of the Children of Israel. He took the place of Moses and had to bring the people to the Promised Land. When they came to the Jordan River he made a speech to them and told them to follow the Ark and they would cross the river in safety, for, said he, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." They didn't know the way but God did, and He led them to the other side.

We stand at the borders of the Land of Beginning Again. We do not know what is ahead of us but God knows. If we ask Him to be with us He will lead us. Let us make a new start.

"Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And spite of sorrow, and older sinning,
And troubles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again."

Rev. M. G. G.

23

HOW TO GIVE PLEASURE TO GOD
(New Year)

TEXT: *"He pleased God."*—Hebrews 11: 5.

At the beginning of a new year it is good to ask whether there is any thought we can receive into our hearts which will help us to lead better lives than we lived before. There is one thought which very few have opened their hearts to which yet is one of the best we can think. It is the thought that we have been made and are kept in life that we should give pleasure to God. It will make a great difference in our lives, if instead of doing things to please ourselves or our companions, we do everything to please God. It is good for everybody to try to give God pleasure.

There was a great prophet in the world once, in the days before the Ark, who tried to do this, and who did it all the days of his life. It was the prophet Enoch. At the end of his life, the story of his life told by God Himself was this: "He pleased God." Not himself, not his friends, but God. I have tried to see what it was in his life that gave pleasure to God, and I find it was this, that "He walked with God." Now you know why it is you walk with some younger people and not with others. It is because you know them and love them and know that they love you. Enoch knew all that about God. He knew that God loved him, and he loved to be in God's company and to have God near to him in everything he did. "He walked with God" in the very way God walked—the way of truth and right. "He walked with God": he had God for his friend, and told Him by prayer all that was in his heart. "He walked with God": he went about with God doing good, helping the helpless and trying to bring people to God. Every day he would say to himself, "How can I please God to-day?" And day by day he kept doing the will of God and walking out and in with God for his friend.

But there was a greater than Enoch who pleased God. You remember this is the very thing which the voice from heaven said of Jesus: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." And God was well pleased with Jesus. It is said that Jesus, when He was a little boy at Nazareth, "grew in favor both with God and man." Could anything better ever be said of a boy or girl's life? To be in favor with God! To have God well pleased with you! That is to be like Jesus Himself. He set himself so to give pleasure to God that it became his

meat and his drink to do God's will. It is a great pleasure to God when His children do noble things.

I wonder if you know what the noblest thing ever done on this earth was! It was Jesus laying down His life to save the world, to let God's love be known.

The greatest thing of all in giving pleasure to God is love. It is impossible to please Him unless there be some knowledge of His love in our hearts and some love to Him in return.

But this leads me to tell you what is the first way of coming into this life of giving pleasure to God. It is a way so simple that any boy or girl can understand it. It is just letting God please you. Yes, that was the secret of the life which the Lord Jesus lived. He began by letting His Father in heaven please Him. And whoever is brought by God's great kindness to be pleased with Jesus and with the things in Him with which God is pleased—and these things are love and mercy and truth—begins in that very pleasure to give pleasure to God. To be pleased with Jesus is a boy or girl's first step in the life of giving pleasure to God.

In the fairy stories the young prince or princess who is setting out in the world always meets a kind fairy who gives a cap, or a ring, or a flower, or a ball, which must never be let go or lost, and it will be help by the way. But this which I am offering you is a better gift than any fairy could give. This will be better than wishing cap or ring, better than gold or silver. The boy or girl who will say, "I will from this day live to please God," will live a happy, good life. And at the end God will tell the same thing about the life of that child as He told about Enoch's and Christ's. He will say, "I have been well pleased with you."—A. M.

24

CHILDREN ALIKE TO CHRIST

TEXT: *"Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh upon the heart."* 1 Samuel 16: 7.

A weary missionary fell asleep and had a dream. A message had arrived that the Master was coming, and to her was appointed the task of getting all the little children ready for Him. So she arranged them on benches in tiers, putting the little white children first, nearest to where the Master would stand, then the little yellow, red, and brown children, and far back sat the black children. When all were arranged, she looked and it did not seem quite right to her. Why should the black children be so far away? They ought perhaps to be on the front benches. She started to rearrange them, but just as all was in con-

fusion, footsteps were heard; it was the Master's tread. He was coming before the children were ready. To think that the task entrusted to her had not been accomplished in time! The footsteps drew near, and she was obliged to look up. Lo, as her eyes rested on the children all shades of color and difference had vanished; the little children in the Master's presence were all alike!

God has made of one blood all who dwell upon the face of the earth. They are our brothers and sisters. Let us learn to treat them so. Many of the children of earth have not the Gospel. Let us hurry to take or send good news of Christ's love to them all.—H.

25

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS

I have heard of some blind men who knew nothing about elephants who were led to an elephant and allowed to feel with their hands and tell what they thought it was. One took hold of its tail and said it was a rope. One took hold of its ear and said it was a saddle. Another took hold of its leg and said it was a tree. Sometimes it is not easy to tell things as they really are.

This is well shown by a Hindu story I have somewhere read. You know these folklore stories from India have been collected by missionaries and others, written out as the people have related them, and then printed in books, papers, or magazines in America and England. Some people have made a specialty of gathering these interesting folklore stories.

The one that I am going to tell you now, illustrating the same thing as the elephant story I just told you, is about four sons of a king who had never seen a mango tree. The story says:

There was a king who had four sons, and none of them had ever seen a mango tree. One day, as they were sitting together, they said to the driver of the chariot, "We have never seen a mango tree. Take us to see one." "Very well," replied the driver, "I'll take you to see one some day, but I cannot go now."

So, after a while, he took them to see a mango tree; but he did not take all of them at the same time. He took the oldest son in the winter when the tree had no leaves. He took the second son in the spring when the leaves were fresh and green. He took the third in the summer when the tree was covered with blossoms, and he took the fourth in the fall when the fruit was ripe.

Some time afterwards the brothers were again sitting together when some one asked, "What kind of tree is a mango tree?" The oldest brother answered, "It is like a burnt stump." The second brother said,

"It is like a green field." The third said, "It is like a garden of roses." The fourth said, "It is like a fragrant peach."

Each of the brothers was angry at the others for the answers they had given. So all ran to their father and said, "What kind of tree is a mango tree?"

"Did some one ask that question of you?" asked the king.

"Yes, Father," replied all the sons.

"What were your answers?" asked the king.

Then they told him their answers.

"Your answers show that all four of you have seen the mango tree," said the king; "but you have not all seen it at the same time. When the driver showed you the tree, you should have asked, 'Does the tree always look like this?' Some trees have leaves in summer, but shed them before winter comes. Some have blossoms in the springtime and fruit in the fall. Such trees look very different at different seasons of the year."

So you see, boys and girls, it is necessary to know more than a little about a thing before you can truthfully tell what it really is. Be careful. Find out. Don't tell a story of which you know but a part. Make sure you know all before you report a thing. That is a good way to do as to stories you hear about people, especially about your friends and playmates, other boys and girls. Be sure you know if there is a good side before you begin to tell what you think is the bad side. Anyway, it is better not to be a talebearer at all. Isn't there something about that in the Bible? I am sure there is. Here it is, and I give it to you for the text of this sermon: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people." (Leviticus 19: 16.) Or here is another just as appropriate: "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth." (Proverbs 26: 20).—H.

26

RAINING OUT OF A HOLE IN THE GROUND
(*Missions*)

Now, boys and girls, I am sure you will say that is a queer subject for a sermon. But it is not as queer as you think. Did you ever see it raining out of a hole in the ground? I think you have. At least, if you have ever been in the country, I think you have really seen it raining out of a hole in the ground.

But I must tell you my story; the one that I have brought for you this morning. It is about a great and noble missionary. His name was John G. Paton, and I have had the privilege of seeing him, visiting

with him, and hearing him give missionary addresses. Dr. John G. Paton was the hero missionary of the New Hebrides islands in the South Seas. The people were savages, wore little clothing, and lived in a terrible state of sin. Mr. Paton had a time at first in getting the people to believe that he had a message from God. Finally the water supply ran out on the island because of lack of rain. The natives had never seen a well, but Mr. Paton proceeded to dig one, and the digging of this well was really the beginning of the conversion of the people.

On beginning the well Mr. Paton told the chief that he believed God would give them rain from the hole in the ground. The only fresh water the natives had was what was caught when it rained.

When the missionary made this statement great excitement prevailed. The chief and others declared that if Mr. Paton could bring rain from the hole in the ground, his God must be the true God.

Finally the missionary, by digging deep, found an abundant spring of living water.

The effect upon the people was wonderful. The old chief asked the privilege of preaching a sermon at the Sunday services upon the well. This he did, emphasizing his earnest appeal by excitedly swinging his tomahawk. In the midst of his sermon he cried: "People of Aniwa, the world is turned upside down since the word of Jehovah is come to this island. Who ever expected to see rain come up through the earth? From this day I must worship the God who has opened up for us this well and who fills it with rain from below."

During the week following this remarkable sermon great heaps of idols were burned in front of Mr. Paton's house. The Christian teaching grew apace, and before many years there was not a heathen left on the island.

Isn't that an interesting story? And it is true. That is the way Christianity got started in the New Hebrides. The subject of our sermon is true, also, isn't it? Whenever you are in the country and on a hot day drink from a spring or a well, you are having the cool, clear water of rain that comes out of a hole in the ground.—H.

27

SUFFER THE CHILDREN TO COME

TEXT: *"Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."* Matthew 19: 14.

A little child once asked her mother how old she must be before she could be a Christian. Her mother answered, "How old will you

have to be before you love me?" "Why, Mother," said the little girl, "I always loved you." "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?" "I always did," she answered, "but tell me what I want to know." The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?" "I can now, without growing any older." Then the mother said, "You can be a Christian now, my darling. Love and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little children come unto me.'"

Boys and girls, you are old enough now to know and trust and love and try to please Christ. And that is just what being a Christian means.

A teacher asked when children should be Christians. One child said, "At thirteen"; another, "At ten"; "At six." But another little girl answered, "As soon as they can understand enough to love anybody."—H.

28

THE PAUSE IN THE PRAYER

I think there is a fine thought in a little story I came across not long since. It is concerning a little boy who was talking about serious things at bedtime with his grandmother, as even little boys will do on such occasions, and especially to one who is such an understanding confidante as a grandmother usually is.

"If I should die before I wake," began Donny reverently, kneeling at his grandmother's knee, "if I should die before I wake——"

"I pray——" prompted the grandmother in gentle voice. "Go on, Donny."

"Wait a minute," interposed the boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a few minutes he was back again, and resuming his place took up the petition where he had left off. But when he had been tucked in bed his grandmother questioned him with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

"But I did not think of what I was saying, Grandma; that's why I had to stop," he explained. "You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie, and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads just to see how he'd tear around and rave in the morning. But when I thought 'if I should die before I wake,' why—I didn't want him to find 'em that way. I wouldn't want him to always remember me doing anything like that. There's lot of things that seem funny if you're going to keep on living. but you don't want 'em to keep that way if you should die 'fore you wake."

"That was right, dear; you did right," commended the voice, with

its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers wouldn't be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."

Now, boys and girls, do you think I have a Bible text for this little sermon? Do you think there is anything in the Bible about interrupted religious service—about stopping in the middle to go and make things right? Well, there is. Listen. It was Jesus said this, in His sermon on the mount: "If thou bring thy gifts to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." (Matthew 5: 23, 24.)—H.

29

THE CULTIVATION OF POISE

I think, boys and girls, that I have a quite unusual thought for you this morning. When I say unusual, I mean one that probably very seldom comes into the minds of young people. And I wouldn't be surprised if there are older people here to-day to whom the thought will be quite unusual—quite a stranger to their minds. If they like it, they may listen while I preach to you. I have noticed that oftentimes older people are most interested in stories and pictures and ideas that are made expressly for children—isn't that strange? Well, it is so, anyway.

Suppose we try them on this and see if they listen while you do and understand as well as you do. My subject sounds dull, I know. This is it: The Cultivation of Poise. Poise—what is poise? Even if we know what it is, does it not seem a strange thing to talk to boys and girls about? Poise.

Now, let us see what poise is, as I go along with my story, and also see what it means for us to cultivate it. The cultivation of poise!

There was once a man named Mazzini. He was an Italian patriot of a time about one hundred years ago. Once in comparing the characters of two men he told of watching an approaching squall on a lake. The wind blew, the clouds scudded across the sky, the rain came in fitful sheets, and the thunder rolled like artillery fire. As he stood watching nature at her stormiest, he noticed a bird, a falcon, high in the air. Now rising, now sinking, now tilting, now turning, the bird battled with the elements. At each peal of thunder he bounded yet higher aloft as though daring the storm to do its worst.

But on the shore of the lake stood a stork, tranquil, unconcerned, amidst the raging elements. Twice she turned her head to see which way the wind was coming, and turned a quarter way around to face it

so it would not ruffle her feathers. With a half indifferent curiosity she glanced upward, and then, drawing one of her long, sinewy legs up under her, tucked her head beneath her wing and calmly composed herself to sleep.

Those two birds remind one of two types of people. The falcon, fighting at every turn, doubtless survived the storm. The stork, calmly waiting for it to blow over, did the same thing with less effort.

He is indeed a wise man who lets nothing disturb the even tenor of his way—who is neither depressed nor elated.

Doubtless there are people, like the falcon, who actually enjoy fighting things they don't like. But tranquil pleasures last the longest. Peaceable, friendly, tolerant folks encounter so many pleasant, agreeable adventures that they have no time or wish to flirt with trouble.

Every storm finally blows itself out. When the sun does burst through the clouds, the stork people are in better condition to enjoy it than the falcon folks who have worn themselves to a frazzle battling vainly with the tempest.

Under all circumstances, boys and girls, keep an even mind. Keep yourself in hand. Poise pays. It pays in conserved strength, in peace of mind, and in capacity for happiness. Cultivate it.

Now I will give you the text. It is at the end of my sermon, not the beginning, where texts are usually found. This is it: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." (Isaiah 23: 3.)—H.

30

SOME ONE IS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING

TEXT: *"The Lord called Samuel."* I Samuel 3: 4.

Some years ago there was a young girl in New England named Laura Bridgman. She had been blind and deaf and dumb from her second year. Her only contact with the world was through her sense of touch, and even that sense had not been cultivated. When she was eight years old, Dr. S. G. Howe, one of the greatest of American philanthropists, became interested in her pitiful condition and sought to help her.

He began by putting her hand to his lips and reading to her for a quarter of an hour. This he did at the same time every day. Then about the tenth day he omitted the reading, and watched to see if she noticed the omission. Week after week passed, but she gave no sign.

Finally, one day when the usual hour for reading had come and he did not begin, she gave unmistakable signs of annoyance. That marked the first great step. Soon, he tells us, her advance was rapid. In time, Laura Bridgman, through Dr. Howe's efforts, became an educated and intelligent woman, alive to all the throbbing life of the great world.

When we read this remarkable history, the tremendous significance of one particular moment in her development must impress us. It was a mighty moment when the conviction seized her: "Some one is trying to tell me something." Ever afterwards her great purpose in life must have been to learn what that some one had to tell her.

Many with more advantages at birth have gone through a similar experience. They have looked on the world, its joys and its sorrows, its blessings and its tragedies, and found it all meaningless. Then one day it has flashed across them: "There's a meaning in these things! Some One is trying to tell me and make me understand."

Then there remains for such a one, as for Laura Bridgman, just one thing—to try to learn what that Some One would say.

Boys and girls, I am quite sure that you sometimes have that feeling, that some one is trying to tell you something. Listen. Welcome the voice, the prompting in your heart. Respond to it. Like Samuel, say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." There will be blessed results in your life.—H.

31

PLAYING WITH TEMPTATION

I am quite sure, boys and girls, that you know what temptation is. It is not a sin to be tempted, but to give up to temptation. Jesus was tempted, but He did not give up to it, but said, "Get thee behind me Satan!" Wise old John Bunyan said, "To parley with temptation is to play with fire." Another said, "When you meet temptation, turn to the right." "Edged tools, edged tools; never play with them," said Martin Chuzzlewit.

A little Japanese boy who had become a Christian gave a good definition of sin, I think, when he said, "Sin is giving up to the evil one." Sin is not in being tempted, but in giving up to temptation.

Let me give you a story that will illustrate what I mean. Sometimes stories teach better than sermons. I am sure, boys and girls, you will get the meaning of this story.

One day the door of a room opened very quietly and a little girl stole in on tiptoe. It was just at dusk, and she thought there was no one in the room. She went slowly up to a table, took a bunch of

grapes from a fruit dish, and then went slowly out again. All the time her father was in the room, and he remembered that he had told his little girl that she must not touch that fruit. But very soon he heard the door open again, and this time the little girl came in with a rush, put the grapes back with the other fruit, and then exclaimed happily to herself, "There, I told you to get behind me, Satan," and ran off looking very much relieved. Boys, girls, can't you think what a struggle she had within herself before she brought the fruit back? I guess that little girl was tempted very much like Eve was in the garden of Eden—don't you think so?

You know, boys and girls, a temptation always looks desirable to the one tempted. Otherwise it would not be a temptation. But sin does not turn out as good as it looks. It turns out very bad.

In this connection I am going to tell you about a strange tree of which I have heard. It is called the Judas tree—you'll see why. To its brilliant blossoms many insects are attracted only to be killed by sipping the poisonous fluid within. The ground beneath the trees is often thickly covered with victims. Although the flowers are beautiful and promise good things to the bees and other insects, they must keep away from them if they would live. You know what I mean, boys and girls, that there are some things which appear to be good which are like these flowers, temptations from which we must keep away if we would escape their harm.—H.

32

THE FOX WHO LOST HIS TAIL

I do not think there is a boy or girl anywhere who does not like fables, and the funny thing is that older people like them, too. This morning I have a fable for you. It was written by an ancient Greek by the name of Æsop of a time more than five hundred years before the time of Christ. Think what an old fable this is, written more than twenty-five hundred years ago! I feel sure you have heard of it for nearly every boy and girl has been told it. But just because it is so old that it is always new you will be glad to hear it again. And there might be some very little boy or girl here who has never heard it. The fable is about the fox who lost his tail. This is the way the fable goes:

A fox caught in a trap got away with the loss of his tail. At first he was very glad to escape at all, but before he reached home he began to think how his friends would laugh at his sad plight.

Presently a happy thought came to him. So he trotted home and,

without being noticed by any one, placed himself with his back against a tree.

Then he called the other foxes and said: "My friends, why do we all carry about with us these long, bushy tails? They are quite useless and also very heavy. Let us cut them off."

His hearers were at first much struck with this. But a little fox, who had been running busily about, cried out suddenly: "Oh, he has lost his own tail! That is why he wants us to cut off ours."

Then some one pushed the poor fox away from the tree and every one saw his unhappy plight. Amid the laughter of all he was chased off into the woods.

Do you know what Mr. Æsop says this fable teaches? This: "Do not follow bad advice."

Now, boys and girls, I want to tell you something. It is this. It is easy to get bad advice. Look out! Make sure the advice you get is good before you take it or act on it. You might get in as bad a fix as a fox with his tail cut off.—H.

33

A HINDU STORY

Boys and girls, I have got another Hindu story for you to-day. Do you like Hindu stories? ("Yes, yes.") Well, this is a very old one. It is from the Hindu folklore, handed down from family to family for many generations. It is about the two otters and the jackal. It says that one day a jackal went down to the river to see if he could find a fish for his dinner. As he walked carefully along the bank, he saw two otters, who were also looking for fish. Just at that instant one of the otters saw a fine fish and plunged into the water to get it; but the fish was so strong that it dragged the otter after it. So he called to his companion: "This fish is large enough to make a meal for both of us! Come and help me and we will divide it between us!"

So the other otter rushed into the river and seized the fish. Together they easily dragged it out of the water. But when they tried to divide it, they could not agree and fell to quarreling.

While they were quarreling the jackal came along.

"Come here, friend jackal," called one of the otters, "and divide this fish for us, for we shall never be able to agree." "Oh, very well!" replied the jackal. "I will divide it for you." So the jackal took the fish to divide it as the others watched. He first took off the head, then he took off the tail, leaving the body of the fish whole.

So, having divided the fish, the jackal turned first to one otter and

said, "You eat the head without quarreling." Then he turned to the other otter and said, "You eat the tail without quarreling."

Then he boldly seized the rest of the fish and ran off with it before their very eyes. The otters were too much astonished even to follow him. They sat still for a long time without saying anything. At last one picked up the head and the other the tail and went sadly away.

Now, that was not really fair play on the part of the jackal; but the point of the story is to show how it doesn't pay people to quarrel. In fact, boys and girls, it never pays to quarrel. It is wrong, very wrong, that is sure. People get angry and do wicked things when they quarrel. Even boys do and girls do, too. It is a shocking thing for little people, or big people either, to do. But it is not only shocking and very bad policy, but it is wicked. There is a beautiful letter in the New Testament written by the apostle Paul to some Colossian Christians, and this is what he says: "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." (Colossians 3:12, 13.) Read that when you get home. That is my text for this sermon. Read the whole chapter. It is a very beautiful one.—H.

34

THE LOVE LETTER

It is very foolish for young boys and girls to be silly about one another in love-making, sending notes at school and such things. But as you grow older you will find that real love between good people is a very beautiful and sacred thing. So I am going to venture, young as you are, to tell you a love story this morning and am quite sure you will appreciate it and get no foolish thoughts from it.

During the Great War a young girl received a beautiful letter from the soldier to whom she was engaged to be married. In strong, brave words he wrote, not only of his love for her, but also of his faith in God, his experience of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter's presence, of his purpose of making his life, if it were spared, to count in the work of God's Kingdom, and of his willingness to die if that sacrifice were required. The girl read the letter to one intimate friend. A few days later came the sad news of the soldier's death.

Then that letter became to her inexpressibly dear and sacred. But the friend one day asked a very great favor. She wished to read the letter to her group of Sunday-school girls, for she knew it would have great influence over them.

At first the girl rebelled at the thought of sharing that love letter with others. The last words of those dear to us are not for the world. But slowly the thought came to her that she had been selfish in her grief; she must let the brave soldier continue his work for the Kingdom through his letter. And so that missive went forth on its errand and was the means of leading many hearts to know and love that soldier's Lord.

There was something a good deal like that happened in Jesus' life. Those were most beautiful, tender words he spoke to his little group of intimate associates on the last night that he spent with them in the Upper Room in Jerusalem. After he had left them his disciples found in those farewell words strength and comfort and solace. Yes, and happily for us and for all the world, John the beloved wrote them down in his Gospel where they have given strength and comfort and solace to countless followers of his from that day to this. Do not forget it, boys and girls, that the Bible is God's love letter to us all.—H.

35

THREE-HANDED PEOPLE

Well, that is a strange title for a talk, isn't it? You have seen kittens with six toes, or even seven toes. I think I have. But how about three-handed people? I am going to let a minister I know of tell you about those. His name is Rev. Fred Smith, and the last I knew he was living at Newton, Kansas. This is the way he tells about three-handed people.

When Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England after a visit to America, then almost an unknown continent, he told the people of England many strange stories of the land he had visited and the people whom he had seen. Sir Walter knew that few, if any, of his hearers would ever sail to the far-away land of America. Because of this fact he was none too careful of what he said. He told the people of England that in this New World were strangely formed people whose heads were between their shoulders and not upon them. We now know that he was "just making things up" when he told such stories.

Yet only a few days ago I came across a strange sentence by an American who has been dead not many years. He said that he had met many three-handed people in this country. His name was John B. Gough, a great temperance reformer. I wonder if any of the children present this morning have ever seen a three-handed person? (Vigorous dissent on the part of the children.) Why, that is rather strange,

for I think if John B. Gough was present in our service he would say that he was pretty sure there were some boys and girls and perhaps a few grown-up folks who had three hands. Suppose we have the boys and girls put up their hands. (All hands were raised high.) Well, that seems proof positive that nobody here has more than two hands. But if J. B. Gough were here he would say: "That proves nothing. Just look over to your attendance chart for proof. You have an excellent attendance marked up there, but when I came in this morning promptly on time I noticed only about half that number present." Then he would say with a smile: "Don't you see what I mean? We all have our two hands, but some must have been a little behind-hand this morning. That is what I mean by people having three hands; they have two hands and sometimes they have a little behind-hand." And I would have to say: "Um, I see you are right." But I think I could promise him on behalf of all of us that we will do our best next Sunday to be not three-handed, but two-handed only. Let's try.

36

THE OWL AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Young people like Æsop's fables, and it is a fact also that older people like them, too. Anyway, boys and girls, I am going to give you this morning another of the old Greek fables by Mr. Æsop. I know you will be glad to hear it. The older people may listen also, if they wish. Anyway, this is a sermon to boys and girls. I'll give the older folks a longer one by and by.

I am quite sure that some of you young people have heard the fable, but even if you have it will not be amiss to hear it again. Some stories are good enough to tell and be heard over and over again.

Anyway, here goes for Æsop's fable, or story, about the owl and the grasshopper. It runs like this:

An owl who was sitting in a hollow tree, dozing away a long summer's afternoon, was very much disturbed by a rogue of a grasshopper singing in the grass beneath. So far, indeed, from keeping quiet or moving away at the request of the owl, the grasshopper sang all the more, and called the owl an old blinker who only came out at night when all honest people were going to bed. Of course, the owl did not like that, but waited in silence a short time, and then artfully addressed the grasshopper like this: "Well, my dear, if one cannot be allowed to sleep, it is something to be kept awake by such a pleasant little pipe as yours, which makes most agreeable music. I

must say. And now that I think of it, my mistress, the goddess Pallas gave me the other day a bottle of delicious nectar. If you will take the trouble to come up, you shall have a drop and it will clear your voice nicely."

The silly grasshopper, beside himself with the flattery, came hopping up to the owl. When he came within reach, snap! the owl had him, gobbled him, and finished her nap in comfort.

Listen, boys and girls, while I tell you the moral of this fable. I do not need to tell you, for you have got it already. But this is the way it is expressed—very neatly expressed—"Flattery is not a proof of true admiration."

Sure enough, that is true. Flattery is a poor compliment. Almost always there is harm lurking back of it. Now for my text: Here it is, Proverbs 29: 5: "A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet." Or there is another text which is just as good: "Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." This one is found in Proverbs 20, verse 19. Both were spoken by a wise man and are well for us to hear and heed.—H.

37

THE AMERICAN GREAT-HEART

(Lincoln's Birthday)

TEXT: *"The memory of the just is blessed."* Proverbs 10: 7.

We cherish the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the American Great-heart, most of all because he was a true American, a man of kindness, truthfulness, and of honesty. He not only loved his own children dearly, but he was such a kind-hearted gentleman that he loved all little children, and children loved him.

I. We call him the American Great-heart because he was kind. No matter how busy he was, he could always find time to be kind, and he had a kind word for everybody. It is no wonder this country of ours sorrowed so bitterly when he was shot that awful night by a cruel bullet.

It is said that one morning when he was going down the streets of the city in which he lived he saw a little girl crying at the door of one of the houses. He stopped and asked her what was the matter. She sobbed out her story. She was going to visit a friend of hers in another town. It was to be her first ride on the train, and the expressman had not come for her trunk. Mr. Lincoln lifted the trunk on his shoulders and started off, calling the little girl to "come along." They

just caught the train. No wonder the little girl never forgot him. He was never too busy to be kind.

One day the President saw a small, pale, delicate-looking boy about thirteen years old among the number in the White House antechamber. The President saw him standing there, looking so feeble and faint, and said: "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and with a bowed head and in timid accent said: "Mr. President, I have been a drummer boy in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken sick and have been a long time in the hospital." The President discovered that the boy had no home, no father—he had died in the army—no mother. "I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters, and"—bursting into tears —"no friends—nobody cares for me." Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and the boy's heart was soon made glad by a request to certain officials "to care for this poor boy." He was kind, no wonder everybody loved him.

II. Abraham Lincoln was truthful. He loved to speak the truth. People could always rely upon his word whenever he said "yes" or "no" just once. It is always best to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. One day, when Lincoln was a boy, he was out in the lane carrying an axe, when his stepsister ran behind him playfully and leaped upon his shoulder and began to dig her knees into his back. This brought Abraham to the ground and caused him to drop the axe he was carrying right on her ankle and made a big cut there. While he was carefully bandaging up the wound he asked her what she should tell her mother when she reached home. "That I cut it with the axe," said the sister. "Yes, that's the truth, but it is not all the truth; you tell the whole truth." She promised him she would, and when she told her mother all about it she cheerfully forgave her.

Lincoln was a great man with a great heart. He was both kind and truthful. After he was killed some one said: "Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see." No wonder we respect his memory and celebrate his birthday. "The memory of the just is blessed."

III. Now for the last word: Abraham Lincoln was honest. Everybody respects a person who is kind, truthful, and honest. Abraham Lincoln was honest. People used to call him "Honest Abe." They did not forget to put the emphasis on his honesty. The Bible says, "Ye should do that which is honest." And it tells us to "lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour." The title "Honest Abe" was given to Mr. Lincoln while he was performing the duties of grocery clerk in a store at New Salem. The people discovered that he was honest and fair and that he would not cheat anybody, that he performed his duties with entire satisfaction. He never dishonored

this worthy title, and he never outgrew it. Somebody said he was everybody's friend; the best natured, the most sensible, the best informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best fellow in all New Salem. and the region round about. What a wonderful man he was. I have told you, boys and girls, these stories about Abraham Lincoln because I want you to be careful and prayerful and kind and truthful and honest. When you are tempted to do wrong ask the Saviour to help you. Seek His grace, His strength, His blessing in everything you do. Let His love control all your thoughts and actions. America needs more boys and girls, more men and women whose hearts are great, whose purposes are pure, and whose lives are fragrant with kindness, truthfulness, and honesty. Remember the text, "The memory of the just is blessed."—Rev. Alfred Barratt.

38

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO A BIRD

(Lincoln's Birthday)

TEXT: *"And be ye kind."* Ephesians 4: 32.

This week occurs the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. You know he was born on February 12, 1809, and was one of the noblest Presidents America has ever had. It is sad to relate that he became one in the roll of our martyred Presidents, having been shot by a wicked man on April 14, 1865, and died the next day. He was a man of a great warm heart who was always doing people good. It seems especially sad that one so kind should have been called upon to suffer so sadly.

But, this morning, boys and girls, I only wish to give emphasis to his kindness and to give you an instance of it. I am sure you will all remember.

In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a young attorney and "rode the circuit," he was one day traveling on horseback from one town to another with a party of friends who were lawyers like himself.

The road which they traveled led across prairies and through woods. As they passed by a grove where the birds were singing merrily they noticed a baby bird which had fallen from the nest and lay fluttering by the roadside.

After they had gone a short distance Mr. Lincoln stopped, turned, and said, "Wait for me a moment; I will be back in a moment."

As his friends halted and watched him they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the helpless bird lay on the ground and tenderly take it up and set it on a limb near the nest.

When he rejoined his companions, one of them laughingly asked, "Why did you bother yourself and delay us with such a trifle as that?"

Abraham Lincoln's reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said he, "I can only say this—that I feel better for it. I could not have slept to-night if I had left that helpless little creature to perish on the ground."

Some one has well called him the American Great-heart. He deserves the name. He was kind to everybody—to little children, to the sick soldiers, to the wives and mothers and relatives of soldiers, and even to the little birds and to kittens. Boys and girls, it is not a sign of weakness, but it is manly, it is noble to be kind. When you think of Lincoln think also of our text of this morning: "Be ye kind."—H.

39

KINDNESS OF LINCOLN

(Lincoln's Birthday)

President Lincoln guided our country through hard, sad days. Busy as he was, he was never too busy to help any one who was in trouble. He loved his own children dearly, and he had room in his heart for all children, and they loved him in return. "Tad" was his son, a little fellow devoted to his father. One day President Lincoln was busy in the White House, talking to a soldier who had brought him important news from the war. There came a tapping on the office door. The President paid no attention, and still the tapping went on. At last the President and the soldier heard a boy's voice calling, "It's Tad, Father! Unfasten the door!" When the President opened the door there was little Tad, all ready for bed. The President brought him over to the table and took Tad's little hand in his and began to hit it gently on the table.

"You forgot how to signal, didn't you?" said the President. "This is the way to telegraph me when you want to come in—three quick raps, followed by two slower ones." Soon Tad had the signal right, kissed his father, and ran off happily to bed.

Never too busy to be kind! That was one of the reasons why people loved President Lincoln, why this country sorrowed so bitterly when he was shot by a cruel bullet.

While he was a poor young lawyer in Springfield he was going to his office one morning when he saw a little girl crying at the door of one of the houses. Lincoln stopped to see what was the matter. She sobbed out her story. She was going to visit a little friend of hers in

another town. It was to be her first ride on the train, and the expressman had not come for the trunk.

Mr. Lincoln lifted the trunk onto his shoulders and started off, calling to the little girl to "come along." They just caught the train. No wonder the little girl never forgot him! A great, brave, noble man he was—never too busy to be kind.

40

SAINT PATRICK THE MISSIONARY
(St. Patrick's Day)

I think it is likely that all of you boys and girls know that tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day and for whom the day was named. But did you ever know that he was a missionary to Ireland? Do you also know that it is not his birthday we celebrate on the 17th of March but the day of his death? For no one knows the exact date of his birth or the exact place. When you look him up in history you will find him called just plain Patrick; but he was a good man, which is the principal thing.

Patrick was born late in the fourth century, probably in southwestern England. He is sometimes called Patrick the Presbyterian. It is known that he was the son of a deacon, probably in the Evangelical British Church, and grandson of a presbyter, so we know he had good Christian training.

When he was a boy of about sixteen some wild Irish raiders came that way, plundering as they went, and took him as a slave, carrying him away to what is now called Connaught. They made him a keeper of pigs, or a swineherd, and a hard time he had of it for six long years. But while in this condition he began to think earnestly of his heavenly Father, began to pray to Him, sometimes even stealing out before daylight to have a time for prayer. At last he managed to escape from captivity, and made his way, through many dangers, to the coast, where he found a vessel ready to sail. The crew was made up of heathen, and Patrick had a hard time to coax them to take him along. At last he succeeded, and always afterwards believed it was in answer to his prayers.

Part of the cargo on the vessel consisted of Irish hounds, very fierce and hard to manage. Patrick seemed to have a great knack in handling animals, and the sailors were more reconciled to having him on board when they saw how well he could manage the cross dogs.

Three days of sailing brought the ship to France, but though Patrick wished to be rid of his present company, who were not pleasant com-

panions, they did not seem to be in a hurry to part with him. Perhaps they wanted him to help with the dogs. At all events, they avoided the towns and did not allow him to land very soon. By and by the young man found a quiet home in a little island in the Mediterranean Sea. It was a number of years before he got back to his English home.

Then he had a very wonderful dream, much like that which Missionary Paul had at Troas when he saw that Macedonian who cried, "Come over and help us." It seemed to Patrick that a messenger stood by him, bringing letters from Ireland containing a summons to that country where he had once been a slave, there to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was very sure that this was God's call to him to be a missionary and was very anxious to obey. He went to France to study and to enlist friends who would help him to go. He did not have an easy time of it, and it was fourteen years before he was finally sent to Ireland as a missionary. He seems to have begun his work there as a bishop.

From this time, for about twenty-nine years, till his death, March 17, 461, Patrick labored in Ireland. He did many things, but gave most of his time to preaching to the heathen. From all that can be learned about him he was a rare Christian, anxious to serve Christ, and full of enthusiasm. His was a long and busy life, and after what he considered God's call he never wavered in the belief that he was set apart to missionary work nor in his earnest labors. A great many stories have been made up about him that are like fairy tales, so that it is sometimes hard to believe that he was a real man. But there is enough history to prove that he was a real man and a missionary, and that he did a great deal of good in a time when heathenism and superstition placed many hindrances in the way of the work. Remember the truth about him when St. Patrick's Day comes round.—H.

41

WASHINGTON AND THE CHILDREN

(Washington's Birthday)

A very sweet story is told which shows how fond Washington was of children. One winter night a large house in a Northern state was brilliantly illuminated; the table was spread with fine silver and glass and bright decorations, while a number of good things were provided for eating. A guest was expected, and the dinner was spoiling. The domestic said that the guest had arrived an hour before and had been shown to a room so that he could rest and wash before dinner. As he did not come down, the host excused himself to his guests and went

upstairs. On his way he passed the nursery, and there sat the missing guest, a baby astride his foot. He was "riding the child to Boston" and singing quite lustily, "How the Derby Was Won," to the delight of another child close by. When he saw his host he was a little confused, but finished the song, then rose and bade the children good-night. "Say 'Good-night, and thank you, General George Washington!'" said the father.

"Good-night, and thank you, General George Washington!" the children called after him.

How happy those children must have been through life to remember the time when Washington forgot his dinner to play with them!

42

DAVID BRAINERD, MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS

(*Missions*)

Now, boys and girls, the time has come around again (once a month) for me to give you a missionary sermon. I call it a sermon, but you know it is just a little familiar talk with you. One thing I know, that you all like Indian stories. I do not think you care so much about stories of scalping and fighting and "blood and thunder," though some boys do like to read that sort of thing. But they would not enjoy really experiencing it.

But the story I am going to tell you is not that kind of an Indian story, though it is about a very interesting young man. I am going to tell about David Brainerd, a young missionary to the Indians, who did not live long but did live well, as was shown by his heroic and useful service. He belongs to the early Colonial period, for he was born at Haddam, Connecticut, in the year 1718.

As a young boy he had a very hard life. When he was only nine years old his father died, and at fourteen his mother died and he was left a lonely orphan. For a while he became a farmer's boy and earned his living by his work out of doors. But later he found a home with a good minister who gave him a chance to study and prepare for college. He went to Yale for three years and then prepared himself to be a minister by studying, as was the custom then, with older ministers. At twenty-four he was considered ready to preach and entered upon his chosen life work as a missionary to the Indians.

He first went to the Stockbridge Indians in Massachusetts. The Indians from the first were kind and ready to listen, but in the beginning the work was slow. He was a remarkably able and interesting

speaker, and large New England churches wanted him as pastor, but he would not turn aside from his chosen work as an Indian missionary. But he had a terribly hard time. There was no comfortable home in which he could live. He found place with a Scotch family who lived in a log house with a dirt floor, and his bed was a pile of straw laid on boards. He never complained, but tells us in his diary what he had to eat. He wrote: "My diet is hasty pudding" (that is corn mush), "boiled corn, bread baked in the ashes, and sometimes a little meat and butter."

After two years of labor among the appreciative Stockbridge Indians he was sent by the society that supported him to the Indians of New Jersey. This meant three long trips—down, then back, then down again—all on horseback, the nights spent in the woods, wrapped in a greatcoat and sleeping on the ground.

Here in New Jersey he was gladly received and spent two fruitful years preaching to his beloved Indians, visiting them in their wigwams, comforting and helping them in every way, being their friend and counsellor at all times. Many of them were won to Christ. I have spent many summers at a little place called Tennent, New Jersey, where is situated the Old Tennent Church, the earlier part of which building was erected in 1732 and the completed structure, as used at present, in 1752. The officers of this historic church used to permit Brainerd to bring his Indian converts on a Sunday afternoon to this church for an occasional Communion service. The church, which stands in the midst of the Revolutionary battlefield of Monmouth, has a remarkable collection of relics of its earliest days. Among them I have often seen the Communion plates and table used by Brainerd for his Communion services with his Christian Indians.

There is one thing I must tell you about his work. At one time he heard of a savage Indian tribe in the heart of the New Jersey forests and yearned to tell them the story of Christ. He pushed on through the wilderness till he found himself near their village, when he stopped to rest and fortify himself for the new undertaking before him.

His faith and hope had made him bold, but when he finally reached the wigwams he little expected to see a "whole village" coming out to meet him as if he had been a long-looked-for friend. Led by their chief, the Indians welcomed him as their guest and seemed almost to reverence him as a prophet. He stayed among them and preached, winning the hearts and the faith of these untutored natives, until he gathered a church of between seventy and eighty Christian Indians.

Brainerd never knew, until they told him, the secret of his welcome. The savages had discovered the white stranger in the woods, and a party of them had waited to steal upon him and kill him as soon as he entered his tent. Peering between the folds of the canvas they saw him on his knees, praying. Ignorant wonder held them back, and

their wonder turned to awe when they saw a rattlesnake crawl over the stranger's feet and pause beside him, with its head raised as if to strike; but it only gazed at him a moment, flickered its red tongue, and glided out of the tent on the opposite side. The Indians hurried back and reported that the white man was under the protection of the Great Spirit.

However much the superstition of these "children of nature" influenced their thought, they told a Christian truth in pagan version. It is certain that "man is immortal till his work is done," and God had further work for Brainerd to do.

But through privations and exposure at last the missionary became so weak he could not go on. A church and school being established made it easier for others to come. But hoping to gain strength to return to his beloved Indians Brainerd went to New England for rest. He was gladly received into the home of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, then pastor at Northampton, Massachusetts. But his life was worn out. Though he failed very rapidly, his brave spirit was full of joy. It is said that his face shone as with the light of heaven. He said: "My work is done." He died here in Northampton on October 9, 1747, at the early age of twenty-nine years.

He opened the way for others to serve his Indians, and his life has helped many and has sent not a few into the field through all these years since the young hero was called and crowned. It was Brainerd's character which made Jonathan Edwards later a missionary to the Indians of Stockbridge. It was to Brainerd's memories to which Henry Martyn traced his decision to become a missionary. It was to the simple records of his godly life, too, that William Carey was indebted for much of that inspiration which shaped his decision to be a missionary, though he had to go alone. Through these David Brainerd spoke to India, to New Zealand, and to Persia. He was a true and noble man, a Christian hero, and his works are following him yet in the world, influencing men and women, boys and girls, toward a life of Christian consecration and usefulness. The works of good people follow them here in the world like a seed planted and reproducing fruit, and they follow them up to heaven and receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant."—H.

43

THE LEGEND OF INDIAN CORN

All boys and girls like legends and are, I am quite sure, especially fond of Indian legends. This may be because they have to do especially with America. The Indians have a great many nature legends.

The one I am going to give you this morning is intended to tell how Indian corn came into the world. This legend tells about an Indian who once lived in a very beautiful part of this continent. He was very poor, and his children were too young to help him. He was always kind and cheerful, and every day he thanked the Great Spirit for the little that he had.

At last the time came when his oldest son must go into the forest and fast. It was said that every Indian boy did this to gain the goodwill of the Great Spirit. So, when the spring came, his father built him a little lodge in a lonely place where he would not be disturbed.

Soon after, the boy went to the lodge in the forest and began his fast. Sometimes he walked about in the woods and studied the plants and the flowers. He wanted to know why some were good to eat and others were harmful. At last he became too weak to walk and went back to the lodge and lay down on some furs.

On the third day a handsome young man came into the lodge. He was gayly dressed in garments of green and yellow. On his head was a plume of waving feathers. "I have come to you," said he, "from the Great Spirit, who made all things in the sky and on the earth. I have come to teach you how to do good to your tribe."

Then he told the youth to arise and wrestle with him. Although he was very weak, the youth arose and wrestled with the stranger until his strength was gone. And the next day and the day after the stranger came and wrestled with him. At last the boy threw him.

"Now bury me in the earth," said the young man. "Visit the place often, and do not let the grass or the weeds grow above me. In that way you can do much to help your tribe." The lad did as the young man had told him; and then returned to his father's lodge. All through the spring he visited the grave and pulled up the weeds and the grass and kept the ground soft.

Soon two green blades appeared above the ground and grew very rapidly. Days and weeks passed by. At last the lad took his father to the grave and showed him the beautiful plant. It had silken hair, nodding plumes, and golden clusters on each side. "It is my friend," shouted the lad. "It is Mondaumin! No longer must we live by hunting alone. The earth also will give us food." He picked an ear of corn and said, "See, Father, the Great Spirit has sent us this golden gift as a reward for my fasting."

Thus corn came into the world, and has since been one of the chief foods of mankind.

That is the legend. But there is a Scripture verse, a saying of Christ of deep meaning, that seems to have a very close application to the same thought the legend presents. It is this: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that

loveth his life shall lose it; but he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."—H.

44

THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE

TEXT: *"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."* Proverbs 13:20.

I suppose, boys and girls, about the worst danger you can get into while you are young is bad company. That is a very old and common saying, yet I am sure it cannot be said too often. You know about the parrot who lost all his feathers when he whistled at a dog. When the family came home and were astonished to see the parrot practically stripped of all his beautiful plumage he said: "Bad company did it." Well, I do not know about the truth of that story; but I do know there is danger in bad company for boys and girls, and older people too, for that matter.

So I am going to bring you a story this morning that illustrates this idea—of bad companionship and the wisdom of avoiding it. The story is another of these old ones from the ancient Greek writer Æsop. Æsop is the author of many, many fables with which you are familiar. He belongs to a time about six hundred years before Christ, said to have been born in Phrygia and to have been a slave until freed by Iadmon. He wrote a great many fables that have come down to us through twenty-five centuries. Don't you think they must be pretty good stories to have been cherished and reprinted that long? Well, they last because every one of them has a point, easy to be remembered, and conveying some wise thought for people both young and old. For, boys and girls, you may not know it, but I will tell you that older people enjoy Æsop's fables as well as you do.

Now, the one I have for you this morning is about the dog and the crocodile. It tells us that a dog running along the banks of the river Nile grew thirsty, but, fearing to be seized by the monsters of that Egyptian river, he would not stop to satisfy his thirst but lapped the water with his tongue as he ran. Just then a crocodile, raising his head above the surface of the water, asked the dog why he was in such a hurry. He had often, he said, wished for his acquaintance, and would be glad to embrace the present opportunity. "You do me great honor," said the dog, "but it is to avoid such companions as you that I am in so much haste!"

You know there is a moral attached to every one of Æsop's fables. This is the moral given: "We can never be too carefully guarded

against acquaintance with persons of bad character." Solomon is known as a wise man too. He wrote proverbs. Most of the proverbs express the truth plainly, without the fable. So this is what the wise Solomon said in our text: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." We cannot be too carefully guarded against acquaintance with persons of bad character.—H.

45

GROWING WINGS

One day my wife and a friend were out in the back garden taking the feathers out of an old cushion. Many of the feathers were blown away by the wind so that the garden was covered with them. It seemed a hopeless task to attempt to gather them up.

But as soon as they came back into the house we saw a beautiful sight. Dozens of sparrows came, and as it was the time for nest building, they carried off all the feathers. Each bird tried to get as many into his mouth as possible, sometimes carrying half a dozen. Then, as they came back, they would alight on the wall, look up, and chirp, as though saying, "Thank you!" to God. I wonder if the birds can praise God. David thought they could, for he said once when he was calling upon all nature to praise God—"and birds of wings." One thing is very certain: you can thank Him, and you ought!

An old story tells us that when Jesus was a little boy, just seven years old, He loved the birds, and one day He took some clay and made birds with it—clay birds. Then He said to them: "Go up into the air and fly; nobody shall kill you." And they flew away singing praise to God.

There is another very beautiful story about the birds. It tells us that when the birds were first created they had no wings. God made some wings for the birds and put them down beside them, saying, "Now come and take the burdens up and bear them." The birds without wings were very beautiful, their feathers were delightful, and they could sing—but they could not fly. The story says that the birds took up the wings in their beaks and laid them on their shoulders! Oh, what a weight they did seem! But they gradually got used to them, and folded them over their hearts; and, wonderful to relate, the wings began to grow, and they were able to fly with them. The weights became wings!

That is a parable, boys and girls. In front of you lies your life. There will be many hard things to do, many a cross to carry. Christ

says to you, "Take up every difficult task, every unpleasant duty, every cross; take them up one by one." You will often think that you cannot bear them. Try! Trying develops wings. The cross will turn into strong pinions that will carry you over every trouble and sorrow, over every difficulty; and by and by these same pinions will enable you to overvault the dark valley of death, and then you will awake in His likeness. Take up every duty. Trust in God. The weights will become wings and bear you heavenward.—JAMES LEARMOUNT.

46

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

A good many things that boys and girls and all young people have to do seem to them very small and unimportant. I think you are all inclined to feel thus about all the things you have to do—the lessons you must learn, the errands you must run upon, the work you have to do. You wish you could do big things. The little things that come to your hand seem very small and unimportant. That is just when you are so liable to be mistaken. You may not see the importance of to-day's lessons, or work, or errands, or duties. But they are important, for the doing of life's little duties well makes a great life. That is the way to be great. Do every duty, however small, just as well as it is possible for you to do.

It is to help you to see the importance of the littles that I bring you the story I have for this morning. It is another of Æsop's fables, and is entitled "The Crow and the Pitcher." This story, so fresh and meaningful for to-day, was written by this old Greek author more than twenty-five hundred years ago. I am sure you will be glad to hear it even if it is so old; yes, just because it is so old, has lived so long, and has been counted enough worth while by people to have been preserved for nearly a hundred generations.

This is the story: A crow, half dead with thirst, came upon a pitcher which had once been full of water; but when the crow put its beak into the mouth of the pitcher he found that only very little water was left in it, and that he could not reach far enough down to get it. He tried and he tried, but at last had to give up in despair. Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. At last, he saw

the water mount up near him; and after casting in a few more pebbles he was able to quench his thirst and save his life.

The moral attached to the fable is this: "Little by little does the trick." One pebble is not very big, but when the crow dropped in one after another he filled the pitcher so that the water ran over at the top and he got all he wanted. Yes, little by little does the trick.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land."

Little by little. Keep on doing duty, however small it seems, and you will make yourself very useful and your life a great success.

I wonder if you think the Bible has a text suitable for use in a sermon like this. Let us see. When the Israelites came to the Promised Land and found enemies already there, how do you think they were told they would conquer? "By little and little." A little at a time. The message to them was, "By little and little I will drive them out from before thee, until thou be increased and inherit the land." (Exodus 23: 30.)—H.

47

THE THRUSH AND THE SWALLOW

Of course, you boys and girls know that some of our birds remain all winter but some fly away South before the cold weather comes. It is this fact that led to the story I am going to tell you this morning and see if we cannot get a little lesson from it. For every sermon ought to have an application, so it is said. Then that ought to be true of a sermon to children, to boys and girls, as well as to older people —don't you think so? Well, this one has a moral, or an application, or a lesson—whatever you wish to call it.

The story is about the thrush and the swallow. It is a very old story, in which the birds are represented as talking to one another very much like people do to-day. It is, in truth, one of Æsop's fables, written by an old Greek author at a time more than twenty-five hundred years ago.

The story states that a young thrush who lived in an orchard once became acquainted with a swallow. A friendship sprang up between them, and the swallow, after skimming the orchard and the neighboring meadow, would every now and then come and visit the thrush. The thrush, hopping from branch to branch, would welcome him with his most cheerful note. "Oh, Mother!" said he to his parent one day,

"never had creature such a friend as I have in this same swallow." "Nor ever any mother," replied the parent bird, "such a silly son as I have in this same thrush. Long before the approach of winter your friend will have left you, and while you sit shivering on a leafless bough he will be sporting under sunny skies hundreds of miles away."

The moral to this story is this: "Do not take fair-weather friendship seriously." Old friends and tried friends are the best friends. Even among boys and girls, the best friends are those you have known a while and who are not just fair-weather friends. A little testing is good for all our friendship, even at school and in play and in other social relations. And don't you be just a fair-weather friend. Choose good friends, persons who are honest and worthy and honorable, and then be true to them, always loyal and unselfish and helpful. Now I am going to give you the text for this little sermon. Some people think a text should come at the beginning of a sermon, but I give you this one at the end. I do so in order that you may remember it the more easily. It is this: "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." (Proverbs 17: 17.)—H.

48

HOW RAILWAY WHISTLES BEGAN

Most boys and girls like to see a train and enjoy hearing the engine whistle. But I wonder if you ever thought or heard of how railway whistles began. When locomotives were first built and began to trundle their small loads up and down the newly and rudely constructed railways of England, the country roads were for the most part crossed at grades, and the engine driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a horn. This horn, as may be imagined, was far from being a sufficient warning. If a cow strayed on the track, "so much the worse for the cow," as George Stephenson said.

But by and by it became inconvenient for others than the cows. One day, in the year of 1833, a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railway tracks on one of the country roads with a load of eggs and butter. He was going to Leicester to sell the produce. Just as he came upon the track a train approached him. The engine man blew his horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. He drove squarely upon the track and the engine plunged into his wagon.

Fortunately the farmer was not seriously injured; but his horse and especially his eggs and butter were.

The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty

pounds of butter, his nine hundred and sixty eggs, his horse, and his wagon. It was regarded as a serious affair, and straightway a director of the company, Mr. Ashten Bagster by name, went to Atton Grange, where George Stephenson lived.

"What shall we do about this?" he exclaimed. "We can't have such dreadful things as this happen on our railway, you know."

Stephenson was inclined to take the matter with true North-country philosophy, but the director was aroused.

"Now, upon my word," said Ashten Bagster, "why can't you make your steam make a noise somehow that will warn these people?" He thought of no method to accomplish this, but at that time people had, in a general way, a high opinion of the capabilities and the power of steam.

"That's an idee, mon," said Stephenson. "Bless your soul, I'll try it!"

He went to the maker of musical instruments and got him to contrive an apparatus which, when blown by steam, would make a terrible screech. This was attached to the boiler of an engine, and the first whistle was in full operation. The railway directors, greatly delighted, ordered a similar contrivance to be attached to all their locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent. So it may be truly said that the locomotive whistle had its origin in the smashing of eighty dozen eggs.

Boys and girls, be alert to take advantage of everything that comes along in your life. Turn even accidents to good account.—H.

49

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

In Æsop's fables there is an interesting story about the dog and the shadow. It says that it happened that a dog had gotten a fine piece of meat and was carrying it home in his mouth to eat it in peace. Now, on his way home he had to cross a plank lying across a running brook. As he was crossing he looked down and saw his own shadow reflected in the water beneath. But thinking it was another dog with another piece of meat, he made up his mind to have that also. So he made a snap at the shadow in the water, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat fell out, dropped into the water, and was never seen any more.

"Beware lest you lose the substance by grasping at the shadow." That is what this fable teaches. At least, that is the lesson that I find attached to it. Sure it is that there are a good many shadowy things it is possible for boys and girls, and big people too, to grasp after.

And they may lose the substance, the real good, the highest benefits while grasping at a shadow. All is not gold that glitters. It is a good idea to know what a thing really is before we let go the good we have to grasp after the other.—H.

50

THE ST. BERNARDS
(Winter)

There is a famous breed of dogs called the St. Bernards. You boys and girls know about them, I am sure. They take their name from a hospice in the Alps, which is built in the snows 8,000 feet above sea level. It was founded centuries ago, not long after the battle of Hastings, as a house of rest for travelers in those dangerous regions.

Just as some monks out of love for God and man, like St. Christopher, made their home by the side of rivers and streams to help women and little children across, so others built places of refuge in the mountains and deserts for pilgrims. And here on the great St. Bernard these monks lived to befriend those who crossed the Alps between Switzerland and Italy.

From the hospice door they turn none away. All are welcome and their hospitality has been such that sometimes they have not possessed means to get fuel for heating their chapel even in the depth of winter with the thermometer forty degrees below freezing point.

The dogs are trained to search for travelers who have been frozen during the storms. The St. Bernards have a specially keen scent and can discover any unfortunate pilgrim though he be buried many feet by the snow. They scratch away the snow and the monks try to restore the traveler. In this way many lives are saved.

There was one of these dogs named Barry which wore a medal tied around his neck. It was a sort of Victoria Cross given because he had saved forty lives.

He died like a hero, for he was killed by two avalanches while doing his duty. Another St. Bernard was called L'ami, "The Friend." How beautiful a name and how fine an epitaph! "The Friend," ever seeking to help and to save.

The motto carved in the wood and painted on the walls of the hospice of St. Bernard is "Bravely—Faithfully—Joyfully." It is a noble motto for all on mountains or in valley who are endeavoring to befriend pilgrims in the way.—Rev. F. C. H. Hoggarth.

51

LESSONS FROM THE SNOW
(Winter)

TEXT: *"For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth."* Job 37:6.

Boys and girls like to have the snow come. They like to play in the snow. You noticed what a big fall of snow we had last week. Wasn't it fun to romp and play and tumble in it?

Well, I thought, young friends, that we might think about snow this morning and see if we could not get some suggestive thoughts from it. In Job we read this: "For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth."

I. First lesson: Snow makes ugly things beautiful. Its white mantle falls on torn old trees, broken outhouses, hideous hovels, and lo, it turns them into fairy things! There are ugly things in life which we can turn into beautiful ones if we will. We all know some one who is blind, or crippled, or deformed. Let us be "eyes to the blind," feet to the crippled; let us bring smiles to sad eyes, rest to tired hands, sunshine to dull lives, beauty to ugly lives. Take a few sweet-smelling flowers to a blind neighbor. Tell bedridden Grandma the funny things that happen at school. Save up your pennies to buy some paints for little lame Harry who cannot run about as you can. These for a start; and you will go on to do greater ones, to rescue drunkards, to win back evildoers, to convert heathen.

II. Second lesson: Snow keeps the roots warm from winter's frosts. There are frosts in human lives, too; poverty, pain, bitter trial, grievous losses. Perhaps Mother has some grief you hardly understand. Give her extra love to warm her heart. Perhaps Daddy seems impatient at times—he has business worries unknown to you. Be very good and gentle and show him how much you appreciate all his hard work for you. There is a new girl in your class. She is very shy and forlorn. Let her play in your set; show her "the ropes." It is cold work being in a strange place; warm her a little.

III. Third lesson: Snow does God's will. If we all did God's commands as well as His servant the snow, what a lovely world it would be! Our duties are small, our lives are humble. What matter? Let us be faithful in little.—Rev. J. Ellis.

52

THE SNOW
(Winter)

TEXT: *"For He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth."* Job 37:6.

You boys and girls have played so much in the snow that I wish to talk to you about it this morning; for it is a wonderful thing and a very beautiful thing.

It is so wonderful a thing that if you had never seen a snowstorm in your life you would be frightened at the falling flakes or dance with delight in trying to catch them. It is so wonderful that if you were to go to any part of the earth where there is no snow in winter and tell them what you have seen they would not believe you. If you should tell the boys and girls there that in your country you could take water in your hands, make it into round balls and throw them at one another in mimic battle; that you could build forts of it with high walls all round; that you could form houses out of it and build fires inside them; that you could roll it up into huge balls as high as your head; that you could shovel a path through it with banks on both sides; that you could fashion it into the image of a man with legs, arms, head, nose, and eyes, do you think they would believe what you say? And if you should tell them you had seen the water driven by the wind into great drifts on the top of which you could walk; that you had great sport in sliding down the hills on the snow; that it would lodge on the roofs of the houses and stay there for many days; that it would heap itself up on the limbs of the trees until they would bend to the ground or break off; that it would form a ridge on the telegraph wires; that you could skate over it on iron—why, what do you think they would say to your story? Would they believe you?

How could you make them believe what you say? They had never seen snow or ice or frost which you have seen so often. You would have told them the truth, but they would not believe you because they had never seen what is so common to you and because snow is such a wonderful thing.

For snow is moisture or water freezing in the air; and ice is frozen water on the ground or river. You breathe on a warm day and you do not see your breath at all; but you go out some cold morning and your breath looks like a cloud of smoke. Why? Because the moisture or water in your warm breath meets the cold air and becomes a cloud of fog for a moment; then it freezes and falls to the ground as frost. Job says in the tenth verse of the chapter from which the text is

taken: "By the breath of God frost is given." He likens God to a grea' man breathing over all the land, and the ground is covered with white frost, the frozen breath of God. When a warm current of air meets a cold current the water in the air freezes and falls as snow. And so Job says, "God saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth," and the ground is covered as with a clean white garment.

And snow is very beautiful; when the moisture or water in the air freezes it forms the most beautiful crystals and falls to the ground. These crystals are in many forms and sizes. One man examined and pictured nearly a hundred different forms of the crystals. If you catch a large flake on a still day and look at it through a magnifying glass or a microscope you will see a thing of beauty, but not a joy forever; for it will soon melt into water. If you look into Webster's largest dictionary you will find pictures of the crystals of snow and can see how beautiful they are. So if you look at the frost marks on the window glass some cold morning you will find most beautiful tracings made by the crystals of water when freezing. You cannot draw anything so beautiful.

Snow is white and clean when it falls, and so it is made to stand for cleanliness or purity. The clothes of angels are said in the Bible to be as white as snow; and white is worn by boys and girls, men and women, as a sign of purity. Job speaks in one place of washing himself in snow water and making his hands never so clean. So you should have white, clean hands and faces, and should keep your clothes clean; so that snow may be a symbol of your purity.—A. H. R.

53

THE BENEFITS OF SERVICE

I wonder if you boys and girls ever thought of the helpfulness of difficulties or the benefits of service. The story I have for you this morning is intended to bring that thought. I do not know where the story came from or who is its author, for I clipped it a long time ago out of a paper or magazine. I am going to give it to you as it came to me.

It is about three boys who lived in the country and were obliged to carry all the water that was used on the farm. The only source of supply was a faithful old well.

Each trip they would make from the well to the house or from the well to the stable they carried two great pails of water, a load that was almost as heavy as the boys themselves.

While these three boys seemed very much of the same age because

they were all obliged to do the same kind of work, yet there was one who was just a little older than the other two, and one also the youngest.

Often the weight of these pails of water seemed to weigh a ton, especially at the end of a hard day's work; and it was then that two of the boys would plan and scheme how to escape from their heavy burdens and to let the third little fellow do most of the carrying.

Their tricks were successful. But the more successful their tricks became, and the less water the two boys carried, just so much more heavy the burden of the pails that they were obliged to carry.

The tired little laborer watched the others. He never complained and he never pretended that he knew that they were shirking their own responsibility and making him do most of the work.

But one day when all three were trudging along with their pails, the two scheming lads became absolutely exhausted and had to depend upon the third to help them out. It was not until this instant that the third little fellow spoke up.

"You fellows think you have been fooling me, but you haven't. While you have been scheming how not to work I have been working. I have been getting stronger all the time, and this makes the work seem easier. You have been growing weaker and more lazy, which makes the work seem all the harder. You thought you were getting the better of me, and all the time you have been fooling yourselves, for while you have been lazy and slack I have been getting stronger all the time."

This little experience is a commonplace everyday occurrence. It represents two distinct types of people. The one type who want to jump right into fame and success without having had to work their way up the ladder, and the other type who are quick to realize that in the rendering of service, the doing of any particular piece of work, there is much to learn and the advantage is greater to the one who actually renders the service because he has had the benefit of the direct experience and accomplishment.

It is a truism that if you permit others to do the things that in reality are yours to do, you will soon be obliged to do as these others say you must do. Difficulty develops. Work makes one strong. Laziness, shirking makes one weak. We learn to bear responsibility by bearing responsibility. There are benefits in service.—H.

54

HABIT MAKING AND HABIT BREAKING

It is hard to keep from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. Bad habits are like the ruts made by carriage wheels in country roads; they hold people fast. A habit is something we have. That is what the word means. But it often becomes something which has us.

Boys and girls, I think of nothing that can more forcibly illustrate this power of habit than two or three horse stories I have heard. The first is of a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing a while he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours; and people would often stop and look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. It was the force of habit. And just so the boys and girls who form bad or good habits when they are young will be led by them when they become old and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

We have all heard of the milkman's horse which had been bought from a fire company. As the man was delivering his milk the fire bell happened to ring and the engine to fly by. True to his old nature, the horse started with sudden and tremendous pace along with the engine, leaving milkman, cans, and milk strewn promiscuously along the street.

The conduct of this horse was paralleled by the one Mark Twain tells about, which was hired by a young man to take his lady friend on a carriage ride only to find the horse cutting all kinds of zigzags across the street and stopping at nearly every house. The horse had belonged to a milkman who used him in daily delivering to his varied customers their portion of milk.

"Habit," says Horace Mann, "is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it." None of us can be too watchful or too careful in the matter of the habits we form.

But suppose we already have a bad habit, how shall we break it?

There is but one way, and that is well set forth in a little verse I will give as worthy of being learned by heart by all our boys and girls:

"'How shall I a habit break?'
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose.
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread, the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand;
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown."—H.

55

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

When I was a boy I used to hear about people acting a lie. It seems that they did not actually say what was untrue, but by some motion or gesture or look they acted what was untrue, and were just as much at fault as if they had actually said what was false. Our heavenly Father sees our hearts and knows when we try to deceive, whether we speak falsely or not. All things are open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. He desires of us truth in the inward parts, that we be sound at heart, genuine, true, reliable in every way.

Now it is this thought which leads me to bring you the story I have this morning. It is a fable, and I know all boys and girls like fables. I'll tell you a secret. Older people like them too! This story is another from that ancient Greek writer, Mr. Æsop. As I have told you before, he belongs to a time more than twenty-five hundred years ago. Yet boys and girls and men and women, people of all ages, are enjoying his stories still, after all that time.

This is about the fox and the countryman. It says that a fox, having been hunted hard and chased a long way, saw a countryman at work in a wood and begged him to help him to some hiding place. The man said he might go into his cottage, which was close by. He was no sooner in than the huntsmen came up. "Have you seen a fox pass this way?" said they. The countryman said, "No," but pointed at the same time toward the place where the fox lay. The huntsmen did not take the hint, however, and made off again at full speed. The fox, who had seen all that took place through a chink in the wall,

thereupon came out and was walking away without a word. "Why, how now!" said the man; "haven't you the manners to thank your host before you go?" "Yes, yes," said the fox; "if you had been as honest with your fingers as you were with your tongue, I shouldn't have gone without saying good-bye."

Now, that is the thing I am talking about, boys and girls—about being as honest with your fingers as you are with your tongue, as honest in your actions as you are with your words. Be entirely truthful, boys and girls. Don't believe in so-called "white lies." There are no such things. Lies are lies, whether in speech or in actions. There is an old and true saying: "Actions speak louder than words." Do you know that the Bible has something to say about truth that never gets spoken at all, that only gets spoken inside a boy or girl, inside a man or woman? That is what I am going to give you for the text of this little sermon. It is about speaking under your breath, inside your heart. Listen: "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." (Psalm 15: 1, 2.) —H.

56

THE TRUE ORPHEUS

Long ago the Argonauts set sail in their ship to bring to Greece the Golden Fleece. How they won it, and having won it set out for home amid storms and opposed by many enemies, I cannot now take time to tell. Every boy and girl should read it. It is one of the great stories of the world.

Theirs was a large vessel, with fifty benches of rowers in it. When winds were adverse or when there was no wind, they had to row. Well, one summer day they came near to a fair island. It was bright with flowers, and they heard maidens singing on the shores what seemed sweetest songs ever heard by mortal ears.

Captain Jason bade them row hard to get away from the land; "for," said he, "those are the Sirens who lure men to death. Row hard or we are lost; the shore is strewn with the bones of dead men who stopped to listen." But the silver voices of the Sirens stole away the courage of the oarsmen, though they were heroes. Hercules himself was one of them. And they listlessly let the oars drop from their weary hands. Then the maidens called them to come to the gardens of all winsome delights and fair beauties.

Captain Jason, almost in despair, for he knew what the end would be, called for his minstrel Orpheus and bade him sing a stirring song

of noble deeds. Perhaps that might rouse the men from their trance and recall them to duty. Orpheus was the Greek who sang so sweetly that even fishes came up to hear his strains, and even trees held their branches still to listen. Orpheus seized his harp. His voice was strong and clear as he sang a song of brave deeds and manly honor; and so loudly rang out his voice that he quite outsang the song of the Sirens on the shore. The men seized their oars again, and to the cadence of his melody they drew their vessel through the waves until the island was far behind.

Did you never hear the song of the Sirens? No! What? Did you never hear quite inside yourself, "Just do as you like. Enjoy yourself. Never mind, there's plenty of time for hard work by and by. Have a good time now?" That is the song of the Sirens.

Did you never hear Orpheus? I remember being with my wife and some friends in Rome. We were looking at the pictures on the walls of the Catacombs where the early Christians prayed and where sometimes they took refuge from their tormentors and persecutors. On the wall close by a grave there is still a picture of Orpheus, and all living things are listening to him, charmed by his music. But if you look closely at the picture you see that it is Christ who by the might of His gentleness and loveliness of His life is winning all men. Indeed, our "Orpheus" is Christ, who sings in our hearts and says, "Boys and girls, follow me."

In the old fairy story of the Greeks the Sirens were great deceivers. If men landed on the shore they found that instead of being, as they seemed from the distance, beautiful maidens, they were loathsome creatures with fangs and claws. And, too, boys and girls, if we give way to the voice that says, "Enjoy yourself; never mind anybody else," the old Greek story will come terribly true.

Of course, we know that God has sent us into this world not to be miserable and discontented but to be happy. But there are times in which we have no right to do what we like—when we have lessons to learn and we would rather go play—when it is time to get up in the morning and self is lazy, or when self is greedy and wants to grasp all the best things going. "Oh!" you say, "I do wish the temptations that come to me were not always so pleasant." This is true, boys and girls, that if you seek to be happy before anything else, you are much less likely to find happiness than is the one who says, "I will be true, whatever happens." Heaven is not the reward of those who seek to be happy, but of those who try to be good.—Rev. Bernard J. Snell.

57

THE SIRENS

The ancient Greeks used to believe many things that seem very queer to us, but there is a good lesson for us in most of their stories if we look for it. Among other things they believed that away in the Mediterranean Sea there was an island on which lived some beings they called Sirens. These Sirens had very beautiful voices, and they sang such wonderful songs that every one who heard them wanted to leave everything and go to the singers. When the sailors on ships that were passing the island heard this singing, nothing could prevent them from flinging themselves into the sea and trying to swim to the island. All around the island there were sharp, cruel rocks. The waves would fling the swimmers upon these rocks again and again, until they were killed and their dead bodies were cast up on shore at the feet of the Sirens. Sometimes the captain of the passing boat would be so attracted by the singing that he would order the boat to sail in the direction of the island, till it, too, struck on the rocks and the crew were all drowned in the rough waters.

An old story tells how two famous men got safely past this terrible island. One of them was a great warrior called Ulysses. He was not only brave and strong, but he was also very wise. He had heard about the Sirens and their singing, and so, when he got near to the island, he filled the ears of all his crew with wax so that they couldn't hear, and he had himself fastened to the mast of the ship, and then they rowed on. Soon Ulysses heard the sweet songs, and under their spell he strained every muscle to break the cords that bound him, but he could not, and the rowers never heard a sound, so the boat went safely on its way, and for once the Sirens sang in vain. That was how Ulysses got by.

Another famous man came by in a different way. He was called Orpheus, and he was the most wonderful singer in the world. When the boat in which he sailed got within hearing of the Sirens' island Orpheus began to sing, and he sang so beautifully that the rowers in the boat could hear nothing of the Siren songs because they were listening attentively to the singing of their leader. So Orpheus and his companions got safely past.

We are all of us on a voyage—the voyage of life. We have to pass Siren isles. We hear voices making sweet music to our ears, and we are tempted to listen to them. If we do, and turn aside to follow them, we shall surely make shipwreck of our lives, for the Siren voices come from the Isles of Sin. Somehow we must get past them.

It will be well for us if we learn to use both the methods adopted by these two Greek heroes. Like Ulysses, we must close our ears to the songs of the Sirens, refuse to listen to the temptations that would lure us to destruction. It is well when the boy learns to turn away from the evil picture, refuses to listen to the impure word or story, will not read the low, vulgar books. That is one way that helps to carry us in safety past the dangerous places of life. But we must also use the other method. We should take the sweet singer, Jesus Christ, on board the vessel of our lives and allow Him to make sweet music for us. As we listen to that, we shall find that the music of evil ceases to have any attraction for us.

We want you boys and girls to make a success of your lives. We would guard you from rocks that have wrecked so many. So we ask you to shun evil things and take Jesus with you that He may make all of life sweet and pure for you.—Rev. Frank Paverley.

58

A BOY AND A DOG

Once on a sweet and dreamy day a man was watching a boy and a dog on the steps of his country home. It was the early summer time, and Nature was busy perfecting her arrangements of grass and leaf and flowers for the full and riotous display in the weeks ahead.

The boy and the dog belonged to the man, although his wife shared the ownership of the boy, and the boy shared the ownership of the dog.

The boy was five and the dog was six. What, the man asked himself, is the difference between them? The dog runs on four legs, the boy on two; yet it is not so long since the boy was using his hands for feet and going about on all fours. Now he has outdistanced the dog, although their environment has been largely the same. There is something in the boy that has made him stand upright. That fact has forever delivered him from the dog's universe and made him a citizen of a higher world.

The boy and the dog are both digging—under neighboring trees. The man watches them carefully. Why are they digging? As far as the dog is concerned, the question is soon answered. He had dug up the bone he buried yesterday. He has carried it over into the sunshine, and there he lies, gnawing it, growling over it now and then just in fun. And he is blissfully happy. Sunshine, quiet, and a bone—that is all he needs.

About the boy the man is not so sure. Therefore he calls him over

and makes inquiries. The boy asserts with considerable emphasis that he is intending to build a house for himself under the tree and he is now engaged in digging the cellar.

Of course, the boy will not build a house of any size or stability. It is to be feared that even his cellar will not go very far down into the earth. But all that is a secondary matter. Most houses that grown people plan are not built, and most cellars are not dug.

The point is that the boy has the idea of a completed structure in his mind, and that the dog, although a year older, has not. Nor would he have any such idea of elaborate product or causal process if he should live to be a thousand years old.

The difference between the dog and the boy is that the dog is satisfied with his bone. He is satisfied with things as they are, provided the sun continues to shine and the bone is not taken from him by a bigger dog. On the other hand, the boy is not satisfied with things as they are but is working arduously to improve upon them. He is constantly juggling with causal agencies in order to produce such effects as he has in mind. The dog lives wholly in the present, and the boy has his eye on the future. The boy already possesses that "divine discontent" that will make him forever unsatisfied with all his achieving. The dog lives in dog land. The boy is engaged in the task of creating a higher civilization.

It is this dissatisfaction with things as they are, this restless determination to change, to build, to create, which is the seed of all culture, the dynamic of all progress.

That is the difference between the boy and the dog. Do you wish a text for this talk? Then here it is: "How much then is a man better than a sheep?" (Matthew 12: 12.) Or we might put it this way: How much better is a boy than a sheep dog?—H.

59

THE HOUSE WITH GOLDEN WINDOWS

Boys and girls, did you ever hear the parable of the house with golden windows? I do not know who wrote it, but I give it to you as a minister, Rev. Josiah Sibley, of San Francisco, California, tells it.

All day long the little boy worked hard in the field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers. But at sunset the boy would go to the top of a hill and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed so that it made the boy wink to look at them; but after a while the people in the house put up the shutters, as it seemed, then it looked like any common farmhouse.

One day the boy's father called him and said, "You have been a good boy and have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own but remember that God gave it, and try to learn some good thing."

The boy thanked his father and kissed his mother; then he put a piece of bread in his pocket and started off to find the house of golden windows. After a long time he came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill there was the house on top, but it seemed that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows. He felt like weeping, for the windows were of clear glass and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A kind woman came to the door and asked him what he wanted. When he told her he was seeking the house with golden windows she only shook her head and laughed, saying, "We are poor farming people and are not likely to have gold about our windows; but glass is better to see through."

She bade the boy to sit down on the stone step and brought him a cup of milk and told him to rest. Then she called her daughter, a child of his own age, and nodded kindly at the two and went back to her work. When the little boy and girl had eaten an apple together and so had become fast friends, the boy asked her about the golden windows. The little girl nodded and said she knew all about them, only he had mistaken the house. They went to a knoll that rose behind the farmhouse; as they went the little girl told him that the golden windows could only be seen at a certain hour about sunset. "Yes, I know that," said the boy. When they reached the top of the knoll the girl turned and pointed, and there on a hill far away stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds, just as he had seen them. And when they had looked again the boy saw that it was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he must go; he gave her his best pebble, the white one with a red band that he had carried in his pocket for a year; and she gave him three horse-chestnuts, one red like satin, one spotted and one white like milk. When he got home his mother asked as they sat round the evening fire, "Have you had a good day?" Yes, the boy had had a very good day, and, "Have you learned anything?" said the father. "Yes," replied the boy, "I have learned that our house has windows of gold and diamonds."

60

JUDGING A PIG

Once more, boys and girls, I am going to bring you a story, or fable, from the old Greek writer, Æsop. But before I do I'll tell you a

somewhat similar story which is American and more recent. This American story is about a taxidermist and his owl. You know a taxidermist is a man who stuffs and preserves birds and animals and fishes so that their forms can be kept always in a museum or in a home. This taxidermist had a perch in his shop window for people to look at and to attract customers, and on the perch was the form of a fine big owl. Two men came along the street and looked in the window. One said to the other: "That man in there is not much of a taxidermist. See how he has set the wings of that owl, and his head is crooked. No owl ever looked like that." At that moment the owl on the perch winked!

Now, you see, boys and girls, a live owl is above criticism. Don't you think so?

But that is not the Æsop story. That is the American story. Now listen to the ancient Greek fable. This is the way it goes:

On the occasion of some festivities that were given by a Roman nobleman, a droll fellow of clownish sort caused much laughter by his tricks upon the stage and, more than all, by his imitation of the squeaking of a pig. It seemed to his hearers so real that they called for it again and again. One man, however, in the audience, a countryman, thought the imitation was not perfect. He made his way to the stage and said that, if he were permitted, he would to-morrow enter the lists and squeak against the other man for a wager. The crowd, anticipating great fun, shouted their consent. Accordingly, when the next day came the two rival jokers were in their places. The hero of the first day went first, and the hearers, more pleased than ever, fairly roared with delight. Then came the turn of the countryman who, having a pig carefully concealed under his cloak so that no one would have suspected its existence, vigorously pinched its ear with his thumb nail and made it squeak with a vengeance.

"Not half so good! Not half so good!" cried the audience, and many among them even began to hiss.

"Fine judges, you!" replied the countryman, rushing to the front of the stage, drawing the pig from under his cloak, and holding the animal high up before them. "Behold the performer that you condemn!" he called.

"Men often applaud an imitation and hiss the real thing." That is what this fable teaches.

A big glass set in a ring is an imitation. The little diamond is the real thing. The painted-up face is the imitation. Nature's beauty is the real thing. Pretending you know your lessons is the imitation. Studying until you really know them is the real thing. Pretending to be what you are not is the imitation—hypocrisy. Being good honestly, through and through, honor bright, that is the real thing. Yes, boys and girls, learn to appreciate real merit, in art, in scholarship, in

character. Never hiss or undervalue the real thing—the thing of genuine worth.

Of course you think every sermon ought to have a text. To get an appropriate one is not easy. But I think I have one. It is one of the wise sayings of the wise Solomon. This is it: "The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way: but the folly of fools is deceit." (Proverbs 14: 8.)—H.

61

COUNTERFEITS
(*Object Sermon*)

Object used: Some counterfeit money.

Last Sunday I talked to you about money. To-day I want to talk to you about counterfeits. Now, here I have a bill which you would call a five-dollar bill, and here are some pieces which you would call money. But they are not money at all; they are what are called counterfeits. The money which we have in this country is made by the United States government. But this was made by some one who was trying to cheat the people, by making something which simply looked like the money made by the government.

Now, counterfeits look like the genuine, like the real money. They oftentimes pass for real money among people who cannot tell the difference. But these are not genuine, and they are not money at all. They are mere deceptions. We call them counterfeits.

Now, if there were no genuine money, there would be no counterfeit money. If there were no real, there could be no imitation. If there were no substance, there could be no shadow.

Now, there are counterfeits in religion, as well as in money. There are people who pretend to be good and to be Christians, but they are not Christians; they only make believe. They are counterfeits. If Christianity were not a good thing, and did not have real merit, it would not be imitated. It is because real Christians are good people that hypocrites try to imitate them, to look like them, to act like them, and to be thought to be Christians. Boys and girls, in like manner, sometimes try to deceive their teachers in school. They are really counterfeiting. They are not good boys or good girls, but they try to seem to be good when the teacher is looking at them. They are not good boys and girls, but try to make the teacher believe they are good. You have seen such counterfeits in the school, I am sure. Perhaps you were quicker to know that the boy or the girl was dishonest than even the teacher himself.

Now the bank does not issue counterfeit money. The bank only

issues good money. Dishonest men issue counterfeit money. You see then that the banker is not to blame because there is counterfeit money in circulation. The Church of Christ is not to blame because there are hypocrites in the world, neither is the teacher to blame because there are deceptive boys and deceptive girls in the school. When Jesus was upon the earth He said there would be wolves in sheep's clothing. He warned His disciples against hypocrites or deceivers, and we should not blame the Church or Christ because they do exist.

If you take a counterfeit bill or a counterfeit piece of money to the banker, the moment he sees it he will tell you it is a counterfeit. He can tell the good money from the bad money very quickly.

Let us always remember that we cannot deceive God, and even though we should succeed in deceiving our parents, or other boys and girls, or every individual upon the earth, yet at the last God will weigh us in the balance, and if we have been wicked He will know it. In all that you do or say, remember that God looks in upon your hearts and knows whether you are an honest boy or girl or whether you are simply trying to deceive. "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputed not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."

62

THREE CLAY MONKEYS

(Object Sermon)

As you know, boys and girls, I have a daughter who is a missionary in China. She has sent me a little ornament. It is three monkeys in a row, made of clay. There it is. Do you see it? Three little monkeys sitting in a row, the first one with his hands over his eyes, the second with his hands over his ears, and the third with his hands over his mouth. What do you think that means? I believe you have guessed already.

The Chinese story, or legend, concerning these little monkeys, or the little monkeys the clay figures represent, is this. There was once a wise old mother monkey. She wanted to teach her children a good and useful lesson. So she made three small clay monkeys, placing them on a limb of a tree, where her boy and girl monkeys could constantly see them. One had his hands over his eyes. The second had his hands over his ears, while the third had his hands over his mouth. This is the lesson she was teaching her children. First, to see no evil thing. Second, to hear no evil thing. Third, to speak no evil thing. Wise old mother, was she not?

So, boys and girls, if you want to have a happy life, free from

disagreeable things, you must not permit evil things to be a source of pleasure to you. You must refuse to look upon any evil thing. Do not even see evil pictures. Keep your vision pure so that bad pictures will not be able to hang evil portraits on the walls of your mind. Hands over your eyes! Then, if you want to have good things said about you you must say good and only good about other people. For what you say will be repeated and will come back upon your own head. Words are like seeds thrown into the air, and no matter how much you wish to call them back, you cannot do it, or prevent them from doing harm. Words grow and increase, just as other seeds grow and increase, and soon you will reap the harvest. Therefore, be careful what you speak. Hands over your mouth! Therefore be careful what you hear. Hands over your ears!

The mother of the little monkeys of the legend was a wise old monkey, wasn't she? She taught her children to see no evil thing, to hear no evil thing, and to speak no evil thing.

We ought to be wiser than monkeys, oughtn't we?—H.

63

ABOUT TWO ARABS

We have more automobiles now than horses, but I think some of you boys and girls know what beautiful horses the Arabs have. They are often marked and spotted in a beautiful way and are of fine shape and graceful movement. The Arabs have always taken pride in their horses and ride them most gracefully and well. Now, this morning I am going to bring you a horse story. It is not a new story, but a very old one, told by the French poet Lamartine. This is the way the story is told:

There was a famous horse in the tribe of Nagdeh, and an Arab of another tribe wished to have it. He offered for it all his camels, but the owner would not sell it. One day he stained his face, clothed himself in rags, and waited by the roadside where he knew the horse was to pass.

When he saw Naher approaching on his fine horse, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food; I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you!"

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naher, touched by his distress, dismounted and with great diffictulty set the seeming beggar on the horse's back.

No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher! I have got the horse and am off with him!"

Naher called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted.

"You have taken my horse. I wish you joy of it; but I do beg you never tell any man how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Daher, struck with shame at these words, was silent for a moment, then, springing from his horse, he returned it to its owner. Naher made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together and became fast friends for life.

64

THE SPENDTHRIFT AND THE SWALLOW
(Early Spring)

Of course you know, boys and girls, that the return of robins and swallows and some of the other birds is considered a sign of spring. But sometimes even birds can be mistaken and come back too soon. I am sure the spring is coming, and is not far away, but when you see the first birds don't throw off your warm clothes and think the summer has come. That would be a very foolish thing to do.

But it is not so much about spring or summer I wish to speak to you this morning. It is about a foolish spendthrift, a prodigal young fellow, who because he thought too soon that spring had come sold his clothes and almost froze to death, when it proved that the cold weather was not over.

This story is another of those told by old Mr. Æsop, the author of *Æsop's Fables*. As you know, he was an ancient Greek writer who put his wise little stories into fables more than two thousand five hundred years ago. The stories were so good, so witty and wise, and so keen in their lessons, that they have lived all these centuries and come down to us. And they are greatly enjoyed by young and old alike.

The story I have for you this morning is one about the spendthrift and the swallow. It says: A prodigal young fellow, who had run through all his money, and even sold all his outer clothes except his cloak, seeing a swallow skimming over the meadows one fine day in

the early spring believed that summer was really come, and sold his cloak, too. The next morning there happened to be a severe frost; and, shivering and nearly frozen himself, he found the swallow lying stiff and dead upon the ground. He thereupon upbraided the poor bird as the cause of all his misfortunes. "Stupid thing," said he, "had you not come before your time, I should not now be so wretched as I am."

The moral of this story is stated thus: "One swallow does not make a summer." That story has something to do with clothes, and something to do with money, and something to do with getting your lessons at school, and something to do with a good many other things. It says: "One swallow does not make a summer." Think about that a little. If you are not quite sure what it means, ask your father when you get home. He'll tell you!—H.

65

THE BIRDS' SINGING SCHOOL
(Springtime)

TEXT: *"The flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."* Song of Solomon 2: 12.

Spring is a very happy time, when everything seems to begin to live anew. The trees put out their buds, the grasses spring, the flowers bloom, and the birds begin to sing. It is a fine thing for boys and girls to study nature, and especially to get acquainted with the various birds. It is good to be able to know them well enough to name them and recognize them by their notes when they sing. This is one of the great things encouraged by the studies for Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and Girl Reserves.

This morning I am going to tell you about a birds' singing school. Maybe you did not know that any birds have singing schools. This school I am going to tell you about is held by the beautiful brown thrushes. The thrush is one of our most lovely and best loved of birds. This is partly because he is so well behaved and modest, and also because he has such very sweet notes. His back is of neat red brown and his breast of creamy white, covered with very dark brown oval spots. A row of these spots runs up each side of the neck, forming a frame for the perfectly white throat. His bill is black and shiny, and his feet clear yellow or orange.

But what I started to tell you about is the singing school for

thrushes. A writer in *Forest and Stream* describes the singing school in this way.

Find a family of wood thrushes and carefully note what takes place. The old male thrush will sing a sweet song in loud, clear, flutelike notes once, and then stop to listen while the young birds try to imitate the song. Some will utter one note, some two. Some will utter a hoarse note, others a sharp note. After a while they seem to forget their lesson and drop out, one by one. When all are silent, the old thrush tunes up again and the young thrushes repeat their efforts, and so it goes on for hours. The young birds do not acquire the full song the first year; so the lessons are repeated the following spring. I take many visitors into the woods to enjoy the first thrushes' singing school, and all are convinced that the song of the wood thrush is a matter of education, pure and simple.

The poet, C. P. Crauch, describes the song of the wood thrush thus:

"'Ah, will you, will you,'" sings the Thrush,
Deep in his shady cover,
'Ah, will you, will you live with me,
And be my friend and lover?

"'With woodland scents and sounds all day,
And music we will fill you,
For concerts we will charge no fee.
Ah, will you—will you—will you?'

"Dear hidden bird, full oft I've heard
Your pleasant invitation;
And searched for you amid your boughs
With fruitless observation.

"Like all that is too sweet and fair,
I never may come near you.
Your songs fill all the summer air;
I only sit and hear you."

I trust you all love the birds. Cultivate their acquaintance. Get to know them better. And as you do, think of their Creator and ours, who is wise and good and loving, and has "made everything beautiful in His time."—H.

66

HOW THE BIRDS CAME ON THE EARTH
(*Springtime*)

TEXT: *"The flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."* Song of Solomon 2: 12.

All you boys and girls like winter-time, I know, when you can skate and sled-ride and play in the snow. But winter is over now, I am sure, and spring has come. I believe you are all glad it has come, and that in many ways you like spring even better than winter, when the warm sunshine comes and the flowers begin to bloom and the birds begin to sing. The wise Solomon, of the oldentime, seemed to like the spring, for we hear him in our text exclaiming apparently in happiest tones: "The flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come."

You all love the flowers and you all love the birds, I know. This morning I want to tell you about an Indian legend that claims to account for the origin of birds, how they come to be on the earth. The Indians did not have the Bible to tell them how in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, but they had hearts that reached out after God, and they called the God they imagined the Great Spirit, which was a good name, I am sure.

The Indians had many legends about the Great Spirit and of how He brought this world into being. And among the many beautiful stories the Indians related to their children was this one, which aims to tell how the birds came on the earth.

They say that long, long ago, when the world was new, the Great Spirit walked about making it beautiful. Wherever His feet touched the ground beautiful trees and flowers sprang into being.

All through the first summer the trees bore leaves of many different shades of green. When autumn came, and the winds grew colder, and the frosts came, the green in the leaves changed to bright red, and yellow, and soft brown, just as it does to this day.

When the breezes played among them they sang soft little songs to each other as they fluttered down to the ground.

The Great Spirit did not wish them to lie there and die; He wished them to live and be beautiful always, so He changed each one into a bird, and breathed into it the breath of life.

The red-brown leaves of the oak were changed into robins, the yel-

low leaves of the willow into goldfinches and yellowbirds, and the bright red leaves of the maple into cardinals and tanagers.

All the dull brown leaves were changed into sparrows, and wrens, and other dull brown birds.

For this reason the birds have always loved to make their homes among the protecting branches of the mother trees, which furnish them both food and shelter.

Now, isn't that a very pretty thought the Indians had? They were real lovers of nature and poets. And, like us, they had hearts that reached out after God. I think we all feel God very near to us in these beautiful spring days when everything in nature about us seems bursting into life. Let us love Him and be thankful for all the beauty with which He surrounds us, and the many, many blessings with which He crowns our lives.—H.

67

THE INDIAN PARABLE OF THE WREN
(*Springtime*)

As it is still spring, boys and girls, I want to tell you about another of our bird friends. It is the tiny little wren. At noontide, when the best of the day has silenced most of the musicians of the wood, the wren seems to sing at his best.

"With head up and tail up,
The wren begins to sing;
He fills the air with melody
And makes the alders ring."

The bobolink, catbird, red thrush, and linnet all take part in the noonday concert, but the wren, from his nearness, seems to be the leader of the chorus.

We need not expect to hear his voice coming from any place in particular, for the owner of it seems to be everywhere at the same time—on the housetop, among the branches, down on the ground, peeping under leaves, and looking into every opening. And no matter where he is or how busy, he snatches a moment every so often to send up a cheery song.

But my purpose was not so much to describe the wren as to tell you an Indian parable about him. This parable is one current among the Pawnee Indians. It was told to one of the professors at Harvard University by an old Indian priest, or medicine man, through an interpreter.

The parable says: A priest went forth in the early dawn. The sky was clear. The grass and the wild flowers waved in the breeze that rose as the sun threw its first beams over the earth. Birds of all kinds vied with each other as they sang their joy on that beautiful morning. The priest stood listening. Suddenly, off at one side, he heard a trill that rose higher and clearer than all the rest. He moved toward the place whence the song came, that he might see what manner of bird it was that could send farther than all the others its happy, laughing notes.

As he came near, he beheld a tiny brown bird with open bill, the feathers on its throat rippling with the fervor of its song. It was the wren, the smallest, the least powerful of birds, that seemed to be most glad, and to pour out in ringing melody to the rising sun its delight in life.

As the priest looked, he thought: "Here is a teaching for my people. Every one can be happy, even the weakest can have his song of thanks."

So he made the story of the wren and sang it; and it has been handed down from that day—a day so long ago no man can remember the time.

Yes, boys and girls, and why should not we too learn the same lesson the Indian man got—that every one can be happy and even the weakest have his song of thanks? My young friends, God delights in having you be happy, and especially when your hearts go out to Him in gratitude for the blessings He bestows. Let thanksgiving be a part of every prayer you make and whenever your hearts go out toward God. So I will give you a verse to carry away this morning. It is this: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving" (with thanksgiving) "let your requests be made known unto God." (Philippians 4:6.)—H.

68

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?
(*Springtime*)

What are you going to be? This is a question you boys and girls are often asked. And it is a good thing for you to decide early what you mean to be. You may change your minds before you are much older, but people who change their minds make it clear that they have a mind to change, whereas people who never make up their minds probably have no mind to make up.

There is one thing quite certain, and that is we cannot fore-

see the future, what people will make of their lives is not always easy to predict. It is so difficult to discover what people have it in them to become. A friend of Jesus once wrote a letter which is preserved in the New Testament, and he said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." (1 John 3: 2.) And I never read that text without thinking of something I saw some time ago. Let me tell you about it.

A friend of mine came up to the city to buy lily bulbs, and I went with him to the place where they sell them by auction. People who want to buy big quantities go there and buy them by the thousand at a time. Before the sale begins samples of the bulbs are arranged for inspection, and intending purchasers go around and examine them. I, who know very little about such things, thought they looked a very unattractive lot. In fact, any one who did not know what they were might have said, "What ugly things, they can't be much good." But if they could have spoken they might have said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

There were big bulbs, and medium-sized bulbs, and little bulbs. And it was the little bulbs my friend particularly wanted to see. They were lily of the valley bulbs, and, if you have seen one, you will remember that they are about the length and shape of a rather thin acorn.

But the great question, of course, is whether the bulbs that are sold will grow flowers. My friend wanted to know that, because he did not want to spend money on "blind" bulbs. So he picked up two or three of the sample bulbs and examined their hearts. With a very sharp knife he split a bulb right down the middle, and there, tightly packed inside, were tiny green leaves, and in a good bulb, the tiniest white spike which any one could see was a baby blossom. If that sort of bulb had the right conditions, good soil, sunshine, and rain, it would throw up a fair and fragrant flower. Any of the bulbs would do that if they had a flower in their heart.

You might look at the bulb before it was planted, and then, a few weeks after, see it grow up and be inclined to say, "Why I didn't think you had it in you." We say that about people sometimes. They do fine things which surprise us and we say, "I never thought he had it in him." You cannot possibly tell by the outside what either a bulb or a boy may have inside; can you?

But that is just the secret of becoming. What matters, is not what we appear to be on the outside, but what we have in us to become. We may seem to be very insignificant and unattractive outwardly, but if we have the love of Jesus in our hearts, then, although we may say, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," we can go on to say, as John did, "But we know that some day we shall be like him."—Rev. J. C. Compton.

69

DANDELIONS ON THE LAWN
(*Spring*)

TEXT: *"Let us not be weary in well-doing."* Galatians 6:9.

A dandelion loves to have her own way, just as you and I do. She loves to grow up tall, with a fine long stem, nodding and shaking her head and swaying merrily in the wind and sunshine. When the storm comes beating down, she draws her green waterproof cloak up over her head, and while the thrush sings so cheerily, she makes merry with the raindrops—gay little dandelion.

But the dandelion cannot always have her own way, sweet as it is, for there is the gardener who comes cutting her down cruelly with the lawn mower again and again.

How discouraging all this is when one feels one's self made to live on a long stem with jocund friends, as the rain, the wind, and the sunshine! But the dandelion is not to be discouraged, and in a wise little brown heart she considers how she may best adapt herself to such adverse circumstances as gardeners and lawn mowers.

The next day she comes up as light and friendly as ever, only with a shorter stem. Again she is cut down, and again she springs up bravely with a still shorter stem.

At last she is trampled upon and bruised and crushed under foot to the earth, but the brightness and gladness and beauty are still there in the faithful brown heart, and gazing steadfastly into heaven she sends up one trustful little bud without any stem.

Her sister dandelions do the same, and they bloom and bloom and bloom until the green lawn looks as if it were buttoned down all over with pieces of brightest gold.

This is a true story; but, if you don't believe it, you may ask the dandelion.

Children, you know the lesson. It is "try, try again." It is never give up. It is to keep sweet and beautiful in life no matter what the adverse circumstances. Every time you see a dandelion, think of these lessons. Yes, dandelions can teach children—can give them many and meaningful and very important lessons. When you see the dandelions on the lawn, think of this one. Resolve never to be discouraged in any way of good. Resolve to try, try again. Resolve to "be not weary in well-doing." Look up the verse forming our text and read it all, for it has at the end a beautiful promise that your trying shall not be in vain.

70

THE GREAT BIG CLOCK
(*Springtime*)

TEXT: *"And He spake to them a parable: Behold the fig tree, and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand."* Luke 21 : 29, 30.

Do you know, boys and girls, that God has a big clock, bigger than any one you have ever seen? But this big clock does not make any noise. You can never hear it ticking; and it does not strike, but yet it goes on, year after year, year after year, marking the time. What do you think is the face of this clock? It is the earth; the fields and meadows and hedgerows in every part of the world—that is the face of this clock. And what do you think are the figures upon its dial? They are flowers and birds and leaves.

Isn't that what Jesus meant when He said, Look at the fig tree and all the trees; they are beginning now to put out buds? Very well, you know by that that this is springtime, and that summer is coming near. The buds tell what o'clock it is by the time of year.

When you were learning to tell the time on the face of the clock how did you begin? Was it not by first learning the quarters? When the long hand was halfway down on the right you knew it was a quarter past. When it was halfway up on the left you knew it was a quarter to. When it was down between these, you knew it was half past. And when it was up between them you knew the clock was going to strike the hour. Well, just as there are four quarters in our clocks so there are four quarters in this big clock we are speaking about. The first quarter is springtime, half past is summer, quarter to is autumn, and when winter comes the year is ended.

When you look at the trees and flowers you can pretty well tell what o'clock it is by the year. When you see the little crocus or snowdrop begin to peep out, then you say, It is a quarter past winter—and that is springtime. And when you see the flowers in full bloom, and the trees laden with leaves, and the corn has become tall, then you say, It is half-past winter—and that is summer. Then you begin to see fruit—when the marigolds are beginning to have seed, and when little boys out for a holiday throw sticks up into the branches to bring down the chestnuts, and pears and apples look tempting on the trees, and the corn has grown yellow and hangs its head very humbly because it has now something in its head (for they are only empty heads that stand up pert), then you say, It is a quarter to winter—

and that is autumn. And when you find the fields all reaped and bare, and flowers are beginning to fade away, and the fruit is all gone, then you say, It is getting close on the hour—and that is winter; the year is done. Thus, you see, this big clock can tell the time of year, and tell it very exactly, by quarters.

But standing between the quarters of the clock there are other figures. How many of these are there altogether? Twelve. And how many months are there in a year? You know—twelve. So, you see, this clock has got all the figures, and, what is stranger still, it marks all the figures by flowers and fruits; for there are different flowers that come out every month of the year.

But there is something stranger still about this clock of God's; and you must remember it, so that from time to time during the year you may learn to use your eyes and notice what God is doing in the fields. It is this: God's clock tells the hours of the day as well as the months of the year. The months are the twelve figures; but you know that between the twelve figures there are the little minutes, and these minutes are made up of seconds. Now, the minutes in God's big clock are days, and the seconds are hours, and the clock tells them all. For, if you will watch carefully during springtime and summer, you will find that every flower wakes up in the morning and goes to sleep at night at a different time from other flowers. Some begin to open long before you are awake, and these go to bed early; others wake up later; and some open only for a little about midday—these are the sleepy ones. Watch the daisies and the dandelions and the violets, and you will find they open and close their flowers at different times from one another.

What, then, can be the meaning of this big clock? Surely it is to tell us that time is passing. Does it not plainly say that if we do not grow right in the springtime of our life, we shall not be able, when the summer comes, to go back to the springtime and mend what has been wrong? And does it not tell us that what we are in the springtime, that is just what we shall be in the summer, only more so? The fig tree tells us in the spring what it is going to be in the summer; and you are showing now what you are going to be when you are grown up.

Then learn to grow as the flowers grow. How is that? By always looking at the sun, and taking its light, and following it, for the flowers follow the sun with their heads, and so they become beautiful. Do you the same with Jesus. Follow Him with your hearts. Think much about Him. Pray often to Him. Keep asking yourself, "What would He like?" Keep looking to Him for help, and He will make you a flower of His own planting.—J. R. H.

71

THE FARMER AND HIS FIELDS
(Spring)

TEXT: *"A sower went out to sow his seed."* Luke 8: 5.

The seed is the Word of God—the lessons you learn from the Bible. Those who teach are the sowers. But what are the fields? Well, you are the fields.

I. We go out across the farmyard and through the gate, and here is the first field—"the hard field."

"Ah," says the farmer, with a sigh, "I can do nothing with this field, the ground is so hard"; and as he strikes it with his stick, it rings almost as if it were a stone. "Yet you don't know what trouble I have taken with it. It is so hard that I can get nothing into it: more like a road than a field."

I think you know that field. Lesson after lesson is sown, and all sorts of good seed, but nothing seems to go in. The love of God, the story of Jesus, the wickedness of sin, all seem to be lost. The heart is so dreadfully hard that no seed can get under the surface. This is very sad.

"Will it always be so hard, farmer?" you ask. Now listen to what the farmer says: "No, no; I hope not. You remember what David says in the sixty-fifth Psalm, 'Thou makest it soft with showers.' Only the rain from heaven can loosen the hard-baked earth, and open the ground so that the seed can get in and live. We must ask our Father in heaven to send that." So there is a cure for the hard fields of our hearts. He will send upon us His Holy Spirit, then the hardness is gone. The hard field becomes the good ground and brings forth much fruit.

II. Leaving this field, we pass on until we come to a gate and stop to look at the next field. "Now," says the farmer, "this is my weedy field."

There is no mistake about that. As we come along by the hedge our finger is stung by a tall nettle. As we get out of the way of that we are pricked by a sharp-leaved fellow with his gay purple cap on his head—the thistle. But they are not all such disagreeable weeds as these. There is a patch of yellow charlock, and the pretty wild convolvulus, and the scarlet poppy, and many other flowers. Yet they are all weeds. They have no business there, and they prevent the good seed from coming forth.

"You would scarcely believe how much seed I have put into this

field," the farmer tells us. "And now look at it! Why, if I had never sown a grain it could scarcely have been worse."

Ah! who does not know the weedy fields? Boys and girls who have been carefully taught and anxiously looked after and yet there came nothing but weeds. These boys with the good seed sown in them began to quarrel afterwards; so there came nettles and thorns instead of good fruit. This girl has the good seed in her heart but she begins to think unkind thoughts, and perhaps to say spiteful things; so comes a prickly thistle instead of good seed.

And these flowers—they were weeds because they were in the wrong place. Very good in a garden, but here, where they choked much good seed, they were very bad. Laughing is a good thing, but laughing in the wrong place is a weed. Talking is a good thing, but talking in the wrong place helps to fill up the weedy fields. We can clear the weedy field. But to do so this must be our prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!"

III. Passing from that field, the farmer says in a low whisper, "Now, if you go quietly, and cross this lane, and up the bank to the next gate, you will see a strange sight. This is 'the bird field.'"

Directly our heads appear, up fly all sorts of birds. There are swift wood pigeons, which go flying into the distance. There are lazy rooks, wheeling into the air, and flapping out of danger with a "caw, caw," as much as to say, "we are not caught yet." The blackbirds fly screaming into the hedge, and little birds rise up from the field in a cloud.

And while we lean over the gate listening to the merry lark we can't help thinking that we know many fields just as badly off as this. How many boys and girls there are in whom all the good seed is eaten up by the fowls of the air. Who does not know the names of many of these birds?

A busy bold little bird that steals much good seed on all sides is called Inattention. Then there is the chattering magpie, a great thief; busy whispering here and there and humming and buzzing: a very destructive bird is this.

One day as I was going through the fields I met a little sharp-eyed fellow. In his hands he held two pieces of stick that he kept knocking together with a loud noise. "Click—clack, click—clack," went the little fellow. "What are you doing, my boy?" I asked. "Why, I'm scaring the birds, sir," he said. And as a rook settled at the end of the field he ran after it with a click—clack, click—clack, that soon sent it flying. That is what we must all do. We must all scare away birds that eat the good seed.—M. G. P.

72

LISTENING TO THE LARK
(Spring)

TEXT: *"He hath made every thing beautiful in His time."* Ecclesiastes 3: 11.

Many people think that the lark has the sweetest song of all the birds. I am sure, boys and girls, if you have ever heard one, you will agree that it is hard to realize how anything in the way of bird song could be more delightful. Poets and writers on nature have vied with one another in praising the sweetness of the notes of this shy and modest little songster.

The bird is better known among the boys and girls of England than he is here, but happily he is becoming more and more at home among us too.

This morning I want to bring you what I consider one of the most delightful little legends I have ever heard or read. It is intended to give some adequate conception as to the sweetness and beauty of the lark's song as he pours out his notes up in the sky. Now, listen carefully, and see if you get the meaning of the story.

The legend is of a European monk named Father Anselm who, having wandered into the fields, heard a lark begin to sing. He had never heard a lark before, and he stood there entranced until the bird and its song had become a part of the heavens. Then he went back to the monastery. He found there a doorkeeper whom he did not know and who did not know him. Other monks came, and they were all strangers to him. He told them that he was Father Anselm, but that was no help. Finally they looked through the books of the monastery, and these revealed that there had been a Father Anselm there a hundred years before.

Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark!

This is the beautiful time of spring, boys and girls. Does it not make our hearts leap for joy when we see so many exquisite flowers, feel the warm sun, and inhale the balmy air? And does it not make our very souls go out in gratitude to God for putting us in a world so filled with beauty and light? I wonder if you would not all like to express yourselves in such words as the beloved poet, Adelaide Procter, used in a hymn we sing:

"My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright.

So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

"I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found."

There are other verses of the hymn, all exceedingly fine and meaningful. Let us all sing the hymn together now—sing all the verses—to the tune "Wentworth," which we all love. (The tune is by Frederick C. Maker, and is in most modern hymn books. Have the children and the whole congregation join in singing the hymn together.)—H.

73

LEGEND OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS
(Spring)

Boys and girls all love flowers. We all love them, and all the more in the early springtime, the first flowers after the long winter. Among the very first is the beautiful trailing arbutus. There are many beautiful legends that have grown up to explain the names, the nature, and the habits of various flowers. I think boys and girls like legends, so I am going to tell you one concerning the first flower we get from under the snow, or soon after the snow is gone—the trailing arbutus.

There is a beautiful legend that long ago, when nature's great loom had ceased its spinning and the flowers blossomed, each one was assigned by the Creator its place to live and grow. Bands of buttercups trooped in yellow waves to the meadows, the silent lily's pallid cheek was pressed close to the heaving breast of the water. Everywhere bright-winged flowers took up their stations on the waiting earth—everywhere except on the lonely hills. Then He who named their places asked softly, "Who will be content to dwell in these barren spots?" A shy, unheeded blossom answered, "Where'er thou sendest me I will abide." Then said the Creator, "Thy race shall be forever blessed because thou art content with a lowly place." And still on the tiny, coral-tinted flower that blessing abides. Every spring

many people eagerly search the hillsides for the fragrant blossoms of the humble little trailing arbutus.

I think there is a lesson we can learn from this legend. Let us not be desirous for the glory of others, but willing faithfully to fill the place to which God assigns us. That does not imply that we ought not to be ambitious to do all the good we can. That is right. But it does mean that we should be willing to occupy and be happy in the place where God in His providence casts our lives and spheres of service. —H.

74

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER

Boys and girls, I am never weary of telling you the interesting fables from the old Greek writer, Æsop. They all have a meaning, and though they are more than twenty-five hundred years old, they have timely lessons for to-day. Children like them. Young people like them. Old people like them. The wit in them is of the finest, and the wisdom in them is equally unique and suggestive.

The story I have for you this morning is about a silkworm and a spider. The story says that a silkworm was one day working at her shroud; the spider, her neighbor, weaving her web with the greatest swiftness, looked down with insolent contempt on the slow, although beautiful, labors of the silkworm. "What do you think of my web, my lady?" she cried; "see how large it is, and I began it only this morning, and here it is half finished, and is very fine and transparent. See and acknowledge that I work much quicker than you." "Yes," said the silkworm, "but your labors, which at first are designed only as base traps to ensnare the harmless, are destroyed as soon as they are seen, and swept away as worse than useless dirt; while mine are preserved with the greatest care, and in time become ornaments for princes."

The lesson from this fable is that "time well spent is not wasted." It is true that a spider weaves a big web and very quickly, but the threads of the silkworm are very much more valuable and appreciated. When you are doing anything that is worth while and spending time on it so as to do it really well, your time is not wasted. There is an old saying: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Yes, boys and girls, make good work of all you do. Even play is worth doing well. You have often heard the saying: Work when you work and play when you play. There is a time to play, and you are not wasting time when you play well and at your very best.

Now I will give you the text of this little sermon from the silkworm

and the spider: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Ecclesiastes 9: 10.)—H.

75

STOP TALKING

I was in a schoolroom the other day just at the opening of school. The children were moving about and chattering like a lot of magpies. The teacher stepped behind the desk, tapped her bell, and said, "Be quiet, children. Take positions. Stop talking."

Immediately every boy and girl dropped into his or her seat. Hands were folded, lips were closed, and you couldn't hear the faintest sound of a whisper.

Now I want to ask you a question: Had they stopped talking? Remember what I said, now—there was not the faintest sound of a whisper to be heard in the room. How many think they stopped talking? All who do raise their hands. You all think so. Well, I am going to disagree with you. I don't think so.

Oh, yes, I know, you couldn't hear the sound of a voice, but the boys and girls were talking just the same.

We talk in a great many ways. We talk with our pens. You get a letter from a friend and you say, "My friend said so and so in his letter." We say, "God speaks to us in the Bible."

We can talk with our fingers. I had a very beautiful and saintly old lady in my parish once. She was totally deaf. When I wanted to talk to her I would write my questions and answers. The last time I saw her I had been away from the place for a long time. I shook hands with her and took out my pen to talk with her as I used to do. She said, "It is no use to write, Mr. Burdon. I have cataracts on my eyes and I can't read writing." Then a member of the family came in and stood beside the old lady. She asked questions and the daughter spelled the answers on her fingers.

We talk with our faces. When I meet a boy with his cap pulled down over his eye, a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, and an ugly scowl on his face, that boy's face says, "I am a tough."

When I meet a girl all dressed up in ribbons and furbelows looking as though she thought she was about the finest-looking body in the world, that girl's face says to me, "I am vain."

We talk with our feet and we talk with our clothes. We talk to people who know us, and we talk to those whom we never see but the once, and sometimes we talk to people whom we never see.

I was out in a South Dakota town once. I had never been there be-

fore and will probably never be there again. I was passing along the street when my eyes fell on a vile symbol in the concrete. Some boy had put it there when the concrete was soft. It had hardened, and the symbol was fixed to remain as long as the concrete lasted. Now I do not know who the boy was, but he told me a good deal about himself. I knew something about the sort of mind he had and the sort of man he would be if he kept on the way he was going.

We talk with our actions. Some one has said, "What you do talks so loud I can't hear what you say." He meant that "actions speak louder than words."

That day in school the boys and girls talked to me in their actions, in the way they did their work, in the way they walked, in the way they recited. I learned a great deal about them and some things about their fathers and mothers too—because you talk about your parents as well as yourselves in your actions.

I read of a little girl near Boston who was afflicted with some sort of disease that made her talk. She talked incessantly for two hundred and sixty-eight hours—over eleven days. But we have been talking longer than that. Some have talked five years, others ten years, some of us have talked a great many years.

Just as long as we have lived we have been talking, and we will continue as long as we live. Nor do we stop talking when we die, for God's word says, "He being dead yet speaketh." And Ruskin says, "There is no pulpit from which a man speaks so loudly as the grave."

Let us then be careful what we say in word, in look, in action, in influence, that our lives may be helpful and uplifting.—Rev. Henry F. Burdon.

76

THE SIGNBOARD

Out in the country at almost every crossroads there is a tall post and at the top of the post a signboard telling people where the road leads and how far it is to the nearest towns. Often strangers are driving through the country. All at once they come to a crossroads. They do not know which way to turn, and there is no one there to tell them. But they look up at the signboard and there it is. They follow the direction that is given, and very soon they reach their destination.

But sometimes the signs are wrong. One day a man wanted to go to a town called Charlestown. He did not know the way, so he stopped and looked at a signboard. It read "Charlestown seven miles" and pointed toward the south. So he started off in that direction. After he had gone a long way he began to feel that he must be on the wrong

road. He stopped at a house to inquire and was told that Charlestown was miles and miles back the way he had come. So he turned around and went back. When he reached the place where the signboard was he looked at it again. Sure enough it pointed the way he had gone. He couldn't understand it so he asked a man whom he saw why the signboard pointed the wrong way.

"Why," he said, "you know a few weeks ago a storm blew a tree down across the road here, and as it fell it broke down that signboard. When the tree was removed, the workmen set up the signboard again but they were careless and they put it up pointing the wrong way."

Every day there were travelers coming along that road and going astray because that board pointed in the wrong direction. Long ago the apostle Paul said, "Ye are living epistles, known and read of all men." This is what he meant. We are like signboards. People are looking to us for direction as to how they are going to live. If we live the right kind of life and point the right way, they will go that way, too. But if we point the wrong way, then they will go astray, like the man who traveled so many miles in the wrong direction.

In one of our Western towns a few years ago a clock in a jeweler's window along the main street stopped for a half-hour at fifteen minutes to nine. I couldn't tell you how much trouble that clock caused because it had gone wrong. Children were on the way to school. They looked at the clock and saw that it was fifteen minutes to nine. They thought they had time to play, and so were late to school. Men on their way to catch the eight fifty-five train saw that clock and thought they had plenty of time and missed it. Professional men saw the clock and tarried to talk in the street and were late for the first time in their lives. The whole town was upset that day because one clock had gone astray.

There was a little boy in school once. His teacher said, "John, if your father had twenty sheep and one were to jump over the fence, how many would be left in the field?" John answered, "None." "I am surprised, John," said the teacher, "that you do not know your arithmetic." John replied, "but I know something about sheep. If one sheep jumps over the fence, all the rest will follow."

Boys and girls are much like sheep. What one does the rest do. Others are looking to us, watching what we do. If we do well so will they. If we go wrong they will follow. Let us try to keep the signboard pointing in the right direction.—Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D. D.

77

CHEERERS-ON

It was my good fortune a little time ago to catch sight of a boat race. Not the big, exciting national races, with their highly trained experts and river-lined crowds, but a more modest affair, between some schoolboys, in connection with a certain important educational center. I was not aware there was to be a race at first, but I had not strolled beside the river for long ere the fact became quite clear. Little groups of boys, talking excitedly and wearing light blue rosettes in their coats, some with bicycles, and one especially with a megaphone, hinted to me the fact of the race to be. Nor after seeing these boys had I to wait long to find the fact confirmed, for presently from beneath the bridge that spanned the river where I stood came two contending boats, one pulling against the other, and both striving to reach first of all a common goal. But it was not so much the race on this occasion in which I was interested as the lads on the riverside who kept pace with the boats, and who meanwhile urged their mates ahead and thrilled them with their cheers. Their enthusiasm in goading them onward was certainly as great as that of the boys on whom the race depended. "Go on!" they shouted. "Now, then, Smith, bend to it! Pull away, Jones!" or words to that effect, as each contending party made the goal. At length the cheers died down. All was over. The race had been won—and lost! And all was quiet once more.

It's a few weeks since I heard those shouts, but even as I write I seem to hear them ringing in my ears, and stirring me as on that afternoon. How full of thrill it all was, and how those lads bent to the oar and strained and pulled and wrestled as they were nerved and cheered by those who kept pace with them on the river bank! It was a great help to them to have fellows urging them forward in this earnest sort of way. It was as strength to their arms and power to their elbows. And it always is a great help to have cheerers-on in life.

Professor Drummond tells the story of a stone-blind cricketer who had a great grief—the grief that he couldn't see his boy play the old, great game. His boy took him to the matches in which he (the boy) played so brilliantly, but beyond hearing the comments of the crowd on his lad's crack game he got very little satisfaction from it. One day, however, the old man died, and that just previous to a most important match. It was thought by everybody, of course, that the lad—the best bat of the team—would not be there, but he was—all in the usual way. And what is more, he snicked and cut and drove with really amazing power. The crowd in the pavilion cheered and cheered,

but when it was all over he turned to a companion and said: "How did I play?"

"Never better," came the reply, "you outdid yourself!"

"Well, you see," said the young hero, "it was the first time my father ever saw me bat." He did so well because of his unseen cheerer-on.

And you, boys and girls, have got your cheerers-on also, father, mother, brother, sister, relatives, teacher, friends—cheerers-on who want to see you win and, if you can, come right out top of all.

They want to see you put your best into the task, to bend to the oar, to put heart into your work and muscle and strength into the race. They want to see you do well, pull off the positions of life, win its prizes, carry off its honors, win a good name, and to be able to say how nobly you have striven, how grandly you have pulled, and how wonderfully you have won. And to this end they stand beside you to cheer and to inspire as you pull and sweat and try. You won't disappoint them, will you? I feel confident you won't. You are the boys and girls, I believe, who will try hard and strain hard, so that, whether you fail or win, you will at least have done your level best.—Rev. A. Russel Tomlin.

78

GOD'S GARDEN

TEXT: *"God planted a garden."*—Gen. 2: 8.

He has been doing that ever since! If we had not been told that God had created the flowers we would have had to invent a god ourselves to account for their existence and beauty. And if we had, what a beautiful god we should have imagined the god of flowers to be! Did you ever think what a beautiful God our Father in heaven must be to create a garden? Robert Louis Stevenson says: "If we were charged so much a head for sunsets, or if God sent round a drum before the hawthorns came in flower, what a work we should make about their beauty!"

I do not wonder that Keats said that the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers, and that on another occasion, thinking of his grave covered with flowers he said, "I feel the flowers growing over me." Shelley, under similar circumstances, said it made "one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, in that beautiful story, "The Garden of God," gives an imaginary conversation between a lily and a butter-

fly. The butterfly has a sort of contempt for the lily and boasts of its superiority becuse it has traveled so far, and the lily has not seen so much of life. The lily replies, "Yes, you have traveled and lived in the world and seen a great deal, but I have loved; and it is by loving as well as by living that one learns."

"But tell me," said the butterfly, "does this love of which you speak bring happiness?"

"The greatest of all happiness," whispered the lily almost to herself, and with infinite tenderness—her white bells seeming to light up and overflow, like human eyes, as she spoke. "To love truly, and to be loved, is indeed to be favored of heaven. All the good things which this world contains are not worthy to be offered in exchange for the love of one faithful heart."

"Then I must learn to love," said the butterfly decisively, "for happiness has always been my aim."

That was one of the purposes of God—the happiness of all; and how wonderfully God has succeeded in His purpose. I think that all of us have been gladdened and made happy and quiet by the sweet flowers.

"God planted a garden." Why, I have done that. Many of you have helped to do that. Yes, we can imitate God in many ways, and give much happiness to the world. I read of a little fellow the other day who had caught the sweet spirit of God. He was just a little three-year-old boy who, when away from home, was asked by his mother what message he wanted to send to those at home. He said: "I want to write some flowers to Mollie. I want to write some flowers to everybody." God felt just like that. Oh, how much He loves us!

Do you want to "write some flowers" to everybody? Begin by being sweet and kind at home, and at school be helpful and brave and true. The sweetness of a beautiful life is as fragrant as any rose in God's garden.—Rev. James Learmount.

79

THE CROSS WE MAY WEAR WITHIN OUR HEARTS

(*Good Friday*)

Boys and girls, most of you are too young to remember much about the great World War. But at that time we heard much about soldiers winning the honor of wearing certain crosses. The Distinguished Service Cross has an eagle on it and a scroll with words on it, but the chief thing which it is, and which gives it its name, is a cross. In all

the armies of all the greatest nations that same thing is true. The medals which count most are always called a cross. There is the Distinguished Service Cross of the American army. There is the Croix de Guerre, which means the Cross of War, of the French. There is the Victoria Cross which is given only now and then to those who do the most heroic things in the armies of England. It is the same in Italy and in Belgium, and the same, too, in the armies which our soldiers fought, as, for example, the Iron Cross of Germany.

What is the reason for this? Why do the nations, one after another, make the medals for their heroes in the shape of a cross?

If we were living back two thousand years ago it would be impossible for us to understand it. Then the cross did not mean anything beautiful at all. It was only a rough and terrible thing, made of two great beams, nailed together, on which men who were condemned by the law were put to death. When men thought of it, all that it suggested was pain and shame.

Then Jesus came into the world. He lived a life so good and high that evil men hated Him. He fought wrong so fearlessly that all who were doing wrong conspired together to put Him out of the way. He loved men so much, and God so much, that for the sake of showing to men the ways of God He kept straight on even when He knew that His enemies would presently tell lies about Him and have Him condemned and nailed on a cross like an evildoer. So they did hang Him on His cross, and ever after that the meaning of the cross was changed because it was the sign of Jesus' dying. It was the sign of the greatest love that the world had ever seen. It was the sign of Him who had given His own life to save the lives and souls of men.

So it comes about that now, whenever a great country wants to give something to its heroes which shows that they have had the spirit which makes them dare and suffer to help save others, the thing they give him is a cross. Jesus said, "He that would come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." (Matthew 16: 24.) And all boys and girls who are trying to forget themselves and be brave and helpful for the sake of others can wear the cross upon their hearts.
—Rev. W. R. Bowie.

80

CALVARY CLOVER
(*Holy Week*)

Boys and girls, I am going to tell you of a strange little plant that I always associate with the death of our Lord Jesus. It is called Calvary clover. Each leaf divides into three small portions, and where

the three portions meet there is a red mark just like a splash of blood. In the evening the flower folds so that the two lower parts come together like hands in the attitude of prayer, and the upper portions bends over them like a head bowed in submission. Stranger still, the seed case that holds the seeds of this little plant has jagged points, and coils up into a circular shape, so that it seems like a model of the crown of thorns. You will not wonder that men have called the plant Calvary clover.

You must have growing in your heart that which is a little like this Calvary clover. It will be a flower of love, for it will remember that Jesus shed His blood for boys and girls. It will be a flower of prayer that will speak to God every morning and every evening. It will be a flower of obedience and submission that will bow the head when commands are given. It will be a flower whose seeds are sown through deeds of self-sacrifice which are not easy at the time, and which may even be thorny; but, if the spirit of sacrifice is there, then the flowers of love and prayer and submission will grow to the honor of our dear Lord.—Rev. R. C. Gillie.

81

THE HOSANNA SPIRIT

(Palm Sunday)

TEXT: *"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee."* Zechariah 9: 9.

Boys and girls, I want to tell you something I hope you will never forget, and it is Palm Sunday that suggests it to me. It is this: Christ puts the hosanna spirit into people. As you will recall, even the boys and girls and little children caught that spirit on the first Palm Sunday and cried, "Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." I tell you this because I want you to know that religion is a very happy thing. It is sad that Christ was on his way to be crucified, but even that has resulted in great joy throughout all the world. Christ intended His religion to make us happy, and one of His apostles said, "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice." Yes, it is true, Christ puts the hosanna spirit into His people.

Let me tell you a story that will illustrate what I mean. I have read that when the late Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, the celebrated Brooklyn divine, was visiting the famous London preacher, the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, after a hard day of work and serious discussions these two mighty men of God went out into the country to-

gether for a holiday. They roamed the fields in high spirit like boys let loose from school, chatting and laughing and free from care. Dr. Cuyler had just told a story at which Pastor Spurgeon laughed uproariously. Then suddenly he turned to Dr. Cuyler and exclaimed, "Theodore, let's kneel down and thank God for laughter!" And there, on the green carpet of grass, under the trees, two of the world's greatest men knelt and thanked the dear Lord for the bright and joyous gift of laughter.

Thank God, the Christ has put the hosanna spirit into the people. His Gospel is a Gospel that sings, and shouts, and rejoices.—H.

82

SPREADING YOUR GARMENTS BEFORE HIM

(Palm Sunday)

Long ago Sir Walter Raleigh spread his cloak (a handsome one, no doubt) before his queen to protect her feet from the mud and soil of the street. What about the coat you will buy this season? Could you send the worth of it to protect our queens, brave missionaries, girls who, "for the sake of the Name," fare forth to walk mid the filth and slime of heathenism?

The second coat, the second blouse, the second suit! How their worth would protect these queens—from the wild animals as we wall their compounds, from poisonous insects as we screen their houses, from sun rays as we build their verandas, or from disease as we remove unsanitary conditions!

Is it too much to hope for the worth of some sets of furs? Why not? The second set would warm your heart as the first could not begin to warm your shoulders!

If not coats of fur, what about the pretty shoes that have been your pride and delight? The second pair "spread before Him" would entitle you to that sweet old compliment, "How beautiful . . . are the feet of him that publisheth peace!"

Then the gloves—oh, the gloves—short, long, silk, kid, washable, wearable, "givable." Why not hundreds and hundreds to spread before our King?

Still He rides on, pausing now and then, "to sit over against the treasury" and note the women and girls who share with Him the best garment they can afford. Still He says:

"I give, I give my life for thee,
What hast thou given to me?"

83

THE BLESSEDNESS OF BEING NEEDED
(Palm Sunday)

TEXTS: *"The Lord hath need of him."* Mark 11 : 3. *"And found the colt tied."* Mark 11 : 45.

Of all the voices in the multitude that first Palm Sunday we are sure that there were none more pleasing or comforting to Christ than those of the children. A man over in Jerusalem had something Jesus needed. It was the colt to ride upon. "The Lord hath need of him." They "found the colt tied." Boys and girls, whenever Jesus sends word that He has need of something—a colt, an upper room for a meeting, a life to be lived gently and strongly for Him, at home, in social circles, anywhere—whatever it be, shall we not say with glad and ringing voice: "The King needs something I have"? What a delight! He needs something: I have it. He asks for it: isn't it splendid that I am able to give what He asks!

Young people, did you ever think of the blessedness of being needed? I want to tell you a story of a young girl. I think it is appropriate to this Palm Sunday service. "No, I can't go this vacation," said the girl. "I'm the eldest daughter, you know, and when I'm out of school there are endless things to be done at home. Mother isn't strong, help is hard to get and unreliable, and the children are always needing something." Was there a touch of impatience in her tone? Her friend to whom she was speaking, older by many years, watched the healthy, capable girl as she turned from one task to another—ready to help Father with the gathering up and arranging of his papers, deftly tying the bows and managing refractory buttons for the little ones, then donning a big apron for the kitchen and "the gingerbread that nobody makes like Millie." The whole household turned to her. "Oh, you fortunate girl!" exclaimed her friend between a smile and a sigh. "I wonder whether you realize the most blessed thing in all this world is to be needed!"

It is a blessed thing, boys and girls, just to be needed. The Lord hath need of thee.—H.

84

GARMENT GIVERS
(Palm Sunday)

Children and young people, have you not sometimes wished that you had been there to see our dear Lord as He rode into Jerusalem on that long-ago day, while His followers, out of their love and loyalty, "spread their garments before Him"?

I. Giving. In a better, dearer way you may see Him this year, as "along the King's Highway" He goes forth with our missionaries to enter heathen cities and homes across the sea.

And you may show your love and loyalty to Him by spreading at His dear feet some of your garments (or the value of them). Will you?

II. Loving. The human heart is a strange thing. How it can love, and how it can hate, and sometimes, oh, sometimes, that which it loves to-day it comes to hate to-morrow. It ought not to be like that in this world. The "Hosanna" song, if sung from any life, should never be forgotten; its echoes should never cease to sound. Love ought to last, devotion ought to endure, constancy is a rare jewel.

Palm Sunday was the day of overflowing emotionalism. It was a wild, unbalanced crowd that surged over Olivet from Bethany and out to Olivet from Jerusalem. Emotionalism wins no battles, subdues no passions, checks no evils, rights no wrongs. The emotions that can be excited to wild cries of Hosanna, Hallelujah, can also be excited to cursing and maledictions. The figure that emotion sets upon the colt to-day it will hang upon the cross to-morrow. The lips that will cry "Hosanna to our King" to-day will cry to-morrow "We have no king but Cæsar." Let us, boys and girls, not be like that. Let us love Christ, give toward His cause and crown Him King of our lives.

85

BOYS AND GIRLS IN THE PROCESSION
(Palm Sunday)

Boys and girls, as you all realize, this day is known as Palm Sunday. There were many children in the first Palm Sunday procession. We are joining in praise to Christ as our King to-day. No one is too humble, too young, too poor, too ignorant, to join in this hosanna to the Redeemer. Once a missionary was called to an obscure village in

India to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy converts from Hinduism. The proceedings were eagerly watched by a lad of fifteen who sat in the rear of the room and who came forward when the examination of the others was complete. The missionary, on learning that he also wanted to join the church, sought to dissuade him on account of his youth, fearing he might backslide and so bring discredit upon the church. The missionary said he would return in about six months, and he advised the boy to wait till then. At once all the men and women sprang up and cried: "Why, he is the one who has taught us all we know about Jesus Christ!" And it was so.

Doubtless there were boys and girls in that triumphal procession in Jerusalem. Certainly there were many poor and humble folk. But, rich or poor, there is no boy or girl of to-day who cannot help in swelling the praises of Christ and who cannot give real help in bringing in His Kingdom.—H.

86

AN EASTER LESSON FROM NATURE

(*Easter*)

Down in a lonely meadow there was a foul pool. The water was covered with scum and filled with mud and slime, and all who drank of it died. But in this pool there were thousands upon thousands of creeping and crawling things covered with shells and armed with claws, horns, and stingers—the most hideous creatures imaginable. Among them was war day and night. The stronger fell upon the weaker and lived, for the most part, by devouring one another. But now and then one of these creatures, as if in answer to a summons from above, rose to the surface and, leaving his shell, mysteriously disappeared. Those that were left wondered and wondered what became of the departed, but were unable to solve the mystery.

After a long time a stranger appeared in their midst and told them many wonderful and interesting things. He said: "Once the water in this foul pool in which you are living was pure and clear like crystal, and the inhabitants lived in peace and plenty. But finally they disobeyed the laws of God, armed themselves, and waged war until the water was covered with scum and filled with mud and mire." Pointing upward he said: "Above the surface is another world, and all who obey the laws of God will sooner or later be summoned to the surface, receive a pair of silver wings, and be permitted to fly about in the light and sunshine and feed upon the honey from the fragrant

flowers." Thus speaking he rose to the surface and vanished from their sight.

Inspired by his example and his words they agreed to cease their warfare and dwell together in peace. They asked God for guidance, and presently a spring burst forth from the bottom of the pool. The scum disappeared, the mud and slime settled, and the water once more became pure and clear, and there was plenty of food for all. They no longer wondered what had become of the departed, for they knew that they had been called to another world. Before the summer was ended they all, as if in answer to a summons from above, rose to the surface, were supplied with silver wings, joined their former companions, and flitted about in the light and sunshine.

Our Bible relates a similar story in reference to man. If God remembers the creeping and crawling things that obey His laws and calls them to another world after they have finished their life in the pool, surely He will remember His children who love and serve Him and call them to a world more beautiful and wonderful than this when they finish their life here on earth.—Rev. R. Albert Goodwin.

87

REMEMBER LIFE

(Easter)

Before the time of Jesus very gloomy and uncertain views were held about the future. This comes out in a very striking manner in the Hall of Inscriptions in the Vatican at Rome. On one side are more than fifteen hundred epitaphs from the tombs of departed heathens and their gods from pagan Rome, and on the other side as many epitaphs and expressions of hope from the tombs of departed Christians. Looking on the pagan epitaphs and inscriptions you see the valley of death, the king of terrors, lions seizing on horses, emblems of destruction, and words of despair. On the Christian side you see pictures of the Good Shepherd bearing home the lost lamb—a sign of salvation, words of hope, and consciousness that the best life is yet to come.

In the catacombs of Rome you read inscriptions like: "Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars." "She shall arise."

What made the difference between the two sets of inscriptions? It was the fact that we celebrate at Easter time—the resurrection of Jesus.

The people in the world before Christ's time had a horror of the grave. But when Jesus came He told them that He would go down

into the grave and He would rise again from the dead. And ever since He rose from the dead people have known that really there was no death, because Jesus conquered it and told us that we also should do so, and live forever in His presence.

I read the other day that in a Scottish valley beside a little brook where there was no good soil a Highlander once planted a tree. After a time it faded and drooped. But again, suddenly, and to the surprise of every one, it made a new start in life, and bore rich fruit. What was the explanation of its new life? An examination was made, and it was found that, with a marvellous vegetable instinct, it had sent out a shoot which ran along and over a narrow sheep bridge, and rooted itself in the rich loam on the other side of the brook. From this new rich soil it drew its new life. And that is like the Christian, his roots are stretched out away into the unseen world where Christ is, and some day when this branch—the body—dies, the real life, the life rooted in Christ, will still go on.

It is better to remember life than death. And best of all is it to live with Christ every day. That is the best preparation for immortal life.—Rev. James Learmount.

88

THE GARDEN AND THE RAINBOW

(Easter)

TEXT: *"It shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud."* Genesis 9: 14.

Children, do you know what Easter means? It means that the cemetery is not such a sad place after all. It is just God's garden, where He had planted his seeds. His seeds are men and women and boys and girls, and some day they are all going to grow and live again. There is my garden. Weeks ago I planted some peas in it. You can't see the peas now. But I don't worry about them, because I know that some day the little green shoots are bound to come up tall and beautiful and sweet.

Nineteen hundred years ago the world buried a man—one of God's seeds—in a garden. They put Him in a big, dark, cold cave, and rolled a great stone over the mouth, and they called the place a cemetery, a sepulchre, and they never expected to see this man again, though they loved Him very much. They thought the place was a cemetery, but it wasn't. It was God's garden, and do you know one April morning like this, that man that they had buried there, that seed they had planted, came right out again alive and more beautiful and

powerful and loving than ever. And so because, though He did die and was buried, Jesus Christ rose again, we know, you and I, that all the men and women we bury are only just planted in God's garden and will grow again, rise again some blessed day more beautiful and lovable and glorious than ever.

I asked Niagara Falls once the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and this is what it told me. I wonder if it ever told you the story. We'll call it the "Story of the Water and the Rainbow."

"Years and years ago," said the Falls, "oh, I suppose before you were born, away up in Minnesota, a thousand miles away, I came down from heaven, a handful of raindrops, just as pure and beautiful and tiny as the new baby in its mother's arms.

"But God wouldn't let me stay there in Lake Superior, though I was happy. I had to move on, just the way people do; you have to keep changing and growing old. And so one day I had to leave Lake Superior and go down through the St. Mary's River and the great locks, at a place they call the 'Soo.' I thought I might stay there, because I was very useful. But no, I had to leave the St. Mary's River and Lake Huron and Lake Erie, and, oh, it was a long, long journey, and my life dragged out sometimes, for it is very tiresome to be always moving!

"And then one day I began to be whirled along at an awful pace, faster than a horse trots, and then I knew something awful was going to happen! It was death, the water said—a great plunge off into space—a drop of one hundred and sixty feet clear out of sight. And I tried to stop, for I didn't want to die. But when you're old you can't stop, somehow it seems as though every year you were being rushed faster and faster on. And I did not want to take that awful leap over the Falls, for the trees whispered to us that the river fell onto great granite boulders with jagged edges that broke the stream into millions of tiny drops. Oh, it was death, no wonder I fought against it, for nobody likes to die, not even a river.

"But suddenly I took the plunge. It was awful! You just looked off into space; you could not see where you were going. All you knew was that it was down! down! and then, do you know what happened?

"I thought I was dead, but I wasn't. I thought it was the end, but it wasn't. It was a great shock, for it broke my stream into millions of fragments. But I was changed. Instead of a river I was a great cloud of spray, and instead of being ugly and dirty, or pale and colorless, as I had been all my life long, do you know I saw the sun face to face, glorious, wonderful! And when I looked at myself, oh, the wonder! I was all the colors of the rainbow—the most beautiful sight in all the world! such glory that the people that stood on the long bridge shouted for very wonder at the sight, for there was the beautiful pure white spray, and there was the rainbow of God arch-

ing over. And then I was glad that as a river I had died, and it seemed to me as I looked in the face of the Great Sun that I heard him say, 'I am the Sun of Righteousness.'" "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth on me, though he die, yet shall he live."—Rev. Henry S. Brown.

89

HOW THE WORM BECAME BEAUTIFUL
(Easter)

Now, boys and girls, I am not going to preach you a sermon. I am going to tell you a story. It is from Louise M. Oglevee, and is about how the worm became beautiful. I hope none of you are afraid of a worm. But I know you would not be of this one after it became beautiful. Everybody likes beautiful people, especially those who are beautiful in mind and heart and character.

But this is the story.

An ugly brown worm was crawling along the ground one day in the fall. High over head in the tree a robin sang. Part of his song was about the worm, and it meant: "You will be beautiful some day." But, of course, the worm did not understand what the robin meant. The north wind began to blow, and it, too, said: "You will be beautiful some day." But the worm only thought how cold the north wind was. And it crawled up on a branch and spun a cocoon.

Soon the snowflakes came fluttering out of the gray sky and covered the cocoon with a soft, white blanket. The cocoon must have tumbled from the tree, for Elsie, walking through the snow one morning, saw the cocoon lying on the ground and wondered what it was.

By and by the springtime came. In the tree the first bluebird sang its sweet song that meant: "You will be beautiful some day," but the worm slept on.

A tiny leaf pushed out of its green blanket close beside the cocoon, and it said, because it had just become beautiful: "You will be beautiful some day." But the worm inside the cocoon knew nothing about the little leaf.

The warm raindrops came next, tapping softly on the cocoon. They said to the worm: "You will be beautiful some day." The little worm did not know what they were saying, but it stirred in its warm blanket like a baby just waking from its nap.

In the blue sky the bright sun shone, and shone, and shone upon the cocoon, saying, "You will be beautiful some day." And although the worm still did not understand, it knew that it was awake, and

that it must get out of its blanket that was now rough and soiled. So it made a hole in one end of the cocoon and crawled out into the beautiful world where everything had been telling it that it would some day be beautiful.

How strange it felt when it tried to crawl. Something on its back seemed so heavy. It moved about, and all at once it found that the strange, heavy something on its back was a pair of wings so beautiful that no artist in the world could copy them. Slowly it moved the graceful wings back and forth. Then in some way that no one can understand, it knew how to use them, and up, up, up into the bright sunshine it flew—a gorgeous butterfly. The worm had become beautiful.

90

HOW THE AFRICAN SPEAKS OF DEATH

(*Easter*)

Down in Africa there recently died a remarkable missionary. He was known as Dan Crawford. He loved and understood the Africans as few men did. He tells us that right across Africa, away in the lonely edge of the marshes, there is no native who would ever think of denying the immortality of the soul. Never! The Africans say, "The dead do not really die!" They say, "The body is the cottage of the soul." And no African would say of any one who is dead, "Mr. Smith has departed." He would say, "He has arrived." Boys and girls, that is what Easter means, that when we leave this earth we arrive in heaven—our home. "I believe in the resurrection of the dead"—this Easter morning let us all say that, and say it with all our hearts.

I have a college classmate, Mr. Dwight Elmendorf, who has some remarkable pictures which he shows on the screen. On the screen buds develop into flowers, then wither and decay while other buds burst into bloom. In one of the pictures several hyacinths open at once. Is it a miracle? Flowers do not burst from buds before our eyes. Mr. Elmendorf explains how the pictures have been secured. Photographs taken at intervals of fifteen minutes over a period of three weeks are shown rapidly as a moving picture in two or three minutes. We have the interpretation of the miracle and are satisfied. But do we learn how plants grow, how from a seed a flower springs, and from a dead flower seeds come? No, we know the facts, but the how is beyond our ken. How a babe grows into a man, how the man dies and what his life is after death, we cannot know. But the facts of life and death we know, and the fact of life after death Jesus pro-

claims in words most precious to every believing heart—"I am the resurrection and the Life." You get illustrations of the fact. You get statements of the fact. These statements come from one who has been in that other world and knows—Jesus Himself. This beautiful Easter morning let us rejoice in the fact that Christ our Lord is risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.—H.

91

EASTER JOY AND LIGHT
(Easter)

TEXT: *"I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive again forevermore."* Revelation 1 : 18.

Easter Sunday is the gladdest day in the Church's calendar. It is a day potent with life, pulsating with love and radiant with hope. It has been named the Day of Light. There are some people who say that the name Easter is of Eastern origin and comes from the Eastern word that means "sunrising." Their reason for this is: when the sun sets it seems to die, and lives again when it rises. So in this way it represents the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. But this beautiful thought is not the origin of Easter. The origin of Easter is the resurrection of Jesus Christ who died for our salvation and rose again in triumph over sin and death and the grave. The sweetest and most cheerful reminder throughout the entire year of the love of Jesus is this beautiful day. It always comes in the spring of the year. After the cold, drear season of winter, when all nature is dead, there comes across the face of the world a new sense of beauty and sweetness. The sun shines brighter, and nature has a resurrection. So in like manner the resurrection of Jesus, who is the Son of Righteousness, produces beauty and joy, and light and life forevermore in the hearts of His followers.

It made a wonderful difference when Jesus rose from the dead. It meant that he was alive again forevermore, and could give eternal life to every one of us. There is an old story that used to be told to the children many years ago. It was about a prince who came and dwelt among men; he was beautiful and kind, and because of his gentleness and love he won a pretty girl, who promised to be his bride. But when he told her all about his history she wanted to know where he lived, and he told her that his home was far away in the center of the underworld, where his father was king, and the place was magnificent, but the path to it was unknown to the souls of

human birth; and the entrance was beneath the waves of the ocean. She must simply place her hand in his with childlike trust and plunge into the deep, deep waters. It would perhaps be a hard undertaking and might give her a few moments of suffering, but in a few minutes they would rise through the surging billows and then they would see the beautiful tall towers of his royal residence with its gates of pearl, shining with precious jewels, and illuminated with light which was not of the sun, or moon, or stars. Does not this beautiful story describe the passage through the "valley of the shadow of death"? But it is not quite so hard since Jesus has made it easier.

A little while ago a Sunday-school teacher in the last stage of rapid consumption was asked by a friend who visited her, "Are you afraid to die?" "I am not going to die," was her cheerful reply as she pointed to the motto that hung upon the wall of her chamber which read, "The gift of God is eternal life." She believed that those words were true, and so she knew and was confident that for her there was no death. It is Jesus who died. And because He has died and risen again we need never die. Open your hearts, and just let the risen Lord be your Easter Guest, your lifelong Friend, and He will give you joy and peace, life and light. With this Friend you will never see death, but like your loving risen Lord you will be alive again forevermore. Will you do this?—Rev. Alfred Barratt.

92

IF THERE WERE NO EASTER
(Easter)

TEXT: *"If Christ be not risen."* I Corinthians 15: 14.

If there were no Easter, what then? Some boys and girls have never once thought about that. Easter comes and goes and comes again, and we fail really to appreciate its coming—in fact, thousands of boys and girls and even men and women never stop to think or even ask, "What does Easter mean?" But does it really mean anything to us? Would the world be any better or worse if there were no Easter? Would there be more joy or more sadness, more light or more darkness, more liberty or more slavery, more hope or more hopelessness, more death or more life? These questions are very easily answered. The Apostle Paul says very clearly, "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain, your faith is also vain and ye are yet in your sins." All this is very true if Jesus Christ be dead and if there were no Easter. We must confess that things would be very different in this world of ours if there were no Easter. Our religion would be

meaningless. Our churches would be Christless. Our hearts would be joyless. And our lives would be hopeless, and the whole wide world would still be in darkness—the darkness of sin and despair. But let us thank God this beautiful Easter day for a living Christ. He is not dead. "Now is Christ risen from the dead." Because He lives we shall live also.

There are many boys and girls who live in constant dread because they are afraid of death. But I am very sure they do not fear as much as others do, if they are Christians. It is because of the weakness of the flesh that we shrink from death. Yet if we had more confidence in our loving heavenly Father we would not be the least afraid of death.

Two little birds once had a nest in the bushes in the back of the garden. Little Amy found the nest. It had four speckled eggs in it. One day after she had been away for some time she ran into the garden to take a peep at the little speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs there were only broken, empty shells. "Oh," she said with sorrow and disappointment, picking out the pieces, "the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken." "No, Amy," said her brother, "they are not spoiled. The best part of them has taken wings and flown away." That is just how it is with death. The body left behind is only just an empty shell while the soul, which is the best part, has taken wings and flown away.

Death is only a dark tunnel that leads into the beautiful city of life. There is a glorious Easter. It opens doors to us. It gives us a glimpse of glory. It is just this that brought Jesus Christ into this world. He came to bring light and life forevermore. He died that we might go to heaven. He rose again. Now He lives, and because He lives we shall live also.—Rev. Alfred Barratt.

93

THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN

(*Easter*)

TEXT: *"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."* Genesis 1:3.

I am very sure that all you boys and girls know the first verse of the Bible. This is the way it begins: "In the beginning God." The world, the whole creation, is a great mystery. But there is the supreme fact—"In the beginning God."

But it was not in trying to tell you how things began that I wanted to speak to you, boys and girls, this morning. What I desire to do is

to bring you a very ancient story, or legend, about the first darkness and the dawn. The story is from a very ancient Jewish book called the Talmud. It tells us that when Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden they wandered over the face of the earth. The sun began to set, and they looked with fear at the gradual lessening of the light, and felt a horror like death steal over their hearts. The light of heaven grew paler and paler, and the wretched ones clasped each other in an agony of despair. Then all grew dark. The luckless man and woman fell on the earth and thought that God had withdrawn from them the light forever; and they spent the night in tears. But by and by, after many hours of darkness, a beam of light began to rise over the eastern hills and the golden sun came back and dried the tears of Adam and Eve, and then they cried out with joy and said, "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning; this is the law that God hath laid upon Nature."

When Christ died upon the cross and was laid in the tomb how dark it seemed for the world! On the third day the women came to the grave. They came to anoint His body. They would have been satisfied to have had His cold, lifeless body placed in their hands. But instead of a dead hope they found a living realization. Christ was alive! He had risen from the dead! When we know part we mourn. But when we know all we will be able to say, "He hath done all things well."

We say that the sun sets. We say it sets. But it does not set at all. And even if we say it sets, it comes up bright as ever next morning. And we say that Christians die. But they do not die. They go through the valley of the shadow of death. The shadow of a sword never slew any one. The shadow of a serpent never stung any one. The Christian is not harmed by the shadow of death. He walks through the valley of the shadow of death. It is our privilege to connect that valley up with the heaven where it opens so broad and beautiful and blessed. The sun does not set. The Christian does not die. Here is the happy, blessed Easter hope for us all, young and old.—H.

94

THE SINGING BIRD

The singing bird I want to tell you about did not sing in the open, far away from dull buildings and little children, or at a great distance from hard-working people, or soar away skyward until it was just a speck to those who looked up. This bird had very little freedom. The house in which it lived was a cage, and the room in it by no means large. The cage hung upon a nail that projected outside the wall of a

small and humble cottage which stood on the roadside, many people of all sorts passing it every day. The cage was put on its nail each morning by the owner and taken down every night. It was not remarkable for its beauty, or its colors, or its costliness—in fact, it was just an ordinary brown cage of wickerwork. But this was the remarkable thing: all the people who usually passed along looked up to see if it was there, and when they saw it they showed signs of pleasure on their faces.

The reason for all this interest was that inside the little cage there was a singing bird, a bird that seemed always to be singing, and did it as the supreme business of its life. Some one said one day, "He'll burst his throat yet; he's so full of song."

As the merchant passed in the morning on his way to the railway station he looked up and his lips opened into a smile, and he carried it right away into the city; and it was like a ray of sunshine to all who had to do business with him. The workman on his way to his daily toil listened, and went to his place and began to sing at his work. Rough men spoke in gentle tones about the singing bird and its perfect music. Boys and girls on their way to school lingered to see the bird and hear its notes, which seemed to say, "Do all your lessons well, sing them out." But this is the strange thing—not a passer-by said a word about the cage; all were well satisfied.

This is the truth. The most important thing was not the cottage, or the cage of wicker, but the singing bird and its songs, its joyful notes, its thrill of gladness, its lovely refrain and charm which reached far and near making human hearts young and light and gay.

What have we to remember, boys and girls? This. It matters not so much where we live as what we are and what we do. Boys and girls may live in very humble homes and in out-of-the-way places, and their clothing may not be very costly, or even of fashionable cut, but they can be ever true, kindly, loving in spirit, and joyous of soul.

Jesus lived in Nazareth, but He was the Light of the world. The thing that matters is our spirit, the song of our life, our conduct, and our love. May we live for the highest, the noblest, and the best.—Rev. James Stephenson.

95

IDEALS

(*Object Sermon*)

Equipment. A strong magnet and a steel pen.

Preparations. Have a boy to bring the strong magnet and a girl to bring the pen.

Assistant. A girl to operate the magnet.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) I am going to place this pen in the middle of this table top. Now I am going to ask Elizabeth to take the magnet and bring it up on the right-hand side of the pen. The rest of you watch the pen closely. There, the pen jumped from where it was toward the magnet. Now we will take the pen from the magnet and place it back where it was on the table. This time Elizabeth will bring the magnet up from the left-hand side of the pen. Now watch the pen closely. There, the pen jumped this time to the left toward the magnet. Can some one tell me why it jumped to the right the first time and to the left this second time? Yes, it is on account of the magnet.

Now, let's do it again, only this time we will give the pen and the magnet some names. Let us imagine that pen as being some boy or girl, right where he or she is now. Then let us imagine that the magnet is the thoughts or ideals of this boy or girl. To the right of the pen, we will call it the "good" and to the left the "bad."

This first boy has his thoughts and ideas toward everything that is good. Now we will place the magnet or his ideal on the right-hand side of the pen or the boy. Now watch the boy. See, that boy soon jumped toward the good himself.

This next time we will imagine it is another boy there in that pen. This boy has his thoughts and ideals toward bad things, so it will be necessary for us to place the magnet or his ideal toward the left of the boy or the pen. Now watch this boy closely. See, it is not long before the boy himself jumps toward the bad. Why did the first boy jump toward the good and the second boy toward the bad? Yes, that is it. It was on account of their thoughts or ideals.

Boys and girls, whatever you do, always remember this. You need not worry about where you yourself are. You watch your thoughts or ideals. If your thoughts or ideals are in the right, it will not be long before you yourself will be there, but, on the other hand, if your thoughts or ideals are bad, it will not be long before you will be there. If you want to be sure of your thoughts and your ideals all you need to do is to center them upon Jesus Christ and what He would have you do, and everything will be right with you.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

96

CONCENTRATION
(*Object Sermon*)

Equipment. A strong magnifying glass, a piece of paper, and strong sunshine.

Preparations. Have some boy to bring the magnifying glass and a girl to bring the piece of paper. The leader will have to depend upon the weather for the sunshine.

Assistant. A girl to hold the paper.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) I am going to ask Louise to come up here and hold this paper for me while I hold the magnifying glass. All the rest of you watch that piece of paper. See that smoke rising from the paper. Now watch the smoke carefully. What is it doing now? Yes, there is a little flame there now. There, the whole paper is burning.

Will one of you explain how I was able to do that? Yes, the magnifying glass did it. All of the rays of the sun are scattered over many millions of miles. We only get a very few of them here. What this magnifying glass did was to take a number of the sun's rays and concentrate all of them on the one spot on the paper. It was so hot that it set the paper on fire.

Did you ever see a large group of boys and girls, where each one was trying to do something different from all the rest? Then all of a sudden all the boys and girls concentrated themselves or centered all their energies upon one thing. Didn't that one thing become accomplished in a hurry? That was just like this magnifying glass with the rays of the sun. It did something when all those few rays were centered on the one spot.

Did you ever know a boy or girl who was always trying to do a little of everything imaginable? They never got very much done. Then there was another boy or girl who centered all his or her interests and strength upon the one task and it was accomplished in a hurry. The one used a magnifying glass on his task while the other did not.

God is all-powerful. Since He is all-powerful, have you ever wondered why it is necessary for us to pray to Him for certain things? If He already knows about it, what is the use of our asking Him in prayer? God is like the sun. His strength, His power, goes everywhere. It is within easy reach of each one of us here this morning. Before we can make use of it, though, we must go to Him in prayer and by the use of our magnifying glass center several rays of His power and strength on the one thing that we desire. Prayer is the magnifying glass that centers His strength upon the one thing we desire. If we do not pray, His rays will have no effect upon our paper or our lives. Boys and girls, never forget to pray, for that is your glass with which you can make use of God's power.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

97

THE SHOEMAKER MISSIONARY
(*Missions*)

It is not commonly supposed that boys and girls are much interested in missions—either home missions or foreign missions. But one thing I know is that all boys and girls are interested in heroes, and I believe, too, that they will be interested in the heroes of missions the moment they are told about them. That is the reason I am going to tell you about one this morning. He was a real hero. He believed that the gospel is too good to keep and not share with others. He believed that when Christ said, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" He meant what He said, and that we are to leave no people in the whole world without the blessings that knowing the gospel is sure to bring.

The missionary I am going to tell you about is William Carey. He was the pioneer of modern missions. He was an English shoemaker. They called him a cobbler, which means the same thing.

Converted by a fellow apprentice, he became a Baptist preacher. One of his famous sayings is that his business was to preach the gospel, but he cobbled shoes to pay expenses.

He was a poor man, but he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, and French. He became a missionary enthusiast, and kept by his cobbler's bench a large home-made map of the world, on which he put notes concerning the population, religion, and condition of the different countries.

At a ministers' meeting he preached a famous sermon on Isaiah 54:2, 3 ("Enlarge the place of thy tent," etc.), the outline being: "Expect great things from God: attempt great things for God." As a result of this sermon the first English missionary society was formed, and Carey was sent to India as its first missionary.

Believing that a missionary should be self-supporting, he gave up his salary and he and his family were often in great want. But he obtained the superintendency of an indigo factory and worked there for five years, preaching to his thousand laborers, itinerating among two hundred villages, and translating the New Testament into the native language.

He became so learned in the Indian languages that he was made a professor of them in Fort William College, and taught there for thirty years. His salary was $7,500, but he and his family lived on $200 and gave the rest to missions. He did great things, translating the Bible in whole or part into twenty-four of the Indian languages

and dialects, and obtained after many years' work the abolition of the terrible custom of burning widows on the funeral pyre of their dead husbands.

I trust that every boy and girl here will be interested in missions and missionaries. Jesus was a missionary when He came from heaven to us on earth, that we might know the way of life. Let us do as He did and also obey His command to preach the gospel to every creature.—H.

98

TREES THAT BEAR SOAP
(Arbor Day)

It is said that "boys and girls do not like soap." But that is a slander. I think they do like it, and use it. Only, like older people, they don't like to get soap into their eyes. But this morning I am going to tell you about a tree that bears soap. Besides the trees that bear fruits there are those which produce gums for medicinal and industrial purposes, such as rubber. There are some that produce nuts for food. There are some trees whose sap is sugar. The latest thing in the tree line in this country is one whose nuts yield soap. It is a native of China. Bars of toilet soap or laundry soap do not grow on the branches, but if the hull be shredded and used with water it will produce a perfect lather which some authorities state has a cleansing quality superior to many of the manufactured soaps. The extract's efficiency as a foam-producer makes it useful as an ingredient in carbonated beverages; the kernel yields an oil that can be used for cooking and as a substitute for olive oil. There is this reference to the use of soap in the olden times: "For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap." (Malachi 3:2.)

Soap is a good thing, and the use of soap is a good thing. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" some people think is in the Bible. But that proverb is not there. If it is, it is in the tenth chapter of Hezekiah! Anyway, let the soap tree give us a hint to cultivate cleanliness in our lives—in person, in thought, in speech, in conduct.—H.

99

THE GREEDY TREE
(Arbor Day)

Is it not strange to think of a tree as teaching us a lesson? Well, let us see, boys and girls. There is a tree that seems to suffer very

much from greediness. It is called the matapolo. This very genuine freak of nature thrives in Guatemala, where it is said the soil is so rich that vegetation will grow one-half inch in twenty-four hours, and that in eighteen months a banana tree will attain the height of forty feet. In its early life the matapolo begins to grow around another tree, and it keeps on growing around its victim until it kills it by absorbing its vitality. This destructive habit caused the matapolo to be known by the natives as the "kill tree."

Young people, let us not be "kill trees." Let us avoid selfishness, greediness, the self-seeking that kills others in their hopes or plans. Don't be a "kill joy" either.—H.

100

A TREE THAT SHEDS ITS SKIN

(*Arbor Day*)

I am going to tell you, boys and girls, about a very funny tree. It is called the eucalyptus. Unlike most trees which shed their leaves when they want to dress up, the eucalyptus holds fast to its fruit and its foliage and sheds its skin. The outer bark comes dropping off in great strips and slabs, and a fresh skin very speedily grows out, making the big tree look as good, if not better, than it would have if it had dropped its pretty green leaves. The *Eucalyptus Amygdalina* is the giant of the tree world, its towering branches even overtopping those of the great sequoias of the West. It often attains a height of four hundred and eighty feet, with a girth of two hundred feet. The eucalyptus tree grows so rapidly and its wood is so beautiful that it is regarded as one of the most valuable trees.

We will not talk about "dressing up." But there are other lessons we can get from this tree. Let one of them be this: Grow. Grow tall. Grow strong. Grow straight. Grow for service.—H.

101

GROWING UMBRELLA HANDLES

(*Arbor Day*)

You may think, boys and girls, that this is a queer topic for a sermon. But there are said to be sermons in rocks and running brooks, why not in the trees I am going to tell you about?

There is a curious industry carried on in a little village named

Maule, which is situated near the city of Paris in France. Here are grown trees suitable for use as handles for umbrellas, walking sticks, and mountain poles. Nearly five hundred acres are planted with ash, oak, chestnut, and maple saplings. No doubt the same kind of cultivation is done in other places. One year after planting these saplings are cut off near the root so as to make them grow several branches, each of which may be used as a handle. The following year different designs are traced with a sharp instrument upon the bark. When the bark is stripped off at the end of the next year these designs are found traced in the wood. After the branches have been cut, they are sent to the manufacturers, who make them into handles for umbrellas and canes.

I guess the marks that are made on boys and girls when they are young, cuttings of character, disposition, habit, will show when they are older. Think of that when you see an umbrella handle or a cane. Even a crooked stick can be a reminder, can't it?—H.

102

STRAIGHT TREES STANDING TOGETHER
(Arbor Day)

Boys and girls, I want you to let the trees of the forest teach you a lesson this morning. Trees can teach. Sometimes they are especially good teachers. Listen to this. Once a Sunday-school superintendent was reviewing the lesson and was telling of the opportunity of service offered by the Church. He had lived in northern Michigan in his youth, and remembered the great pine forests, seemingly endless, beautiful, and challenging. "When men seek a perfectly straight tree," he said, "they always find it in the heart of the forest. Nearer the edges the trees are not apt to be so perfectly straight. In the thickest of the woods the trees seem to be closer together, pushing straight up to the sky."

"So," said he, "we are held up straighter and stronger right in the heart of the Church. Every life helps another. The nearer the outside we stand, the more apt we are to be crooked."

It is worth thinking over, isn't it? The world's life is not so straight as the life of the Church. Environment counts. It is not the only factor, nor the biggest; but it cannot be ignored. We are able to do just as much for the world, yet able to live more securely when we accept the sheltering home of the Church. We are held to the straight upward growth. We are spurred on by the fellowship of lives about us with similar aims. We stretch upward toward the goal.

103

CANDLES MADE FROM TREES
(*Arbor Day*)

When you heard this topic some of you boys and girls asked at once, "What, can candles be made from trees?" Yes. There are three kinds of trees from which tallow candles can be made. One is a native of China, and is called by botanists *stillingia sebifera.* The seeds in its fruit are covered by a waxlike substance used by the natives for making candles.

Another tallow tree grows in the Western Ghauts of India, about 4,000 feet above sea level. The height of the tree, which is an evergreen, is about sixty feet. It is called the *valleria indica.* Its seeds yield a pale yellowish fat, solid and concrete. By boiling the fruit the fat is easily procurable and is then either made into candles or soap, or it may be burned in lamps.

A third tree from which tallow candles may be made is the African Butter tree, or Shea tree. Its fruit exudes a yellow, greasy juice, which is manipulated in a similar manner to those already described and with equally useful results.

Nature is a rich provider. It sometimes seems as if nothing that is made is useless. One thing I know. It is that men are made from boys, and women are made from girls, and both are intended to be very useful in the world. Give yourselves into the hands of God. Ask Him to help you to make your lives a blessing to all the people you meet and all you can reach by gifts or influence.—H.

104

THE FABLE OF THE YOUNG FARM HORSE

"Put the young horse in plough," said the farmer. And very much pleased he was to be in a three-horse team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are you going now?" he said when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" asked the young horse, rather surprised.

But Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning around to the old gray mare.

"Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and he fell asleep again as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the gray mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have the whip at your heels."

When the top came and another turn and the bottom and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the harness was taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope to have no more of it."

But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got, not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats: "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing. Do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious," said the young horse.

"Then please remember that if there was no ploughing there would be no oats."

This little fable is as good for boys and girls as horses. Can you find the moral? If not, ask your father when you get home. He'll tell you!—H.

105

THE FROGS WHO WANTED A KING

There is a story in the Bible, boys and girls, about a time when the people of Israel wanted a king to rule over them. God did not think

it best for them to have a king, but they insisted so hard that by and by He gave them a king. They were afterwards sorry, for they were worse off than before. There are foolish and dissatisfied people yet, even among boys and girls, I fear. Not that they want kings in these days, for kings have gone much out of fashion. But, just the same, they show a foolish dissatisfaction in many ways.

Did you ever hear the old story about the foolish frogs? The frogs in a certain swamp decided that they needed a king; they had always got along perfectly well without one, but they suddenly made up their minds that a king they must have. They sent a messenger to Jove and begged him to send a king to rule over them.

Jove saw how stupid they were, and sent a king who could not harm them: he tossed a big log into the middle of the pond.

At the splash the frogs were terribly frightened, and dove into their holes to hide from King Log. But after a while, when they saw that the king never moved, they got over their fright and went and sat on him. And as soon as they found he really could not hurt them they began to despise him; and finally they sent another messenger to Jove to ask for a new king.

Jove sent an eel.

The frogs were much pleased and a good deal frightened when King Eel came wriggling and swimming among them. But as the days went on, and the eel was perfectly harmless, they stopped being afraid; and as soon as they stopped fearing King Eel they stopped respecting him.

Soon they sent a third messenger to Jove, and begged that they might have a better king—a king who was worth while.

It was too much; Jove was angry at their stupidity at last. "I will give you a king such as you deserve!" he said; and he sent them a Stork.

As soon as the frogs came to the surface to greet the new king, King Stork caught them in his long bill and gobbled them up. One after another they came bobbing up, and one after another the stork ate them. He was indeed a king worthy of them!—H.

106

THE SUN AND THE WIND

There is a very old story, boys and girls, about the sun and the wind. I am going to risk telling it to you this morning because it is so very old that you may not have heard it. Some stories are so old that they become new again, especially to a new generation of young people. Anyway, here it is.

The Sun and the Wind once had a quarrel as to which was the stronger. Each believed himself to be the more powerful. While they were arguing they saw a traveler walking along the country highway, wearing a great cloak.

"Here is a chance to test our strength," said the Wind; "let us see which of us is strong enough to make that traveler take off his cloak; the one who can do that shall be acknowledged the more powerful."

"Agreed," said the Sun.

Instantly the Wind began to blow; he puffed and tugged at the man's cloak, and raised a storm of hail and rain, to beat at it. But the colder it grew and the more it stormed, the tighter the traveler held his cloak around him. The Wind could not get it off.

Now it was the Sun's turn. He shone with all his beams on the man's shoulders. As it grew hotter and hotter, the man unfastened his cloak; then he threw it back; at last he took it off! The Sun had won.

There are a number of texts I could give you for this sermon. One is this, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." That is in Proverbs 15:1. Another is this, "Be ye kind one to another." Or another is this, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—H.

107

ONLY SINGING ABOUT MOTHER

(Mother's Day)

Mr. Smith, hearing music at his neighbor's house, decided to drop in and see how they were. Mr. Jones welcomed him and ushered him into the parlor, where his daughter was playing the piano and his son was singing. Mr. Smith begged them to continue. They consented. The first song they selected was "Mother." They sang this very feelingly, and then the father joined in the chorus. This was followed by "Mother Machree," and others of like sentiment. Then they stopped for a while and Mr. Jones commented on songs about mother—how true they were, how dear, and how they loved to sing them. Then, as Mrs. Jones hadn't appeared yet, Mr. Smith inquired about her state of health. "Oh," said Mr. Jones, "she's well enough. She's in the kitchen doing the dishes, but after she has finished and has taken in the wood she'll join us."

And this is Mother's Day. Is this a pertinent story? Too pertinent, I fear. The husband and children in the family may not have been intentionally indifferent to the toil and care of the mother. There are things and experiences in life which words will help, but there

are many things which must have deeds. Let us not forget kind words this Mother's Day, but make them real and strong by sympathetic deeds.—H.

108

"I THOUGHT OF YOU, MOTHER"
(Mother's Day)

Boys and girls, as you all know, this is Mother's Day. I am going to tell you a Mother's Day story—of how thought of a mother once saved a boy's life. A boy who afterwards became Governor of the State of Massachusetts once came near being drowned. The boat in which he was sailing was capsized, and he had to swim more than a mile.; but he finally reached the shore in safety; and when he reached home and told his mother what a long distance he had to swim, she asked him how he managed to hold out so long. "I thought of you, Mother," replied the boy, "and kept on swimming." The thought of Mother helped him in the moment of his greatest need, and thus saved his life, not only to himself and to his mother, but also to the state and the nation.

The thought of Mother has saved many boys and girls, men and women, from sinking. Indeed, it has done more than that. The thought of Mother has not only saved men from death, but it has inspired them to the most noble and heroic achievements. The thought of Mother's love, Mother's life, Mother's toils, Mother's endless sacrifice, Mother's sleepless nights for our comfort and safety—thoughts of these things have helped many souls over the rough and dangerous places in life, and finally into the Heavenly Father's house.—H.

109

A MOTHER SONG
(Mother's Day)

Just before he left by special train to visit his dying mother, President McKinley wrote a telegram which probably has done more for the kingdom of God than any other single act of his life. The message read, "Tell Mother I'll be there."

Rev. Charles M. Fillmore, of Indianapolis, Indiana, read this message and saw the possibilities that lay in it. He caught the phrase and wrote his hymn, "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

Charles M. Alexander took this song with him on an evangelistic tour around the world, and wherever he sang it the touching message reached the hearts of men. In the Welsh revival the only Alexander song carried by the Welsh singers was this song by Fillmore.

Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, remarked that the song touched more hearts and did more for Christ in the revival than any other song that was sung.

The words of the song are familiar.

110

STANDING FAST IN THE FAITH

(*Missions*)

The time has come round again, boys and girls, when I am to give you another missionary talk. Some people seem to think boys and girls are not interested in missions, but I have found that you are. For boys and girls are all interested in heroes and heroines, and if we wish to find them, and find them of the highest type, we will find them among the missionaries. If we want to know what it is to love greatly, to live greatly, to sacrifice, to toil, to face death smilingly, and to leave indelible marks behind, we must study the lives of missionaries.

But then some people sometimes have doubts about the converts on mission fields. They call them "rice Christians," and "bread and butter Christians," and such names, and seem to think they are not faithful. But in every country the converts have almost uniformly proved faithful, and many have been martyrs to the faith.

This morning I am going to tell of the fidelity of a young native convert in Africa.

There is a mission station at Yakusu, in the Congo Free State in Africa, where the influence of the Christian faith in its regenerating and uplifting power has been remarkably manifested.

On one occasion, two young native Christians were sent down the river to try to start a village school. One evening, at a place where they wished to encamp for the night, an ill-disposed chief refused to allow them a landing and even threatened to kill any one that gave them refuge in his house.

One of the two messengers, inspired with a strong confidence, through his conviction that he was in the presence and under the care of God, left the boat and went up the bank alone. He held in his hand a roll of pictures that he had brought with him, and walking straight up to the big, angry chieftain, he said, "Chief, if you want to kill anybody, kill me; for it is better that I should be killed than that you

should refuse to give the message to your people, who, I know, are eagerly wanting it; for my message is about the Son of God."

The chief gave way and made room for this brave young native missionary.

A meeting was soon arranged; the pictures were shown and explained by torchlight; and for hours the people looked and listened eagerly.

There are different kinds of courage, but there is no higher motive —discounted though it is by the world—than that manifested by this young convert from heathenism in his longing to make known to others the truth he himself had learned, and in that burning zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of men that will risk danger and dare even death itself for the love of Him.

Now, of course I know you will want a text for this sermon. Most people think a sermon ought to have a text. That is the way big people feel, and I guess little people do too. Well, then, how will this do for a text?—"Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." (I Corinthians 16: 13.)—H.

111

THE MISSIONARY WITH THE LANCET

(Missions)

Boys and girls often say, "Tell me a true story." The one I am to tell you this morning is true, and I think before I am done you will say that it is very interesting too. It is about a boy who became both a minister and a doctor and all the while a missionary. His name was Rev. Peter Parker, M.D. He was born at Framingham, Massachusetts, his father having a small farm there. The boy had a hard time getting an education. After teaching school in several places and studying for a time at an academy, as a man he entered college. Three years at Amherst, then in its infancy, were followed by a senior year at Yale and a course in the Yale Divinity School.

On going to New Haven he at first found board in the home of a brother of Samuel J. Mills, "the father of foreign missions in America." Just before beginning his theological course he offered himself to the American Board as a missionary, and the reply favored the choice of China.

The years of preparation included a course in medicine as well as in theology. The sailing from New York on June 4, 1834, of the missionary, not only an ordained minister, but also a doctor of medicine, was notable as the departure of the first distinctively med-

ical missionary sent out by an English-speaking missionary society, although there had been missionaries with medical training before.

There were great difficulties in the way of direct missionary effort in China. In Singapore, where he began work, he found many demands for his help; but the most important step was the opening of his hospital in Canton on November 4, 1835. It was thought best to select one class of disease for treatment without altogether barring others, and the eye was chosen as the specialty.

The Chinese were suspicious; the foreign community and the missionaries were doubtful about the enterprise. But after a few striking cures there were numerous applications, patients coming long distances; and within two years Dr. Parker was widely known and had numerous friends. It is often said that he opened China with the point of his lancet. By preaching, distribution of literature, and in other ways the gospel was given to patients, who spread it as they returned to their homes.

The Opium War forced a suspension of effort for a time and gave him an opportunity to visit the United States. A short trip was made also to England, Scotland, and France.

On sailing for China again in June, 1842, Dr. Parker took with him as his wife Harriet Webster, a connection of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, she being the first foreign lady to live in Canton. The hospital was reopened, and in little more than a year had received more than thirty-five hundred patients. It soon became to a great extent a general hospital, and pupils received medical training.

Dr. Parker's efforts in Washington bore fruit in the sending of Hon. Caleb Cushing to negotiate a treaty between China and the United States in 1844. He at once appointed Dr. Parker as his Chinese secretary. Dr. Parker's knowledge of conditions and the profound confidence the Chinese had in him made his services invaluable. He continued in the service of his country, being made chargé d'affaires when the United States commissioner to China died on June 28, 1847; but the work at the hospital was continued as before, as well as a regular preaching service on Sunday much of the time. The strain of so many duties at last caused a physical breakdown and a return to the United States in May, 1855. The voyage had so good an effect and the need of an experienced man to deal with the situation was so great as to lead him to accept appointment as commissioner to China. He discharged the duties of a difficult position in troublous times, and had a great share in the revision of the treaty, which provided clearly for full religious toleration.

On August 27, 1857, he took his final farewell of the land that he had done so much to open to Christianity and to intercourse with America, and returned to spend his remaining days in his native country. He made his home in Washington, D. C., until his death on

January 10, 1888, at the age of eighty-three. During those years he enjoyed association with leaders in various circles, was active in numerous good causes, and received many honors in recognition of his service. To the end the ruling principle of his life remained as it had been described by one that had known him from boyhood, supreme consecration to the Master's service; and his record bore witness to the wide and lasting results of such consecration.—H.

112

THE FIRST MEDICAL MISSIONARY FROM AMERICA

(Missions)

Once more the time has come around, boys and girls, for me to tell you a missionary story. And I am glad to hear that you do not think that missionary stories are dull. How can they be dull? For they are all stories of heroes. And hero stories are never dull. At least, they are never dull to boys and girls. And remember that these junior sermons, or stories, or talks, or whatever you wish to call them, are for you and not for the older people. But, strange to say, and haven't you noticed it too, boys and girls, that the older people listen as well as you do, and seem to be just as much interested? Well, I'll tell you a secret: Men and women are just grown up boys and girls! They are. And they never get over being interested in what interests boys and girls, either.

Now for my story. When I was a student at Princeton University, at Princeton, New Jersey, I had two classmates by the name of Scudder. They were nearly the same age, but they looked very different, for the boys called one of them "White Scudder" and the other "Black Scudder." But that only means that one had dark hair and complexion and the other lighter. Both these classmates of mine became ministers and missionary workers.

But it is not about them I am going to tell you now, but about their grandfather. His name was John Scudder, and he was born in Freehold, New Jersey, in 1798. He graduated from Princeton University and as a doctor from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City.

One day a lady who was ill sent for her physician. The physician was Dr. John Scudder and the woman's home was in New York City. While Dr. Scudder was waiting in an anteroom for a few minutes he happened to pick up and read a tract. The title of the tract was "The Conversion of the World." It made such a deep impression

on the young doctor's mind that he could not forget it. After thinking the matter over many, many times he finally decided to give his life to helping the great cause of missions. As a result, in 1819, he sailed for Ceylon, the very first medical missionary to go to the foreign field from America.

Surely his name should be remembered for this, and also for the fact that in 1820 he was the only medical missionary in the world.

After some years he went from Ceylon to Madras, India, to found a new mission there, and his name is usually associated with work in India because the larger part of his thirty-six years of missionary labor was spent there, also because he gave seven sons and two daughters to the mission work in India. In Ceylon he was ordained also as a minister, that he might be still more helpful in the mission work.

At one period he had to make a stay in America of more than four years. But he spent his time helping the cause he loved so much. He delighted to talk to children, and they loved to hear him. During the time he was at home he spoke to more than a hundred thousand children at different times and in the many places he visited.

Dr. Scudder was returning to his field from a visit home when, at the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa, he was stricken with apoplexy and died there, in 1855.

I cannot tell you more this morning about this noted missionary family. At one time a whole mission station was carried on by five sons of the Scudder family, their wives, and one sister. It is said that more than a score of the Scudder family, children and grandchildren, have been missionaries in India. The father of my classmates was Rev. William Scudder. He gave twenty-two years of service to India, then was a Congregational pastor in America for eleven years, while educating his children here. When he was sixty years old he went back to India, where he served in the mission field for nine years more. He died in 1895.

Boys and girls, will you remember this as I make one request, that you will look upon the little silent preachers known as tracts with respect? Give out good ones to your friends when you can. For remember it was one little tract picked up in that New York woman's anteroom that was the beginning of all this I have told you about to-day.—H.

113

ABOUT WIRELESS CALLS

Ministers mostly give their text or texts at the beginning of a sermon, but I am going to give mine this time at the end.

I know, boys and girls, that in these days we are all very much interested in wireless telephoning and in the radio. You hear about wireless calls, S O S, when a ship is in trouble, and how quickly other ships go to render aid. We all know that these calls are heard and answered.

This morning I am going to tell you a quite remarkable and true story about a wireless call and the answer. You may have read about it in the newspaper, for that is where I read it.

One of our great ocean liners was in midocean when one of the passengers was taken desperately ill. The ship's surgeon was called and also an eminent physician who was a passenger on the vessel. Both medical men did everything in their power to relieve the poor woman's sufferings, but to no avail.

When the first paroxysm of pain had passed and the suffering patient had secured a little relief from the acute distress she said that the attack seemed like the return of a former malady and that her family physician in New York City always was successful in combating the ravages of the disease. As rapidly as possible the wireless apparatus with which the vessel was equipped got into communication with the port of New York and had a message relayed to the unfortunate woman's physician.

In a surprisingly short time direct communication was established between the physicians on the vessel and the one in New York and a unique consultation was held by the three. The vessel was more than a thousand miles out, but the message came clearly and distinctly. The result was immediate relief for the suffering woman, and her speedy recovery.

But glad as we are of that woman's recovery, this is the thought I want you to get this morning, boys and girls, that as marvelous as is the working of wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony the simple prayer of one of God's dear children is more powerful and far-reaching and is heard and answered. Hundreds of years before such communications were thought of from a human point of view, the psalmist said, "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Our heavenly Father, the Great Physician, has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Here is a comforting thought from the Prophet Isaiah, "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." (Isaiah 65: 24.) That is quicker even than wireless, is it not? Well, that is the wireless of prayer. God knows what you are getting ready to think, when you pray. And even before you call, quicker than wireless, he answers. The answer is quick and sure, and always grants the thing or something else as good or better than you ask.—H.

114

CUNNING OUTWITS ITSELF

Of course, you know, boys and girls, that in all the ancient stories the fox is made out a very sly old fellow, up to all sorts of tricks, but that he generally loses out because deceit and cunning defeat themselves. One of the interesting old stories is about the cock and the fox. This is one of Æsop's fables, where the birds and animals are represented as talking to one another and acting a good deal like some people. Of course you know the story is very ancient. It has come down through more than twenty-five hundred years, and we all enjoy it yet, boys and girls, young people, and older people too.

The story states that a cock perched among the branches of a lofty tree, crowed aloud. The shrillness of his voice echoed through the wood, and the well-known note brought a fox, who was prowling in quest of prey, to the spot. Reynard, seeing the cock was at a great height, set his wits to work to find some way of bringing him down. He saluted the bird in his mildest voice and said: "Have you not heard, cousin, of the proclamation of universal peace and harmony among all kinds of beasts and birds? We are no longer to prey upon and devour one another, but love and friendship are to be the order of the day. Do come down, and we will talk over this great news at our leisure." The cock, who knew that the fox was only at his old tricks, pretended to be watching something in the distance, and the fox asked him what it was he looked at so earnestly. "Why," said the cock, "I think I see a pack of hounds yonder." "Oh, then," said the fox, "your humble servant, I must be gone." "Nay, cousin," said the cock, "pray do not go; I am just coming down. You are surely not afraid of dogs in these peaceable times!" "No, no," said the fox; "but it is ten to one whether they have heard of the proclamation yet."

Yes, "cunning often outwits itself." The fox's sly talk about a peace proclamation did not give him much confidence when dogs come in sight. To be tricky, boys and girls, is not alone foolish and wrong, but generally results in self-defeat. "Cunning often outwits itself." Remember the story of the fox and the cock.—H.

115

THE STORY OF A WOODEN HORSE

Once more, boys and girls, I have a story for you from the old Grecian times. Of course it is an old story. But some stories are so

good that they can bear being told over and over again. And always in a church audience like this there are some of the little people so young that the story comes to them for the first time. Anyway, I am going to tell you to-day the story of a wooden horse. It is not a hobby horse, or a saw horse, but another sort of wooden horse.

For three years the Greeks tried in vain to capture the city of Troy. At last they made up their minds to give up and go back to Greece; but Ulysses, who was their leader, would not give his consent.

"However," he said, "let us go away for a little while."

So the Greeks set sail and landed on an island. The people of Troy thought that they had gone back to Greece; so they opened the gates of the city and went out into the fields. They had been shut up so long that they were glad to be free again.

Out in the fields they found a wonderful wooden horse. It rested on rollers and looked like one of those toys that children drag about by a string; but it was as big as a great house or a church.

The people wondered what the great horse was for and why the Greeks had left it behind.

Some cried, "Let us burn it!" Others cried, "Let us drag it into the city so that the Greeks cannot get it again."

Most of them thought that it would be better to take the huge horse into the city. So they fastened ropes to its neck and legs and dragged it up to the gate; but it was not wide enough for the horse to go through. So they had to tear down a part of the wall.

When the horse had at last been dragged inside the city and the wall had been repaired, the people were full of joy. They seemed to think that the Greek horse would bring them good luck. That night they slept without any guards on the walls.

But after all was quiet in the city and all the people were asleep, some one opened the door in the side of the wooden horse and out came Ulysses and the best of his warriors. They were armed and ready to fight.

One of them opened the gates of the city and let in the rest of the Greeks, who had returned and were waiting outside. In that way the Greeks easily captured the city.

Now, boys and girls, we call that strategy. Armies often win battles by strategy, and boys and girls can win battles in the Christian life, battles against temptation and evil in the same way—by strategy. How can you get all the air out of a cup? Pour it full of water and the air is all out! How can you get evil thoughts out of your hearts. Why, fill them full of good thoughts and the evil ones will be kept out. That is the sort of strategy the Bible teaches us to use when it says: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." (Romans 12:21.)—H.

116

THE BRASS POT AND THE EARTHENWARE POT

From time to time, boys and girls, I have been bringing you the fables of Æsop. I well know how very old they are, for they came from a Greek writer from a time five hundred years before Christ—that means that they have come down through the centuries for more than two thousand five hundred years. They must be worth something to have lived that long. Don't you think so? They have been appreciated by the wisest of men and yet are favorites with even the youngest boys and girls. That's why I bring them to you from time to time.

The one I am going to bring you this morning is about the brass pot and the earthenware pot. Watch sharp and see if you can get its meaning.

The story is this: Two pots had been left on the bank of the river. One was brass and one earthenware. When the tide rose they both floated off down the stream. Now, the earthenware pot tried its best to keep away from the brass one, which called out: "Fear nothing, friend; I will not strike you."

"But I may come in contact with you," said the other, "if I come too close; and whether I hit you, or you hit me, I shall suffer for it."

The commonly assigned moral attached to this fable is this: "Be careful of the company you keep." If the brass pot were to be the aggressor and hit the earthenware one the earthenware one would get cracked or broken. On the other hand, if the earthenware pot were to be the aggressor and hit the brass one the earthenware one would get cracked or broken. In either case the harm would happen. Therefore, boys and girls, listen to old Æsop and his fable and be careful of the company you keep. Hear what the wise Solomon, a man who wrote longer ago than Æsop did—hear what he says on the same subject: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." (Proverbs 13:20.)—H.

117

TWO TEACHING STORIES

I have heard it said that you cannot tell two stories at the same time to people, and especially to boys and girls, and have them remember both of them. But I believe that is a mistaken idea. Anyway,

this morning I am going to risk it and tell you two. They are very different from each other. The title of one is "The Dove and the Ant." The title of the other is "The Fox and the Mask." They are very short, and both are from *Æsop's Fables,* stories written by an old Greek author of a time more than five hundred years before Christ's birth. They must be very old, then, must they not? But then they are absolutely new in their application to people of to-day—they are so old that they are new! I have heard of a little boy who, being asked how old he was, replied: "I am not old at all; I am new." Well, these stories are so old that they are new.

The first tells that an ant, going to the river to drink, fell in and was carried along in the stream. A dove pitied her condition and threw into the river a small bough, by means of which the ant gained the shore. The ant afterward, seeing a hunter with a gun aimed at the dove, stung him in the foot sharply and made him miss the dove and so saved the dove's life. The moral of that fable is: "One good turn deserves another." And is not that true, that when some one does you a favor gratitude should prompt you to do a good turn, when you have opportunity, to the other person? Boys and girls, gratitude is a comely grace. Don't ever be lacking in it toward either your friends, your parents, or your heavenly Father.

The other story is a very different one, about "The Fox and the Mask." You know what a mask is. It is something like the false faces you buy and wear on Hallowe'en night. Players often in making up a character use a mask.

This story is that a fox was one day rummaging in the house of an actor and came across a very beautiful mask. Some masks are hideous, but this one made a face very beautiful indeed. Putting his paw on the forehead of the mask the fox exclaimed: "What a handsome face we have here! Pity it is it should want brains!"

The moral of this fable is expressed thus: "Outside show is a poor substitute for inner worth." That is true. Even with boys and girls, or men and women, it is true, "Outside show is a poor substitute for inner worth." Fine feathers don't make fine birds. It is more true that handsome is as handsome does. Never think, boys and girls, that handsome clothes and big automobiles make any one better than others or give cause for pride.

Don't forget the story of the dove and the ant, and that one good turn deserves another. And don't forget the story of the fox and the mask, and that outside show is no substitute for inner worth.—H.

118

THE USE OF LITTLE THINGS

(Children's Day)

Somebody tell me, "How many letters are there in the alphabet?" That's right, just twenty-six. Now, how many notes are there in the musical scale? That is correct, just eight. One more question. "How many colors are there?" Yes, there are seven primary colors.

Do you know, boys and girls, that all the books and all the letters and all the newspapers and magazines are printed with just twenty-six letters? Just think of it—all the libraries in the English language contain only twenty-six different letters! All the words that you write, big or little, hard to spell or easy to spell—they cannot have any more letters or any different letters than just these two dozen and two!

And all the songs you sing at school and all the songs you sing at church are made up of just eight different notes—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. Of course they are divided into half notes, quarter notes, etc., but all the beautiful hymns, and operas, and lullabies, and all the war-songs and folk-songs come from just those eight notes!

But what about those colors? Well, you said there are just seven. Do you know that all the colored pictures, the water-colors and oil paintings, are made out of those half a dozen and one colors? When you see a rainbow you cannot count more than seven colors. Do you know their names? Yes, of course they have names—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. These colors have different shades and tones, but there are no more real colors than these seven I have named. Is it not wonderful that all the pretty pictures and all the lovely paintings you ever saw are based on just these few colors?

Let me tell you more about these little things without which the world could not get along very well. It is their relation to each other that makes them so useful. It is the way they stand each to the other that makes all the books and all the songs and all the colored pictures! When you spell a word wrong, it means that you have put the wrong letter next to the other letter. You have not put the letters together right. So when you sing or play on the piano and the music does not sound right, it is a discord—that is, the notes were not put together right. A picture in which the colors are not put together right is not a very pretty picture, is it? It is a "mess," a "daub"!

Do you know it is the same way with children? Well, it is. It is our relation to each other, the way we stand toward each other, that makes life sweet and pure and happy. When you are unhappy, it

means that something has gone wrong with you and somebody else! You are not in the right relation to one another! You did not treat somebody just right, or somebody did not treat you just right! You are out of sorts! You must "make up." You must put things right. God wants to use you, just as we use the little letters or the notes or the colors, and if we let Him use us and put us where He wants us, our lives will always be happy and useful, and we shall make others happy.—T. F. O.

119

GOD'S WHISPERING GALLERY
(*Children's Day*)

Not so very long ago I was in a great cathedral called St. Paul's, in London. I was greatly interested in many things—in the inscription over its door to its architect and builder, Sir Christopher Wren, which says: "If you seek my monument, look around you"; in the delightful music which I heard; in the beautiful painting of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World"; and, above everything else, in the wonderful Whispering Gallery, in which the lowest whisper can be heard distinctly. It was all so remarkable that for a long time I was greatly entranced, and even to-day, as I think of it, I am just as much delighted as I was on that day I was there. But it was that Whispering Gallery which held my attention, and I want it to hold yours to-day. God has made us such wonderful beings, given us such wonderful bodies and has put us in such a wonderful world that we are, and will forever be, under obligation to Him. But there are so many times when we just think that what we do concerns no one but ourselves and that no one hears or sees us in the things we do. We forget that the world is just one large whispering gallery in which the faintest and smallest things are seen and heard in their loudest notes, and whether they are good or ill it matters little, and it behooves each of us to be very careful what we say and what we do.

And there are just two things which will help us to be and do the things which are right and which tend for the world's right, if we will only follow them. The first is this: We should never say anything but what we should like our parents to hear. Second: We should never say anything but what we should like God to hear. I was speaking to a boy only the other day about some words which he had spoken, and I just said: "What would Mother or Father say if they knew what you had said?" "Oh," said my boy friend, "they will never know." Ah, but in some remarkable way things do get around to Father and Mother, and, what is more, they reach the ears of God;

and, oh, what must He think of some of the words we speak? It is God's Great Whispering Gallery in which we all live. Our faintest whispers are heard by Him, and those whispers are aiding the gladness or the sorrow of the world, and even of God's Eternal World.—J. A. B.

120

HE CALLS THEM ALL BY NAME

(Children's Day)

I saw a sight that made me glad when I visited one of our public schools recently. My surprise began when I asked the teacher to tell me some of the children's names.

The boy in the front seat was George Alden. I knew his great-great-grandfather came over in the *Mayflower*. Of course, his great-great-grandfather Alden was an immigrant who wasn't wanted here by the old pure-blood Americans—the Indians—but the Alden family call themselves the old pure-blood Americans now and they sometimes forget they are the children of an immigrant. In the next seat behind George was Olaf Larson, and I knew his parents were proud to name their boy for St. Olaf of Norway, even though this boy was born in America and might some day be president. Maggie O'Brien sat in the third seat, and when I heard her name I knew that the priest at the church, with the gilt cross on its spire, was glad to christen her Margaret for St. Margaret is one of Ireland's patron saints.

In the next row was a curly-headed boy called Tony Braggazi, whose father kept the fruit store at the corner. And near Tony was Otis Seibert, whose father and mother came from Germany, and next to Otis was Elizabeth Carson, who was taught at home to reverence the Union Jack next to the Stars and Stripes; and behind Elizabeth was Robert La Valle, who loved best of all the story of how Lafayette helped America to be free.

There are scores and scores of schoolrooms all over our great America with just such a mixed lot of names. But this is what made me glad. They all spoke good English, and when they sang "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," I knew where all those young men came from whose names we read and tried to pronounce as they left for camp or were killed or wounded in France during the World War.

But best of all were the words that came into my mind as I walked home: "I am the true Shepherd and I know my sheep and my lambs and I call them all by name. And there are other sheep and lambs that do not belong to this fold. I will call them and they will hear my voice and little by little they will learn that there is one Shepherd and that they all belong to one big flock. Then all the world shall see and

know that the Heavenly Father sent me to be their Shepherd and that they are all my sheep and my lambs."—C. A. M.

121

TWO OF ÆSOP'S FABLES

There is something very delightful, boys and girls, in the reading or hearing of Æsop's fables. Boys and girls like them. Old people like them. All people like them. And yet the stories are very old and often told. In fact, as you know, they were written more than twenty-five hundred years ago. They have come down through all those generations and are still enjoyed as much as ever. They were written in Greek, but have been translated into English and many other languages.

I am going to tell you two of these fables this morning, both very short, and I leave it to you to catch the meaning, though I will not withhold the morals that go with the fables.

The first one is about the angler, or fisherman, and the little fish. The fisherman, having caught a very little fish, was about to throw him into his basket. The little fellow, gasping, pleaded for his life. He said: "What! You are never going to keep such a little chap as I am. I am not even one quarter grown! Fifty such as I am would not make a decent meal. Please throw me back and come and catch me again when I am bigger." "It's all very well to say 'Catch me again,' my little fellow," replied the man; "but if I wait till you are bigger you'll not bite the hook. You're big enough now to make one in the frying pan, so in you go."

This fable teaches that "a little thing in hand is worth more than a great thing in prospect." It is a good deal like another saying: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

The other story is a still more familiar one, about the fox and the grapes. It tells us that a hungry fox one day saw some tempting grapes hanging at a good height from the ground. He made many attempts to reach them, but all in vain. Tired out by his failures, he walked off, grumbling to himself: "Nasty sour things, I know you are, and not at all fit for a gentleman's eating." You have often heard the expression "Sour grapes!" The moral of this story is this: "It is easy to despise what you cannot get."—H.

122

INFLUENCE UPON OTHERS
(Object Sermon)

Equipment. Two pieces of writing paper, a sheet of carbon paper, and a pencil.

Preparations. Have some girl bring the two sheets of writing paper, some boy bring the sheet of carbon paper, and a second boy bring a pencil.

Assistant. A girl to use the pencil.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) I have some sheets of paper here on the desk, so I am going to ask Fannie to come up in front and write her name on this sheet of paper. There, she has written her name. Now we will look at the sheets of paper. Look at what has happened. Her name is on this top sheet of paper and also on the second sheet that was under the first one. How has this happened? Yes, there was a sheet of carbon paper between. That made the name appear on the second sheet of paper.

Did you ever see a boy starting to smoke a cigarette? It was not long before every boy in his group was smoking cigarettes. Did you see a girl bob her hair? It was not long before every girl in her group was wearing bobbed hair. Did you ever see a boy starting off to fish on Sunday morning instead of going to Sunday school? It was not long before other boys in the community were going fishing on Sunday mornings. Did you ever see a girl start for Sunday school with a happy smile? Soon a whole bevy of girls reached Sunday school wearing a bright smile.

What is the reason for all this? Simply that there is a sheet of carbon paper between your life and that of the person next to you. Just like Fannie writing on this one sheet of paper. No doubt she thought she was writing just on the one sheet, but there was the carbon beneath, and before she knew it she had written her name on two sheets of paper at the same time. Each one of those boys and girls was doing something not only on his or her own life, but they were writing with carbon paper on the lives of many other boys and girls. We never know how many sheets of carbon paper there are, nor how many sheets of writing paper there are, so we had better be careful of what we put on the first sheet.

We may still be very young, almost too young it would seem, for any other boy or girl to have us for ideals, but it remains true that no matter how young we are, there are many other boys and girls

watching us and ready to do exactly the same things that we do. We should be very careful, then, of the thoughts we think, of the words we speak, and of the deeds we do.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

123

ATTRACTION OF SIN
(Object Sermon)

Equipment. A compass and a large magnet.

Assistants. Have some boy bring a compass and another boy a large magnet. Have a girl to operate the magnet.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) What is this I hold in my hand? Yes, it is a compass. How many can tell what compasses are used for? Where are they used? Yes, they are used by people to tell direction. They are used by sailors, by woodsmen, and by many others. This little needle here always points to the north. See, I can turn the compass around as much as possible, but the needle is always pointing in the same direction—north. Some time you may get lost in a large woods and not know in which direction you are going. The sun might be behind a cloud so that you could not tell direction by it. If you had a little compass with you, it would tell you which way is north, and then you could find the other directions.

That is the way boys and girls should be who have given their hearts to Jesus. Each one of us is a little compass for others. Our little needles should always point toward God. Whenever anybody looked to us for guidance, they would be directed to Jesus. How many boys and girls are letting the needles of their lives point to God? No matter how much we are turned around, or no matter where we may be placed—at home, at school, at play, at work, or wherever it may be—our lives should point to God.

Now I am going to ask Agnes to take this large magnet and bring it up close to this other side of the compass. There, that is close enough. What did that needle do then? Yes, it jumped around and now is pointing toward the magnet. Why doesn't it point toward the north? Yes, the magnet will not let it. Now we will have Agnes take the magnet away. What has the needle done? Yes, it is turned around now and is pointing toward the north again. The magnet is not preventing its pointing to the north. While that magnet is near if we were to follow that compass as a guide, we would be pointed toward the magnet.

Boys and girls, that magnet is some sin that comes into our lives. When that sin has entered our lives. our little needles are not point-

ing toward God. The magnet or the sin will not let them. When sin is in the life, our lives are pointing people toward that sin. How many boys and girls would like to be pointing other boys and girls toward some sin, like selfishness, disobedience, and the like? No, none of us would. If we would have our lives, or needles, directing people toward Jesus, we must keep all sin, or magnet, away from our lives.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

124

A NOTABLE MISSIONARY TO TURKEY

(Missions)

Every boy and girl should know something about the great heroes of the Church in mission lands. I am sure you do want to know. Their thrilling adventures and heroic achievements are most fascinating and help us to develop character along best lines. It was my privilege a few years ago to visit a most wonderful college near the suburbs of Constantinople in Turkey, in which young men of many nationalities are getting a good Christian education. I am going to tell you, very briefly, boys and girls, about the man who founded that college. It is known as Robert College and the founder was Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

This missionary was born on a farm near Waterford, Maine, January 5, 1811. When the baby was only seven months old his good father died, leaving the mother to struggle hard to bring up her children. In his work on a New England farm the boy, who was of the genuine Yankee type, seemed to be able to turn his hand to anything. One of the first things he undertook was to make an ox yoke, which was called a "thing of beauty." Afterwards he made almost every tool and article needed on the farm. A little later he was set to learn the jeweler's trade, with a relative. But a remarkable taste for books began to reveal itself while he was at this work, which led to his decision to earn a college education and become a minister.

There is an interesting story about him while he was yet a little boy. It was when he was eleven. His mother let him take a holiday by going to town on Muster Day, a great event in those times, when they had sham fights with Indians, and parades, such as boys like. His mother gave him seven cents to buy gingerbread, but said as she gave it that perhaps he would stop on the way at the home of a Mrs. Farrar, who had the missionary contribution box, and put in one or two of the cents. Before he got to the home of Mrs. Farrar he could not make up his mind how many he would give and how many he

would keep. When he reached the house he said to himself, "I'll just dump them all in." And so he did, and went without gingerbread.

He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1834 and later from Bangor Theological Seminary. He sailed as a missionary to Turkey in 1838, taking with him as his bride a delightful young woman, who was Miss Henrietta Jackson, well adapted to be his helper. They both began at once to learn the language and in about a year opened up a school for the training of preachers and teachers in the mission. They met many difficulties, but the school proved a great success. It was fitted up with all sorts of appliances, which he was very skillful in making. Many students were greatly helped in getting an education by his workshop, as well as being taught the nobility of honest toil. He had a stove factory, a last factory, a flour mill, a laundry. One of his enterprises was to start a bakery in connection with his mill. This not only helped the poor Armenians, but when the Crimean War broke out the bakery supplied bread for the hospital where Florence Nightingale labored, as also for the English camp. He built more ovens and contracted to furnish from twelve to twenty thousand pounds of bread a day to the army. Then, seeing how the sick and wounded soldiers suffered for want of clean clothes, Dr. Hamlin invented a great washing machine. He made six of the machines, and, with help, they turned out 3,000 articles washed per day. Dr. Hamlin once said that he had been credited with sixteen professions, but that of washerwoman was the one of which he was most proud.

In 1860 he began the work, his greatest, of founding Robert College, near Constantinople. It was named in honor of the principal donor, Dr. Hamlin's intimate friend, Mr. Christopher Robert, of New York.

On account of its fine educational work this missionary college has been called the "Lighthouse of the East."

Dr. Hamlin died in this country at Lexington, Massachusetts, on August 8, 1900, at the great age of 89 years, honored as a teacher, scholar, missionary, inventor, administrator, and statesman. I hope you will read when you can his autobiography, *My Life and Times,* which is one of the most interesting missionary books ever written. —H.

125

THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO ALASKA

(Missions)

When I was a young boy there was a missionary whose name I most often heard mentioned in my home and in our church. It was that

of Mrs. A. R. McFarland. She was not a missionary to Alaska at that time, though afterwards she was the first missionary to be regularly appointed to that territory. Her history is very wonderful indeed, for she was a pioneer of dauntless courage and indomitable spirit, her life story fascinating indeed.

The reason I heard so much of her in my boyhood and later was that my own early home was in or near Steubenville, Ohio, and this young girl was educated at the Steubenville Seminary, which was well known in all that region for its excellence. Rev. Dr. Charles C. Beatty, for whom one of my younger brothers is named, was the principal, and his charming wife, who was known as "Mother Beatty," mothered the girls of the school in a delightful way. It was one of the privileges of my early manhood to call frequently upon one of the young ladies in this seminary, also often to meet Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Beatty, and later Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Reid, who succeeded to charge of the school.

Mr. and Mrs. McFarland were first missionaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions in Illinois. Afterwards they were sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, the first missionaries of this Board to go there. In that difficult field they remained seven years, until Mr. McFarland's health broke down. A change was made to Idaho, where work was carried on among the Nez Percé Indians until May, 1876, when the husband died. After six months of loneliness, which proved too hard to endure, the wife went to Portland, Oregon.

It was there that she heard of Dr. Sheldon Jackson's explorations in Alaska. Mrs. McFarland was eager for new work, and hard work, and when Dr. Jackson came back just as eager for some one to return with him to that new and desolate field, Mrs. McFarland was ready to go, though no one had gone before her from America.

When she got to Alaska she found so much to do that she had no time to think of her loneliness. It was in August, 1877, that she and Dr. Jackson had reached Fort Wrangell. It was rather surprising to hear a bell ringing in Wrangell and to see an Indian going up and down the street using it. This proved to be a call to an afternoon school, for it was found that there had been a small beginning in the way of teaching. It had been made by a young man named Philip MacKay, a Christian native from Canada. His real name was Clah, and he had belonged to the Methodist Mission at Fort Simpson. He had come to Fort Wrangell to cut wood a year before, and in response to a piteous cry from the natives for a teacher he had opened a little school and stayed to teach the best he could. He had had this school about a year when Mrs. McFarland arrived. He turned the school over to her and though thirty years of age entered it as a pupil himself.

There were thirty scholars on that August day when the new

teacher began her work, a faithful Indian woman doing her best as an interpreter. In the afternoon her pupil, Clah, the former teacher, preached a sermon, which was interpreted into the Stickeen language.

The first schoolroom was an old dance hall, and the new teacher began with four Bibles, four hymnbooks, three primers, thirteen first readers, and one wall chart. Nothing daunted she went on, with such native help as she could get, and taught the ordinary elementary English branches.

She was the only Christian white woman in the country and soon became almost everything to the people—nurse, doctor, undertaker, preacher, teacher, practically mayor, and director of affairs generally, for the people came to her for every sort of help and advice. People outside began to hear of her and plead with her to come to them. One old Indian from a far-away tribe came and pleaded: "Me much sick at heart—my people all dark heart—nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and by my people die and go down—dark, dark."

Mrs. McFarland kept writing home for help. When Dr. Jackson got back to the States he was asked if he had left that cultivated woman up there alone. He said, "Yes, I did. And she has neither books, nor schoolhouse, nor helpers, nor money, nor friends—only a few converted but untaught Indians and a great many heathen about her." In the course of time helpers came, in 1878 two of them being the later distinguished Dr. S. Hall Young with Mrs. Young Dr. Young relieved Mrs. McFarland as much as he could, taking the teaching work, while she trained the pupils in cooking, washing, ironing, mending, and in all housewifely arts. Mrs. Young also taught till the coming of Miss Dunbar to be a permanent assistant. So helpers came one by one, and the work has grown ever since. After twenty years of service Mrs. McFarland came home, broken in health, yet able to go about and tell many the story of Alaskan Missions. She died on October 12, 1912.

Do you not think, boys and girls, that she had a very thrilling and useful life? There is no telling how much good one person can do who is wise and true and devoted to Christ and His cause.—H.

126

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER

Of course you know, boys and girls, that the Bible is the greatest and best book of all to teach us how to live, how to do right, how to please our heavenly Father. It tells us how to be successful in life too. One of the things it says is that "godliness is profitable in all things,

having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." But this morning I am going to give you another verse that is not in the Bible. It is part of an interesting old fable that is found in Greek mythology. Probably you have heard it. I am sure the older boys and girls have, and most of your fathers and mothers. But it is worth telling again and hearing again, and trying to heed too. The story is about Hercules and the wagoner.

As a wagoner was driving a heavy cart along a bad road, the wheels stuck fast in the mud and the horses could not pull it out.

The man did not make the least effort to help himself. He dropped on his knees and began calling for Hercules to come and help him out of his troubles.

"Lazy fellow!" said Hercules, "get up and urge on your horses. Put your shoulder to the wheel. Heaven helps only those who help themselves."

Do you know what that story means? If not, ask your father when you get home. He'll tell you.—H.

127

GOOD TEMPER

Lots of people have the mistaken idea that they are here in the world to make themselves very happy and everybody besides very good. The truth is exactly the opposite of that. We have one to make good, many to make happy. Now a sweet-tempered boy or girl makes every one glad who comes near; but if a boy is selfish and crabbed, if a girl is peevish and screws up her face in that strange fashion which some little girls have, everybody is made uncomfortable.

The most wonderful dream that Dorothy ever had was about a tea party of dolls. She dreamed that she was pouring out tea to her dolls, as indeed she very often did. But the strange thing was that in the dream the dolls seemed to be alive. She heard herself say, "Now, Miss Rose, may I give you some delicious tea?" And the doll named Rose said, "No! You know I don't like tea, why didn't you have some lemonade?" And her words were so rude that Dorothy's face went red with shame at her. "Miss Pink, won't you take some biscuits?" And Miss Pink said, "No! I hate biscuits." Dorothy felt quite wretched at such unheard-of rudeness and said sternly, "You are spoiling the party; what makes you behave so badly?" "Well," they said, "you taught us; we heard you say such

things, and you can't expect people with sawdust insides to behave better than real live girls." "But I don't behave like that when I'm out at a party," said Dorothy. And they said, "It's just as bad to do it when you're at home." Dorothy never forgot that dream.

It is a great pity to hear boys or girls snapping and finding fault. I think that a child's religion is centered in being kind and loving and helpful; and I do not think that such things are far away from the center of the religion of grown people too.

Sometimes you are ready to blame somebody else for being cross. "Please," you say, "it was not my fault; he began it." But it is almost as bad to carry it on as it is to begin it. There were two squirrels who lived together so happily that they never had a cross word. One day one of them said, "Let us get up a quarrel, for a change; two-legged people quarrel, so why shouldn't we?" "All right," said the other, "but how?" They tried all sorts of ways, but it was no good; they could not quarrel. One or the other was always giving in, and the quarrel never came off. At last the one who had made the suggestion brought two acorns, and said he, "Now you are to say that those acorns are yours, and I'll say that they are mine; then we shall have a quarrel and fight like the two-legged folk. Now all is ready. I'll begin. These acorns are mine." And the other said, "Very well, you are quite welcome to them." And the first replied, "You simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel?"

Ah! if we only understood one another better we should never quarrel at all, and we should be ever so much kinder than we are. I know a boy who had bought an ugly valentine to send to his school teacher. "Auntie," said he, "she is a horrid thing, so cross." And he showed his aunt a wretched print of a bony woman shaking her fist at some boys. His aunt answered, "Jack, I would not send it if I were you; perhaps there is another side of the story. Your teacher may have been tired and worried with something that you know nothing about." But Jack made up his mind so firmly that his aunt promised to post his letter for him. At school next morning he was ready to be defiant, but his teacher's smile was so kind that he was puzzled. When twelve o'clock came she asked him to stay behind. "It's coming now!" he thought, and braved himself up. "Jack, I want to say how sorry I am that I was unkind to you yesterday, but" ("Oh, my gracious!" said Jack under his breath) "I was very anxious and troubled all day" (and Jack thought of his aunt's words and wished that he had not sent that valentine) "and when your letter came, I cried. I could not help it" (and Jack turned red with shame, and was beginning to stammer out an excuse). "It was so sweet of you; I shall have it framed. See, here it is." And there was a picture of St. Cecilia, more beautiful than Jack could tell; for his aunt had slipped that inside the envelope instead. That night at bedtime Jack said,

"Auntie, it was I that was horrid, and I'm not going to do it again." All that his aunt said was, "So there was another side to it."

If we could but see the other side! Well; we can always try to think of it, even if we can't see it.

"A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine,
'Good-morning!' that's the golden key,
That unlocks every day for me.

"When evening comes, 'Good-night!' I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, 'If you please!'
I take from off my bunch of keys.

"When friends give anything to me,
I use a little 'Thank you!' key.
'Excuse me! beg your pardon!' too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

"Or if unkindly hurt I've given,
'Forgive me!' I shall be forgiven,
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto: 'Be ye kind!' "

—Rev. Bernard J. Snell.

128

THE CONSCIENCE CLOCK

You boys and girls are very pleased when you become the proud owners of watches, and cannot help taking them out of your pockets every few minutes to look at them. Well, do you know, our heavenly Father has given to each one of us a splendid present of a clock which we carry about with us wherever we go. It is called a conscience. It does not say, "Tick! Tick! Tick!"—but, "Yes! No! Yes! No! Right! Wrong! Right! Wrong!" and if you do not treat it well it stops.

Now there are three things about this most wonderful clock that I would like you to remember. You must do so if you want it to keep in order, for the works are very delicate.

Firstly, it is an eight-day clock. You know what that means? It

must be wound up very carefully every eight days, if it is not to run down. I remember when I was a boy I held the very responsible position of winding up the dining-room clock every Sunday morning. I don't think I ever forgot to do so. This is just what we have all come to church to do this Sunday morning. We pray and we sing to God. This is how we wind up our conscience clocks.

Secondly, it is a clock which needs to be regulated at certain times. It may go too fast or too slow. The dust that flies about in the streets and play fields and schoolrooms may get into the inside. Easter, Christmas, or communion seasons are the best times to regulate our conscience clocks—that is, to find out what they have gained or lost. The Bible says, you know, "Let a man examine himself."

Thirdly, it is an alarm clock. You will, perhaps, understand better what this means when you are a little older, though some of you may have already heard the alarm. If one forgets about God and becomes careless, does wicked deeds and falls asleep in sin, then some day, suddenly, the alarm rings out—"Awake to righteousness, and sin not!" God Himself sets the alarm to awaken us before it is too late.

Boys and girls, learn to treat your conscience clocks well and they will keep good time and never stop, and God will be very pleased that you are so careful of His splendid gifts. Above all, never forget to do your best to keep them right to the minute by "looking unto Jesus" every day of the week. He is always ready to help you to "get right with God" if you but ask Him.—J. S. McK.

129

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT LIE

It is not George Washington I am going to tell you about this morning, boys and girls. It is about a Moslem boy over in the Near East.

How many of you boys and girls feel that it is easy to tell the truth at all times? How many feel that telling the truth may sometimes bring us into difficulties? This is sometimes the case when we have done wrong, and resolve to "own up." My story this morning is about a Moslem boy named Hasan, who was an orphan rescued in one of the Near East orphanages. At one time a lie would have been such an easy way out of his trouble, but he chose to tell the truth, no matter what the cost.

From the very first day of his entrance into the orphanage Hasan became knight errant to the lovely American lady who was "mother" to all the orphan boys and girls there. It was the proudest day of his

life when she called him to her office and told him that he should have the care of it. She showed him how to sweep the floor and dust the furniture without disturbing what was on her desk.

Clumsily at first, but with utmost care Hasan went about his new task. But one day as he was dusting the lady's chair the corner of his loose pocket brushed across her desk. It caught her watch, which was too near the edge. With a crash it struck the floor and the crystal flew off in splinters. Hasan turned and saw what had happened with a sickening feeling of horror. To him the watch seemed a priceless thing. Moreover, it belonged to the person he well-nigh worshiped. And now, he had returned her goodness by carelessly destroying her choicest possession. With terror in his heart he fled from the room.

All day long Hasan was in torture. When he opened his lesson book he could see no words, only the picture of a broken watch. It looked up at him from his plate of beans at mealtime; he saw it on the playground; it followed him to bed and kept him awake thinking, "What shall I do, what shall I do?" Perhaps by now she thought the cat had done it. Happy thought! He would go to her room as usual and pretend to have no knowledge of it. But he could not bring himself to do this. He hastened there early, went nervously through his work, and dashed out again before she should come in the door.

Three days of misery, and then he could stand it no longer. He decided he would ask the friendly old gateman what he should do. The old man grinned, "Nothing easier, my son. Tell her when you entered her room that morning you found the cat on her desk. If she asks questions, I will swear I saw the cat jump in through the window."

Ah, that was the very thought Hasan had been fighting for days. And here it was again. He was suddenly furious at the old man. "Tell a lie to her who saved me from misery and has taken the place of my mother a hundredfold? Shame on your white beard! No, I will go and tell her all and then flee from her anger, out again into the bitter world."

So saying he ran quickly to his lady's room and without word or greeting he poured out his sorry tale. Then quickly he turned to leave lest he see the look of anger in her face or hear her words of bitter reproach. But before he could reach the door, her voice gentle, sweet, and tender stopped him.

"Hasan, my son, come back," she said. Then he looked up into her face. To his amazement he saw not alone sympathy and love, but pride, yes, pride in him.

"Hasan," she said, "the truth is worth more to me than all the watches in the world. The crystal can be restored, but had you lied to me, your soul would have been marred forever. You have kept your honor whole, and I am proud of you." She laid the watch in his hand.

"Will you take it to the goldsmith's and ask him to replace the crystal?"

Aren't you glad that Hasan told the truth? Let us try to be like him. We have better opportunities to know what is right than Hasan had, for he was just a Moslem boy. We are Christian boys and girls, and Christ will give us grace for every duty if we ask Him. It was the Spirit of Christ that helped Hasan. Let us cling closely to Christ, seek His help always, and be truthful always.

130

THE ELEVATOR BOY

I have heard it said, boys and girls, that the elevator man has many ups and downs in life. That is true, I am sure, though that remark is altogether a play upon words. But boys and girls all like heroes and to hear about heroes. I am going to tell you this morning a story about an elevator boy who was a true hero. The story is told by Rebecca Harding Davis in *The Girls' Friend.*

She says:

There was a lean, freckle-faced boy who, a year or two ago, ran the elevator up and down in an old, shackly office building in Philadelphia. I often went up in it, but certainly I never suspected "Billy" of any noble quality which raised him above other boys, high as was Saul among his brethren.

But one day the house began to shudder and roar to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell amid the shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets. And Billy, as these walls came crashing down, ran his old lift up to the topmost story and back again, crowded with terrified men and women. He did this nine times. Only one side of the building was now standing. The shaft of the elevator was left bare, and swayed to and fro. The police tried to draw the boy out of it, and the mass of spectators yelled with horror as he pulled the wire and began to rise above their heads.

"There's two women up there yet," said Billy stolidly, and he went up to the top, facing a horrible death each minute, and knowing that he faced it. Presently through the cloud of dust the lift was seen coming jerkily down with the three figures on it. As it touched the ground the whole building fell with a crash. The women and the boy came out on the street unhurt, and a roar of triumph rose from the crowd. Scores had been saved by the fidelity of the heroic elevator boy.

But it was six o'clock, and Billy slipped quietly away in the dusk and went home to his supper; for your real hero does not care to remain for the shouts and clapping of hands.

131

LESSONS FROM THE FLOWERS

TEXT: *"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."* Matthew 6:28.

In these words we have one of the beautiful similes uttered by our Saviour, and it teaches a very great lesson.

I. Did you ever consider the fact that the flowers of the field are one of the most mysterious as well as one of the most beautiful creations of God? There is something sublime about them. They grow and flourish to-day, and to-morrow they wither away and die. And yet their existence seems to be almost human. If we are kind to them, they will bless us with their beauty and perfume, but at deeds of unkindness they will wither away before our eyes.

II. They lead a life worthy of being imitated by any human being. For if man was created in the image and likeness of God, the flowers must have been endowed with His spirit of love and His gentle disposition. They sway gracefully before the caresses of the wind, and yet are contented to remain rooted to one spot of earth. They are satisfied to stand as lonely sentinels in some out-of-the-way place and to send forth their fragrance upon a desert air. They are ready to give their perfume, their beauty, and even their existence to cheer the dejected, and adorn the cottage of the poor as royally as the mansion of the rich.

III. Just think what a different world this old earth soon might become if we imitated the flowers and took as much pleasure in comforting the poor as in catering to the whims of the rich. And if we would live without pride and give of our worldly possessions to satisfy the needs of humanity; if we would obey the second great commandment given by our Lord, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matthew 5:43), then we, like flowers, could live without anxiety and die without pain.—Rev. Robert Lee Campbell.

132

GROWING GOOD HABITS

Most of you boys and girls have seen a phonograph—a wonderful instrument into which some one speaks, and then it gives back the same words with the same accent as many times as the wheel is turned.

But within each one of us, in the brain, there is a more wonderful recorder than the phonograph. A recording angel lives in the brain; its name is "Memory," it holds everything, and there is no such thing as forgetting.

In a hotel one day a boy who had a diamond pin was scratching on the window. A man said to him, "Boy! stop that." "Why?" "Because you can't rub it out." That is what happens inside in the brain. Nothing is rubbed out nor can be.

You know how your little baby at home imitates you in the signs you make and in the things you do. But do you know that you imitate yourself? We all are always doing that—imitating ourselves, until at last we find that we are in a groove and cannot get out of it. That is the way in which habits grow.

Did you notice, when you were at the Zoological Gardens, the colors of some of the animals? The leopard spotted; the lion tawny; the tiger striped; do you know why? The leopard, for I do not know how many scores and scores of generations, has lived in the forest, and its coat is spotted like the leaves and shadows of the leaves; so that when a hunter passes by he may scarcely see the leopard. And the lion's skin is tawny because the lions have lived in the sandy desert; and the tiger's skin is striped like the great grass of the jungle. So that in their dwelling places, these animals, unconsciously of course, have imitated what was outside them. Indeed, if they had not done so, they would not have been able to live through to this day, as they have done through their powers of concealment. Much in the same way we almost as unconsciously imitate what is going on outside. It is not our coats that acquire marks, but our very selves, and there is no rubbing out.

Now, you boys and girls are sent to school to learn good habits. We grown-up people are bundles of habits and little else, and you will be the same by and by. Those who love and serve God best become bundles of good habits. Sometimes at school it is terribly dull keeping on and keeping on! Ah! you have probably heard of the railway engine which grew sulky and discontented with its lot; how it said to itself, "Here am I day after day running along these straight level lines, and there is not a horse in all the kingdom that is not free to scamper over the fields and meadows!" And that engine became quite unmanageable, until one day it bounded clean off the line, and what happened! Well, it ploughed up the ground for a few yards and then stopped altogether, a wreck. And you and I, as we go through life, unless we are careful to go along the line which God meant us to travel, shall work mischief for ourselves and for those around us. Whether we like it or not, we are creatures of habit; and however hard your duties, the most difficult things become simple if you keep on, on!

Remember that all bad habits are related to one another, and if you take one of the family in you do not know how many you may have to lodge. What do I mean? Here is the simplest example I can think of. Suppose you are lazy. To-morrow you will not be punctual to your post of duty, wherever it may be, and then you will have to apologize and make excuses and perhaps to lie. One fault leads to another. That I suppose to be the reason why wise Plato had written up over his school door, "Let no one enter here who is ignorant of geometry." He thought that without accuracy there would be no chance of any of the virtues which he tried to implant.

Good habits are the court dress of heaven. When we stand before God we have to wear a court dress. What is it? Why, a robe of righteousness. What is that? Habits of goodness. Virtue is just the habit of doing good; and into that habit Jesus helps us to grow.—Rev. Bernard J. Snell.

133

BOYS, LOOK OUT FOR YOUR RIGHTS
(Independence Day)

Next Wednesday is the Fourth of July, Independence Day. Sometimes people talk on the Glorious Fourth a good deal about their rights —especially about national rights. I am going to talk more especially to the boys this morning, though it will not do the girls any harm to hear what I say. I will give this little sermon or talk a title: It is this, "Boys, Look Out for Your Rights!"

There are some boys who do not get all their rights. That means that they do not get some things that they really ought to have. Here are some of the things to which every boy has a right, and for which he ought to strive with all his might.

First, a boy has a right to a strong body. Anything that others do to prevent this, or that he himself does to hinder it, is a wrong to a boy.

Second, a boy has a right to a clear, strong brain. This means that he has a right to study.

Third, a boy has a right to tools. He deserves to have his fingers educated. He has a right to work.

Fourth, a boy has a right to friends—friends that will make him more manly. Because it helps friendship as well as bodily strength, he has a right to play.

Fifth, a boy has a right to character. He has a right to be measured not by what he can earn but by what he can be.

These are not all your rights, boys, but some of them. Anyway, look out for these.

134

THE LION AND THE FOUR OXEN
(*Independence Day*)

During this week we are to celebrate Independence Day, the Fourth of July. As an appropriate story I am bringing you that fable of the lion and the four oxen. It is a fable more than two thousand five hundred years old, for it was written by an old Greek author by the name of Æsop at a time more than five hundred years before the Christian Era—that is before the birth of Christ, or the first Christmas Day. Like all of Æsop's fables this one has a moral, and one application of the moral is to our nation and to the thoughts appropriate to Independence Day.

This is the story: Four oxen were such great friends that they used always when feeding to keep together. A lion watched them for many days with longing eyes, but never being able to find one apart from the rest, was afraid to attack them. Whenever he came near they turned their tails to one another so that whichever way he approached them he was met by the horns of one of them. He at length succeeded in awakening a jealousy among them, which ripened into a mutual aversion, and they strayed off at a considerable distance from each other. The lion then fell upon them singly and killed them all.

The moral is, "United we stand, divided we fall." And that saying is the motto of the United States of America. That saying is stamped upon many of our coins, and it was a great inspiration to many people when our colonies were separate, inducing them to band themselves together, and when our country, later, was in danger of division. Yes, as states in our Republic, united we stand, divided we fall. As communities this is true, united we stand, divided we fall. As churches this is true, united we stand, divided we fall. As the Sunday-school classes to which you belong this is true, united we stand, divided we fall. This is true also of our families, united we stand, divided we fall. Boys and girls, let us learn the lesson, in union there is strength. United we stand, divided we fall. Now, let us hear the text of this little Independence Day sermon. It is in the words the apostle Paul wrote to the Philippian Christians: "Fulfill ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." (Philippians 2:2–4.)—H.

135

A THREEFOLD LOYALTY
(Independence Day)

TEXT: *"Thou shalt have good success."* Joshua 1:8.

Every boy and girl needs to possess the spirit of loyalty. We cannot do very much if anything worth while unless there is within us a desire to be wholeheartedly loyal to Jesus Christ. The battle against evil calls for courage, consecration, concentration, and unfailing loyalty to our Saviour and to His desires and purposes for us. This morning I want to mention at least three directions in which we may show our loyalty to Christ and prove to the world that we are not cowards.

I. For one thing, as boys and girls, we can show our loyalty to Christ—that we are His true disciples—by truthfulness—by always speaking the truth. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are His delight." We are to speak the truth every time and all the time. President Harding once said to his reporters, "Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong." This is good advice, and by so doing "thou shalt prosper."

II. Then, too, we can show our loyalty to Christ and that we are His true young disciples by honesty. "Honesty is the best policy." Success comes to the boy or girl who is honest, and truthful, whose loyalty to Jesus Christ is genuinely real. Be honest. Pride yourselves on your honesty. Be honest with yourself, with Jesus Christ, and with others, so honest that every one who knows you will honor and love you. No one has any respect for a dishonest boy or girl. Don't be hasty, thoughtless, false. Be honest, honorable, and true. Let your loyalty to Christ show itself in absolute honesty. You never need be ashamed of truthfulness and honesty. It is untruthfulness and dishonesty that will make you ashamed. So we must try our hardest, our very hardest, and with God's help, to be truthful and honest.

The old way, the steady way, is the right way and the best way. It takes a brave boy, a brave girl, with a brave heart to be honest and truthful all the time, but it pays in the long run. "Thou shalt have success." Make up your mind that you will be truthful and honest, unselfish and kind every day in the future, so that it will be easy for others to see your unfailing loyalty to Jesus Christ.

III. Also we can show our loyalty to Christ by absolute faithfulness. You and I are permitted to choose whether we shall be faithful,

honest, and truthful, or unfaithful, dishonest, and untruthful. What is our decision? Jesus Christ expects us to give to Him this threefold loyalty in everything and all through life. One command we should always remember. It is this, "Be thou faithful." When we are faithful to God, faithful to duty, faithful in all our attempts to carry out our best purposes, then we shall have good success. The proof of our loyalty and devotion to Jesus Christ is the zeal with which our lives are consecrated to the service of His kingdom in the truthfulness, honesty, and faithfulness of our devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ. Phidias was carving a beautiful statue to be placed on the top of a shaft of the Parthenon. A bystander remarked that no eye would ever notice any defect at that height. "No," said Phidias, "the eyes of man could not see defects there, but the eyes of God can." That spirit made his work divine. So will it be with us. By truthfulness, by honesty, by faithfulness, even when no one but God is looking, every boy and girl can make his life and her life a supreme success.—Rev. Alfred Barratt.

136

THE TEST OF OUR LOYALTY

(Independence Day)

TEXT: *"Lead us not into temptation."* Matthew 6: 13.

This is a prayer that Jesus taught to His disciples. He knew they would be tempted. He also knows that every boy and girl is tempted to do wrong, to be deceitful, to say unkind words, to do things they ought not to do.

A little girl had been told by her mother to come straight home from school. But when school was over some of her playmates wanted her to go with them for water lilies. They coaxed her very strongly, but she firmly refused. When she had left her companions she ran very quickly home. Just as soon as she was there she ran up to her mother and kissed her. The mother saw that her daughter seemed to be highly pleased over something; so she asked: "Darling, why are you so happy?" "Oh, Mamma," she answered, "you know you told me to come straight home from school; but I wanted to go to the pond for lilies, with the other girls. But all the time something in me kept saying, 'Don't go, don't go,' and I minded that voice. Now I feel so happy because I did."

We do not need to wonder why that little girl was so very, very happy, do we, boys and girls? I think we all know she was happy because she resisted the temptation to disobey her mother.

Now, it is not a sin to be tempted. Jesus Christ Himself was tempted. Yet He did not commit sin. We do not sin when we resist temptation, but we sin when we yield to temptation. So that while God allows us to be tempted, He very graciously invites us to come to Him in prayer, that we may gain strength to overcome.

Temptation is just a test. When God allows the evil one to tempt us He is just testing us to see whether we are good and true, faithful and loyal, or whether we are the opposite of these. There are many ways in which the boys and girls are tempted. Most of these ways we have heard about over and over again. Our parents and teachers have told us and warned us against them many, many times. But I think there is one peculiar temptation that presents itself to every boy and girl that we have not heard so very much about; in fact, it is not often spoken of, and yet I believe it is one of the most dangerous temptations that can come to any one. It is temptation to be disloyal to Jesus Christ.

Have you heard the story of that loyal-hearted Russian in the time of Napoleon? When the French army were invading Russia they came to a little Russian village. All the villagers saw the army coming and had made good their escape except one man—a Russian peasant. He was a woodsman and still carried his axe in his leather belt. When the French captain saw him he ordered him to be shot immediately. The soldiers fell in and leveled their guns; but the man did not seem frightened, but looked fearlessly down the barrels. The French captain saw that, although so suddenly confronted, yet not a muscle moved, and like a hero the man stood still. Immediately he ordered that his life should be spared. "But," said he, "we will put a mark on him—we will brand him." So the branding iron was brought out and placed in the fire. Then it was placed upon the poor fellow's hand. They saw the flesh burn and quiver, but the man never made a murmur. After the iron was taken off something was left—it was the letter "N." "What is that?" asked the brave fellow. "That is the letter 'N,' and it stands for Napoleon; you belong to Napoleon now," was the reply. The poor man did not know what to do or what to say. He was a loyal-hearted Russian, and he felt down deep in his heart that this was surely a test of his loyalty and patriotism. Then like a flash it dawned upon him just what to do. Placing his hand on something solid, he took his axe out of his belt and, swinging it high, brought it down with such might as severed the branded hand. "There," said he, "this may belong to Napoleon; but I am a Russian, and there is no part of me that does not belong to the Czar. If I must die, I will die a Russian."

That is loyalty; that is patriotism of the very highest kind. We need more men in the world to-day who are made of that kind of manliness. If you love God, say so; be loyal and true to Him always

and everywhere. Let nothing tempt you to disown Him. God needs all the loyal boys and girls to help Him win this world to Christ; while we are disloyal we hinder the work of God. Let us be loyal and true to Jesus, and whenever our loyalty is tested, let us remember the loyalty and the devotion of that noble Russian peasant. Let us imitate his bravery, and remember also that there is a God of power and that it is His strength that will enable us to overcome.—Rev. Alfred Barratt.

137

PATRIOTISM

(*Object Sermon. Independence Day*)

Equipment. A small American flag and a piece of cloth large enough to wrap around the flag.

Preparations. Have a boy to bring the flag and a girl to bring the piece of cloth.

Assistant. A boy to operate the flag.

What is this I have in my hand? Yes, it is a piece of cloth. I am going to put it on the floor here and ask Luke if he will come to the front and stand on it. None of you would think anything about his doing anything like that, would you? No, none of you would. We will have him get off of it now and we will examine this cloth. I am going to unfold it and see what we can find. Look at what was inside of the cloth—an American flag. Now what do we think of any person standing on the American flag? We do not like it very well, but none of you knew that that was in the cloth.

It is not the cloth that we think of when somebody stands on the flag. It is what the flag stands for that draws reverence and respect from each one of us. We think of many young men who have offered, and many who have given, their lives that America might live. We think of the thousands and millions of people who have lived to help America become a leading nation of the world. We think of the many things for which the United States has stood in world affairs. As we think of this we look with disdain and anger upon the person who would knowingly step on the American flag, for to us that means the tramping on everything in the past—but see Luke is waving the flag proudly over his head.

We find there are many laws in this nation. Have you ever heard any person speak lightly of some laws and rather boast of the fact that he or she has violated the law but was not caught? What is that person doing? He is deliberately throwing the Stars and Stripes to the ground and walking on them. He is as much of a traitor as the

one who would betray or fight against the flag that protects him. We as boys and girls should put a stop to all such treatment of our flag and our laws. You may not be able to do much right now, but in a few years from now you will be the leading citizens of the United States.

There is a patriotism toward God. We call this building a church. Wherein is it different from any other building? The wood is the same or similar to that in other buildings. It is that for which this building stands, God and His work. In being disrespectful toward this building we are disrespectful to God Himself. We do not want to be that way, do we?—Rev. Leslie Dunkin.

138

WHAT THE LIBERTY BELL SAID

(Independence Day)

Don't you always feel glad that it was a boy who helped send out the news that our Congress in the State House in Philadelphia had decided that our country was to be free? On the morning of the fourth day of July the old bell ringer of the State House had been up in the steeple waiting to ring his bell if Congress should adopt the Declaration of Independence. He had put a boy down at the door to send him up word as soon as there should be any news.

Hour after hour went by, and no news came, for our statesmen were thinking soberly before they could really make up their minds to say that we should break away from England for all time. The old bell ringer said, "They will never do it; they will never do it!" And then suddenly there was a great shout from below, and there stood the boy clapping his hands and crying, "Ring! Ring!" The old man caught the clapper of the bell in his hands and swung it back and forth a hundred times, and every time the bell called out "Free! Free! Free!"

There is a strange thing about the words engraved on that bell. They say, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to the inhabitants thereof," and yet those words were put there when the bell was cast in 1753, which was more than twenty years before we ever thought of being free from England and an independent country.

The splendid old bell did its work and stands now in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, where we can see it when we go to that city.

Little silver Liberty Bells have been made. There is a school in New York that has one, and the last day of school they ring it once for every year of our independence. How many is that this year?

139

FAITH IN OTHERS
(Object Sermon)

Equipment. A roasted peanut in the hull.

Preparations. Since this is to be a surprise for the boys and girls, bring the peanut to the pulpit without their knowledge. Announce about three weeks ahead of time that on a certain date there will be brought to the meeting something that nobody has ever seen. This will be shown to the boys and girls and then will be placed where nobody will ever see it again. Announce this as often as possible previous to the time for it, as curiosity forms a strong drawing card for this talk.

Assistant. A boy or girl to eat the peanut.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) Will some boy or girl tell us what I promised to show you this morning? James, you tell us. Yes, I said that I was going to show you something that nobody had ever seen before and then I was going to put it where nobody would ever see it again. Now I will need some help to do all of this, so I am going to ask Florence to stand with me here to see that I do what I have promised and to help me.

Let's think for a moment about what I am going to do. I have promised to show you something that nobody has ever seen. It has been necessary for me to get this and bring it here without seeing it and without anybody else seeing it. Can you imagine how that can be done? No, the person who gave it to me had never seen it, nor has anybody else. Then, too, I promised to take this unseen thing and show it to you so that everybody here can see it. We will be the first ones who have ever seen it. After looking at it closely and examining it, I will then place it away where nobody will ever see it again. No, we ourselves will never see it again, nor will anybody else. We will be the only ones to see it.

I am going to put my hand in my pocket and take that thing in my hand. There, I have it all closed up tight in my hand. Now, how many of you believe that I have such a thing and can do as I said? Raise your hands. Now, be honest. How many think I can't? Raise your hands.

Let's look at it. Yes, it is a peanut, and somebody has seen this before. I will take the hull off. There is the kernel. Nobody has ever seen that before, has he? Look at it sharply. Now, how many believe that I have showed you something nobody has seen before? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you can believe it now.

Now let's finish our promise. Florence, you open your mouth. There, I have put it in her mouth and she has eaten it. Will anybody ever see that peanut kernel again? No, nobody ever will.

How many believe that I can do as I promised at first? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you believe it now, because I have done it.

There is a little word called "faith." Those of you who were sure I could do as I had promised, before I did it, had faith in me and my word. Those who were sure I could not did not have faith in me and my word. After I did it, then you had faith in me. Now, if I were to say I could do something else that might seem to be impossible, how many would have faith enough in me to believe that I could do it? Raise your hands. Yes, all of you have faith in me now.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

140

FAITH IN JESUS
(Object Sermon)

Equipment. An electric light.

Preparations. If the room does not happen to have electric lights, no doubt some boys has some dry batteries and an electric bulb or a flashlight that can be used.

Assistant. A boy or girl to press the button or turn on the lights.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) I am going to ask Charles to come here and press this button. Can any boy or girl tell me what will happen when Charles presses this button? Yes, that light will come on—and it has, hasn't it? Can one of you tell me why the light came on when Charles pressed the button? Do we know all about electricity? No, we know very little about it. We know what it will do, but we know practically nothing of what it is itself. We will have Charles press the button again. There, the light has gone out. Since we know so very little about electricity, why is it we know that by pressing the button we will get the light? Yes, it's because we have done it before and somebody told us at first that it would do that.

Jesus has told us that if we will give our hearts and our lives to Him, he will turn on a light within us. He has promised to turn our wicked hearts into good ones. Instead of doing naughty things, we will want to do only those things that are good. Instead of being cross and quarrelsome, we will always be happy and cheerful with a smile on our faces. One day we will be the old boy and girl, and then the next day we will be changed to the new ones, just like the turning on of this light.

We do not know how this change is brought about, but we know

that such a change does come. Why? Because we have seen the change in others. Just like this light. We do not know how it is done, but we know that it does it, so we press the button. This change will come to each one of our lives if we will only press the button, by letting Jesus come into our hearts and have complete control of them.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

141

THE STORY OF A JAPANESE BOY
(Missions)

Boys are boys and girls are girls wherever you find them, all over the world. I am sure that if you boys and girls to whom I am speaking this morning knew many of the boys and girls of other countries you would like them. The reason we are not more interested in them is that they live so far away and we do not know them.

Now this morning I am going to tell you about a Japanese boy. His name was Joseph Neesima. When he was a young chap in his teens he read in a Chinese book the words, "In the beginning God." As we know, these are the first words of our Bible. These words awakened in his soul a great desire to know more about God. Then he noticed another thing, that the idols of wood and stone and metal did not really eat the food that was placed before them in the heathen worship. So he ceased to reverence them.

Then he came across some books on the United States and on Christianity, and he longed to know more about both. He earned his way across the ocean to America by waiting on the table, being called "Joe." Arrived in America, he gained the interest of the ship's owner, a very noble-hearted man named Alpheus Hardy, whose name he took for his middle name. So his full name was Joseph Hardy Neesima. Mr. Hardy put him through Phillips Academy and Amherst College. Afterwards he visited Europe, and his reports became the foundation of Japan's present system of schools. Going to Japan, he opened a Christian college, the Doshisha, which started with only eight pupils but became a great Christian institution. He was its president and made it a university.

His life was one long self-sacrificing effort for Japan, and when he died a building holding 3,000 persons was filled at the funeral, and the procession was a mile and a half long.

To-day no name is more highly honored in Japan than that of Joseph Neesima.

A few years ago Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, then Secretary for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was stand-

ing by Neesima's grave upon the heights above the great city of Kyoto, when a well-dressed Japanese, not a Christian, stopped before the simple stone which marks the resting place and, after clapping his hands after the manner of worship in the Shinto temples, bowed himself low and appeared to be muttering a prayer. Dr. Barton stood in silence, and when the prayer was ended, a missionary stepped to the worshipper and asked him if he had ever known Mr. Neesima. "No," was the reply, "but he did so much for Japan, and especially for my son, who was once his pupil, that I come here whenever I can and pray to his spirit."

To the present day from his school there has gone forth a constant stream of consecrated Japanese youth, prepared for loyal Christian service among their people. The school began in 1875, as I said, with only eight pupils.

Of course he had many discouragements, but he never gave up. Characteristic sayings of his, often repeated in his quaint words when tempted to turn aside from what he felt to be the course for him were, "A plough is on my hands"; "I must work for my Lord." He wrote once, "I feel we ought to strike out from Christians' conversation and writing the terms 'hopeless' and 'discouraged.' "—H.

142

THE CAREER OF A COBBLER

(*Missions*)

There once lived not very far from London a shoemaker. He was fifteen years old when our Declaration of Independence was signed. I presume he had already begun to use the awl and drive pegs. Just a shoemaker—and somehow the world has never expected great things of shoemakers. But this young man was not an ordinary shoemaker. There was one book he especially loved. It was the story of Captain Cook's voyage around the world. It made him put a map of the world upon the wall of the shop, and day after day he looked up at that map, and wondered about the people who lived in those lands beyond the sea which Captain Cook had visited. He did not simply wonder about them. He grew tremendously interested in them. Captain Cook and his men had found the people of those far-away lands to be heathen—savages, many of them; cannibals, some of them. This shoemaker thought about Jesus's command to go into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation. Why had it not been done? He knew he had to study before he could do anything. So he bought a Latin grammar and began to teach himself Latin. He be-

came a minister, and settled as pastor over a little church. But the people were too poor to pay him enough to live on. He taught school and cobbled shoes for a living.

Always to his own people, to his brother ministers, he talked about sending the gospel to the heathen. He wrote on that subject. He preached sermons. He pleaded with tears in his eyes. But nobody would hear him. At last he succeeded in persuading a few friends that it could be done and ought to be done. In 1792, just three hundred years after Columbus discovered America, at the village of Ketering, in England, a missionary society was formed. Sixty-five dollars and fifty cents was raised, and with that little sum the working of carrying the gospel to the heathen was begun in dead earnest. And the praying shoemaker, William Carey, was sent out as the first missionary.

He went next year to India and settled near Calcutta. He had to toil for his own support, and he suffered terrible hardships. But all the while he was mastering the languages of India. He translated the Bible into several of them. He became one of the greatest language scholars that ever lived, a professor of languages in a college at Calcutta.

But Carey did more than become a missionary himself. His example inspired others, until hundreds had followed in his steps, and the great foreign missionary work was begun. Men called him "The Father of Modern Missions." That isn't quite true, but he did start a wonderful movement. You boys and girls are going to live to see that movement change the whole word. You will help, I am sure.

143

THE WOOD AND THE CLOWN

Some stories are easy to be understood, and some are not so easy. Those that are not so easy are good for us to sharpen our minds upon —as you sharpen a knife on a grindstone. For example, there is an old story about a farmer who had a field so full of stones that it was said he had to sharpen the noses of his sheep so they could get the grass between the stones! Now, that is not the story I had in mind, for that story, of course, is only a joke—a kind of joke that is called by a big name—an extravaganza. Some people call them "whoppers."

But the story I have for you this morning is about the wood and the clown, and you have got to do a little thinking to get the point of it. It is said that it is hard to see the point of a story when you are at the butt end of it; but you can see the point of this story, I am sure.

The story says that a clown entered a wood and looked about him as though he were in search of something. The trees, moved by curiosity, asked the clown what it was he wanted. He answered that all he wanted was a piece of good tough ash for a handle to his axe. The trees agreed that if that was all, he should have it. When, however, he had got it, and fitted it to his axe, he laid about him unsparingly, and the giants of the forest fell before his strokes. The oak is said to have spoken thus to the beech, in a low whisper: "To give well one must give wisely."

Helping some people, people that do bad things, is like giving them more power to do you and other people harm. Remember, to give well one must give wisely.—H.

144

WHO OWNS THE THUNDER?
(*Summer*)

TEXT: *"The Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day . . . and discomfited them."* I Samuel 7: 10.

God owns the rain, the wind, and thunder. If He owns them He can use them. There is no doubt about that. And that may be a great source of comfort to us when we are on God's side. Dr. John G. Paton, the well-known missionary to the New Hebrides, awoke one night to find the natives firing the church right by his home. Committing himself to God, he went to face the savages. He says, "They yelled in rage, and urged each other to strike the first blow, but the Invisible One restrained them. I stood invulnerable beneath His invisible shield.

"At this dread moment occurred an incident which my readers may explain as they like, but which I trace directly to the interposition of my God. A rushing and roaring sound came from the South like the noise of a mighty engine or of muttering thunder. Every head was instinctively turned in that direction, and they knew from previous hard experience that it was one of their awful tornadoes of wind and rain. The mighty roaring of the wind, the black cloud pouring down unceasing torrents, and the whole surroundings awed those savages into silence. Some began to withdraw from the scene, all lowered their weapons of war, and several, terror-struck, exclaimed, 'That is Jehovah's rain! Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them and helping them. Let us away!' "

Boys and girls, God owns thunder. That is Jehovah's rain. That

is Jehovah's wind. This is Jehovah's world. And "all things work together for good to them that love God."

I hope you will all learn not to be afraid of thunder, or lightning, or storm. Do not expose yourselves unnecessarily. But bear always in mind that this is our heavenly Father's world, and that you are His children, and that He promises to make all things work together for good to those who love Him.

145

A HANDFUL OF CORN
(*Summer*)

TEXT: *"There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains."* Psalm 72: 16.

I. Let us think of where the corn comes from. It does not come like anything else in the world. In the woods you may sometimes find a tree growing with a little round black fruit, hard and sour. It does not seem to be worth much by the side of the luscious plum from the garden. But that sloe, as it is called, is the plum in its wild state. The gardener takes it, and trains it, and cultivates it until it comes to be a larger and finer tree. So it is with the crab tree and its little bitter fruit—that is the wild apple. And so with the strawberry and all the fruit and plants in our gardens. They were found in a wild state, and they had to be cared for and cultivated before they were worth anything. But nobody ever found corn growing wild. Unlike everything else, corn is the special and peculiar gift of God, which he put into man's hand just as it is.

Now, if you will think for a moment, you will see how much this is like Jesus. He came a man amongst men, and yet He is separate from us, and unlike us all. He is the special gift of God to a perishing world. All the good and wise men amongst us have been evil. But Jesus was born without sin. We could never have found such a one as Jesus amongst us. He is the gift of God, the Bread of Life sent down from heaven. And it is pleasant to remember that Jesus was given to us in Bethlehem—that means, you know, "the House of Bread." Away on the Judean hills, then, in the House of Bread, God gave to us "the handful of corn."

II. Then think of another wonderful thing about the corn: it will grow all over the world. You learn of different things that grow in different countries—sugar in the West Indies, and tea in China, and spices and many kinds of trees in other places. But corn grows all over the world. No emigrant ever goes to a place where he can-

not sow corn and reap a harvest. In the tropics, where the sun beats down upon them with a sweltering heat, corn will grow. Up in the Arctic regions, where the people wrap themselves in skins of wild beasts and have little else but whales and seals, they can grow corn. Wherever man can live corn can grow. And is not that like our blessed Jesus? He says to us, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." No home but may have Him in it; no heart but Jesus will dwell there; no land under heaven but there men may find the Bread of Life.

III. And let us think again of what the corn is worth. A very little thing to talk about, this—"a handful of corn!" But, you know, corn is worth more than gold and all this splendor. Everybody wants bread. And this, too, is like Jesus. We all need Him. Children and old folks, the weak and the strong, the rich and the poor—none can do without Jesus. And we need Him more than everything. So we need not wonder that the Psalmist sang of "a handful of corn."

IV. And there is another reason why the Psalmist chooses it to sing about: because it has life in it. The man who has dug for gold comes to change his gold for bread, and the man who found a diamond sells his diamond to buy bread. And gold and diamonds belong to him who sowed the "handful of corn."

And so Jesus is like the handful of corn upon the top of the mountains; the prophet tells us that we "esteemed Him not," and "hid as it were our faces from Him"; there was no appearance of greatness in Him, or of power. "But in Him is life." He comes into our hearts, and we are made like Him, and from us others catch a grain of the good seed, and the life spreads from heart to heart and from soul to soul, until "the whole earth shall be filled with His glory."—M. G. P.

146

THE RIVER OF GOD

(*Summer*)

TEXT: *"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn when thou hast so provided for it."* Psalm 65: 9.

Now, boys and girls, if it were promised that you should see the "River of God," would you not expect some great and wonderful sight? And if then some one led you to the window and you saw the rain pouring down, would not you be much disappointed? "Why," you would say, "I see no river at all! I only see a great many drops

of rain." Yes; but that is what the Bible calls "the river of God, which is full of water."

Let us have a little talk about this wonderful river.

I. And, first where is its fountain? Every river, you know, has a spring or fountain—some pool or rocky cavern where it first springs up out of the deep dark earth. But where is the fountain from which the rain is fed? How is it that however much rain comes pouring down from the sky, till it seems as if the clouds must rain themselves quite away, more clouds full of rain are always ready? The fountain of the rain is the great ocean. When the sun shines on the sea it warms the water, and the water flies up into the air in invisible vapor or steam. So the air is always full of water, even when we cannot see a cloud in the sky. Then, when this steam gets high up in the air, where it is colder, it turns into little tiny drops, smaller than you can fancy, and these make the clouds. By and by these tiny drops turn into larger drops, and fall down to the earth in rain. And thus it is that "the river of God is full of water."

II. Where does this river flow? Other rivers flow along in channels of rock or earth; but the river of the rain flows through the air, confined by no banks. It flows above the mountains, north, south, east, or west, wherever the wind may carry it. And so it is ready to send down its refreshing streams on hill or valley or plain, just whenever and wherever it is wanted. It falls on the mountains and moors, and comes streaming down their sides in little waterfalls, gathering into rushing torrents. It sinks down deep into the earth and helps to fill the wells and springs. It falls on the pastures and meadows and makes the grass grow for the sheep and cattle; and on the woods, and makes the buds burst out into leaf; and on the fields, and feeds the corn and the turnips, which are to give food for man and beast; and on the gardens, and the flowers seem to rejoice in it and to praise God. Many a shower seems wasted; it falls on sandy deserts where nothing grows, or back into the sea from whence it came. Never mind, little raindrops, your turn will come! You have plenty of time! After you have rested awhile in the sandy waste or floated about awhile in the salt sea the sunshine will call you up again into the sky to help to fill "the river of God."

The snow, too, and the hail, are part of "the river of God." For when the clouds rise very high in the air it is so cold that they are frozen, and turn to snow; or sometimes the rain is frozen as it falls and then it is hail. And so the tops of all the highest mountains are covered with snow in summer as well as winter.

III. What does this river do? It feeds all the other rivers. The great fields of snow and ice on the lofty mountains are always melting and sending torrents roaring and leaping down their rocky channels which turns into peaceful streams when they reach the green valleys

and help to fill the great rivers. The rain which soaks deep down into the earth goes to fill the wells and fountains. There is not a drop of water you drink but once came down from the sky, perhaps years or hundreds of years ago, in rain, or hail, or snow. "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers came, thither they return again."

The "river of God" feeds all living things, both plants and animals. What? Do we eat the rain? Think a little. You eat bread and butter, and milk, and meat. But where does the bread come from? From the corn. And if there were no rain the corn would never grow, or if it began to grow it would wither. The cow gives milk and butter, and we eat the flesh of animals. But what do they eat? The grass, and turnips, and other things that grow out of the ground. And if the rain ceased, the grass and all plants and fruits of every sort would perish, and the whole face of the earth would become a dusty desert.

Perhaps you may remind me that in the land of Egypt, where there is no rain, the river Nile overflows the land and makes the harvest grow. True; but it is the rain which falls on the mountains far away in the South which fills the river and makes it overflow.

So, you see, all our food, as well as every draught we drink, comes to us from this wonderful river of the rain.—Rev. E. R. Conder.

147

THE LAMB WITH THE LONGEST TAIL

(*Early Summer*)

Whether you live in the country or not, I think all you boys and girls know that all the lambs of the flocks are born with long tails. Later, when you see the mamma sheep and the little lambs frisking about you will discover that all the lambs, like their mothers, have short tails. So this May morning I am going to tell you a story about the lamb with the longest tail. I do not know who is the author of the story, but I am going to tell it to you as I found it in a paper called "The Advocate and Guardian."

This is the way the story goes: There was once a lamb who had a longer tail than any of the rest of the flock, and, sad to say, it made him rather vain. When he first came, he was too busy drinking milk and learning to walk to think about tails, but as he grew older and stronger he began to know that he had the longest one. Because he was a very young lamb, he was so foolish as to tease the others and call out, "Baa! your tails are snippy ones!"

Then the others would call back, "Baa! Don't care if they are!"

After a while, his mother, who was a sensible sheep and had seen much of life, said to him: "You must not brag about your tail. It is very rude of you, and very silly, too, for you have exactly such a tail as was given to you, and the other lambs have exactly such tails as were given to them, and when you are older you will know that it did not matter in the least what kind of tail you wore when you were little."

The lamb didn't dare to boast of his tail after this, but when he passed the others, he would look at his mother, and if he thought she wouldn't see, he would wiggle it at them. Of course that was just as bad as talking about it, and the other lambs knew perfectly well what he meant.

One morning, when his mother's back was turned, he was surprised to see that she had only a short and stumpy tail herself.

"Mother," he cried, "why didn't you have a long tail, too?"

"I did have once," she answered.

"Did it get broken?" he asked in a faint voice. He was thinking how dreadful it would be if he should break his.

"Not exactly," said his mother. "I will tell you all about it. All little lambs have long tails——"

"Not as long as mine, though," said he, interrupting.

"No, not so long as yours," she replied, "but so long that if they were left that way always they would make a great deal of trouble. As the wool grows on them, they would catch burrs and sharp, prickly things, which would pull the wool and sting the skin. The farmer knows this, so when the little lambs are about as old as you are now, he and his men make their tails shorter."

"Oh!" cried the lamb, curling his tail in as far between his legs as he could, "do you mean that they will shorten my tail, my beautiful long tail?"

"That is just what I mean," said his mother, "and you should be very glad of it. When that is done, you will be ready to go out in the field with me. A lot of trouble we should have if the men did not look after such things for us; but that is what men are for, they say—to look after us sheep."

"But won't they laugh at me when my tail is shorter?" asked her son.

"They would laugh at you if you wore it long. No lamb who pretends to be anybody would be seen in the pasture with a dangling tail. Only wild sheep wear them long, poor things!"

There are a lot of lessons this story might teach, boys and girls. I am not going to try to find all of them for you. You can find them for yourselves. Of course there is one about the folly of pride and vanity. There is one about the importance of contentment with your lot in life. There is one about the wisdom of trusting the judg-

ment of older and wiser people. Oh, I beg pardon, I am suggesting lessons. Well, there are a lot more. You think them out. And if you don't find as many as you wish, when you get home ask Father and Mother the meaning of this little early summer sermon. They'll tell you.—H.

148

SHARPENING YOUR TOOLS

(Summer)

I am going to bring you a hot-weather sermon this morning, boys and girls. It will be a hot-weather sermon, for one thing, because it will be short, but also because it is about harvest, and harvest-time is hot-weather time. The boys and girls in the country know that this is midsummer and that the harvest of grain is being cut and gathered in. It is well for the boys and girls of the city also to keep track of what is going on in the country and be reminded of the reaping time.

The story I have for you this morning is one told about two farmers who were anxious to get their grain cut before rain should fall. The story belongs to the older days before reaping machines were used, when the grain was cut with scythes. The scythes were fastened onto wooden frames called "cradles," and the work was done by man power.

These two farmers, about whom the story is told, both awoke early and noticed clouds in the sky. One got his scythe and started to work immediately. He was so anxious to get a lot of work done before the rain should come that he decided he would not wait to do any sharpening. The second farmer did some thinking, then went for his scythe and took time carefully to sharpen it.

The fields where they were working were next to each other, and the second farmer noticed that his neighbor had quite a bit of grain cut before he got started with his own. However, by the time the rain commenced to fall the man who had taken time to sharpen his scythe had his field all cut, while his neighbor who would not take time to sharpen his tool was forced to quit before his field was finished.

He could see now how foolish he had been, for a dull scythe not only makes slow work, but the quality of the work done is poorer and the body of the worker is more tired. So, you see, there is loss both ways.

Now, boys and girls, we may think that we would never be foolish enough to work with blunt tools, but how about our daily work for our Master? I wonder if now and all our lives long we will consider

it wise to sharpen our tools, as it were, by prayer and meditation. Some one has well said: "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey." A few moments spent each morning in prayer and meditation, my young friends, will never hinder your success. It will steady you and calm you and quicken your thought. It will strengthen you and enable you to do more work and better work.

You remember that story of General Gordon who was in the habit of spreading a white handkerchief at his tent door while he was praying, that he might not be disturbed. Every soldier knew what this meant—that his commander was holding communion with God. Martin Luther used to say that to have prayed well was to study well. I want you all to get it well in mind, boys and girls, that the time we use in our devotions is not lost. It is sure to result in gain, as was true of the farmer who first sharpened his scythe.—H.

149

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE RAIN CLOUD

(Summer)

We have been having some very hot and dry weather. Your fathers and mothers have been wishing that it would rain, especially all who have farms or gardens or think about the needs of the crops in the country, even if they live in the city. The dry weather and the need of rain—these facts have brought to my mind an old story I think every boy and girl here will like, and will be glad to take its meaning into his or her heart. It is the story about the little rain cloud, and comes from the German. This is the way the story is told.

One hot summer morning a little cloud rose out of the sea and floated lightly and happily across the blue sky. Far below lay the earth, brown, dry, and desolate, from drought. The little cloud could see the poor people of the earth working and suffering in the hot fields, while she herself floated on the morning breeze, hither and thither, without a care.

"Oh, if I could only help the poor people down there!" she thought. "If I could but make their work easier, or give the hungry ones food, or the thirsty a drink!"

And as the day passed and the cloud became larger, this wish to do something for the people of the earth was ever greater in her heart.

On earth it grew hotter and hotter; the sun burned down so fiercely that the people were fainting in its rays; it seemed as if they must die of heat, and yet they were obliged to go on with their work, for they were very poor. Sometimes they stood and looked up at the

cloud, as if they were praying and saying, "Ah, if you could help us!"

"I will help you; I will!" said the cloud. And she began to sink softly down toward the earth.

But suddenly, as she floated down, she remembered something which had been told her when she was a tiny cloud-child, in the lap of Mother Ocean: it had been whispered that if the clouds go too near the earth they die. When she remembered this she held herself from sinking, and swayed here and there on the breeze, thinking—thinking. But at last she stood quite still and spoke boldly and proudly. She said, "Men of earth, I will help you, come what may!"

The thought made her suddenly marvelously big and strong and powerful. Never had she dreamed that she could be so big. Like a mighty angel of blessing she stood above the earth, and lifted her head and spread her wings far over the fields and woods. She was so great, so majestic, that men and animals were awestruck at the sight; the trees and the grass bowed before her; yet all the earth creatures felt that she meant them well.

"Yes, I will help you," cried the cloud once more. "Take me to yourselves; I will give my life for you!"

As she said the words a wonderful light glowed from her heart, the sound of thunder rolled through the sky, and a love greater than words can tell filled the cloud; down, down, close to the earth she swept, and gave up her life in a blessed, healing shower of rain.

That rain was the cloud's great deed; it was her death, too; but it was also her glory. Over the whole countryside, as far as the rain fell, a lovely rainbow sprang its arch, and all the brightest rays of heaven made its colors; it was the last greeting of a love so great that it sacrificed itself.

Soon that, too, was gone, but long, long afterward the men and animals who were saved by the cloud kept her blessing in their hearts.

150

THE LARKS IN THE CORNFIELD
(*Summer Harvest*)

Boys and girls, this is the harvest time of the year, and I think I will tell you a little harvest story this morning. It is a sermon. It has a moral. It has a lesson for us all, big and little, men and women, boys and girls. But I am not going to tell you the moral. I'll let you find it out for yourselves.

Here is the story, and it is a very old one indeed. You may have heard it. Probably you have. But it is so old that it belongs to a past generation, when your fathers and mothers, or grandfathers and grandmothers were boys and girls. If you have heard it it will not hurt you to hear it again. If you have not heard it it will not hurt you to hear it now. It is about the larks in the cornfield, which means wheatfield, or oatfield, or barley field. For all those used to be called corn. Here it is.

There was once a family of little larks who lived with their mother in a nest in a cornfield. When the corn was ripe the mother lark watched very carefully to see if there was any sign of the reaper's coming, for she knew that when they came their sharp knives would cut down the nest and hurt the baby larks. So every day, when she went out for food, she told the little larks to look and listen very closely to everything that went on and to tell her all they saw and heard when she came home.

One day when she came home the little larks were much frightened. "Oh, Mother, dear Mother," they said, "you must move us away to-night! the farmer was in the field to-day, and he said, 'The corn is ready to cut; we must call in the neighbors to help.' And then he told his son to go out to-night and ask all the neighbors to come and reap the corn to-morrow."

The mother lark laughed. "Don't be frightened," she said, "if he waits for his neighbors to reap the corn we shall have plenty of time to move: tell me what he says to-morrow."

The next night the little larks were quite trembling with fear; the moment their mother got home they cried out, "Mother, you must surely move us to-night! The farmer came to-day and said, 'The corn is getting too ripe; we cannot wait for our neighbors; we must ask our relations to help us.' And then he called his son and told him to ask all the uncles and cousins to come to-morrow and cut the corn. Shall we not move to-night?"

"Don't worry," said the mother lark; "the uncles and cousins have plenty of reaping to do for themselves; we'll not move yet."

The third night, when the mother lark came home, the baby larks said, "Mother, dear, the farmer came to the field to-day, and when he looked at the corn he was quite angry; he said, 'This will never do! The corn is getting too ripe; it's no use to wait for our relatives, we shall have to cut this corn ourselves.' And then he called his son and said, 'Go out to-night and hire reapers, and to-morrow we will begin to cut.'"

"Well," said the mother, "that is another story; when a man begins

to do his own business instead of asking somebody else to do it, things get done. I will move you out to-night."—H.

151

THE BOY LINCOLN AND HIS DOG
(Lincoln's Birthday)

Of course you all realize it, boys and girls, that to-morrow is Lincoln's Birthday. We all delight to honor the memory of Lincoln. But the story I have for you this morning is not about Lincoln the man. It is about Lincoln when he was quite a young boy, and everybody called him Abe. So we will call him by that name as we tell the story, though we prefer to use his whole well-sounding name, Abraham Lincoln.

Now for the story:

A long time ago a boy called Abe lived with his father and his mother in a little log house in the country. The father wished to move away to another town. There were no trains, and they had to go in a wagon. So they put all that they had in one great wagon and set off. The wagon was pulled, not by horses, but by two strong oxen.

The father and the mother rode in the wagon, but Abe liked to walk at the side of the road. The little dog ran after the wagon, and sometimes ran into the woods to look for rabbits.

It was winter, and very cold. There were no bridges on the rivers, and the oxen had to cross on the ice. One day, as they crossed a river, the ice broke, and the oxen had to wade through the deep, cold water.

When the family had got to the other side they heard the little dog bark. He had been left behind and was afraid to step on the broken ice. Abe called him, but he only ran up and down the bank and barked. Abe called again and again. At last the dog ran out on the ice, but when it began to bend under him he grew afraid and ran back crying.

"We cannot go back to get him," said the father. "We must go on."

"But he will freeze," said Abe. "See how he cries."

What do you think the boy did? He pulled off his shoes and waded back through the icy water.

When he came to the other side, the dog jumped all over him in his joy.

With the dog on his shoulder he waded back again and ran to the wagon.

As they went on the little dog kept closer than ever to Abe. He had found a good friend.

Kindness to animals—I wonder if that would not be a good thing for us all to learn on this anniversary of Lincoln's Birthday? That was one of the fine traits of the character of Lincoln—his great kindness of heart. He has sometimes been called "The American Greatheart." He was kind to the soldiers, kind to people generally, and he was kind to animals. He had a great, warm, affectionate heart. Let us honor his memory by trying to be kind to everybody, as he was, and kind to birds and animals also, as he was.—H.

152

WHAT HEAVEN IS LIKE

TEXTS: *"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."* Matthew 6: 20. *"The hope which is laid up for you in heaven."* Colossians 1: 5.

I do not believe that boys and girls think very much about heaven. I do not think it is very natural that they should, nor that they necessarily ought to do so a very great deal. I have heard of some children who were singing the hymn, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." The leader said, "Sing louder, boys and girls." One of the boys is said to have answered: "We are singing now as loud as we feel." No doubt they were, for it is not natural for young people, or older people either, to want to leave this world, even to be an angel. It is natural to want to live, and that is the way God has made us—to want to live here and stay here as long as he spares us. But while we are living here we can all the while be preparing to live yonder. And that is the right and wise thing to do. Jesus said: "But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," and the apostle Paul spoke to the members of the Colossian church about the "hope laid up for you in heaven." Heaven is something you get by and by, but is also something like a bank where treasures can be deposited. We, in a sense, make our heaven by what we put into it now. I think I can make this plain by a little story:

A lady who was very rich dreamed that God called her up to heaven and that she was going through the streets of the glorious city, a guide with her to show her the way. She noticed a very fine mansion being built.

She said to her guide, "Whose is that?" I think she must have felt that she would like it for her own. And she was much surprised when the guide answered, "That is for your gardener." "For my gardener!" she exclaimed; "why, he never lived in a mansion on earth; he lived in a little bit of a house. He might have had a finer home if he hadn't given away so much."

The guide said nothing in reply, and they went on. Soon they came to a plain-looking house. There was nothing mean about it, for there is nothing mean in heaven. But it was not nearly so beautiful and attractive as the other. The lady said, "Whose is this?" And the guide answered, "This is for you." "For me?" she said. "Why, I always lived in an elegant mansion on earth." "Yes, I know," the guide said; and he added sadly, "But the Great King of Heaven is doing the best He can with the material that you sent up."—H.

153

MESSAGE FROM A POSTAGE STAMP

I want to talk to you to-day about a postage stamp and the message it has for every one of us. It is just the common two-cent stamp, issued by the government of the United States, which we place on the letters we mail to friends and relatives.

I. The stamp, children, has no value except that given to it by the maker. If it was not for the fact that the stamp is made by the government of our country, the little square of paper would not have any value. It must have the imprint of the government upon it to make it worth anything. So with our lives. It is only as we bear the Divine imprint that our lives are of any real value to ourselves or others.

II. Again, the stamp accomplishes the task assigned it. Here is an important lesson for each of us. Sometimes we are apt to object to the tasks given us. We either will not attempt to do them at all, or only half do them. But when you place a stamp upon an envelope it fulfills its task by carrying the letter to the person and place addressed. We ought to do as well, and cheerfully fulfill the task required of us.

III. Then, too, the stamp does all expected of it. When I buy a stamp and place it on a letter it belongs to me and I expect it to carry the letter to its destination, and that is just what the stamp does. God,

through Jesus Christ, has bought us; we are His. Do we do all He expects of us?

IV. The stamp carries whatever message is entrusted to it. Sometimes it is a message of joy, or of love. Sometimes it is a message of sorrow and trial. Sometimes it is just an invitation to some society affair. Then again it may be a business letter. Whatever the message is, the stamp carries it. The message of the Christ is entrusted to us. Are we faithfully carrying it to others?

V. A very good trait of the stamp is that it does not give up when it gets a licking. The fact is it sticks still closer. So criticism, trial, temptation, and hardship should cause us to stick all the closer to our Saviour, Jesus Christ. How quickly we become discouraged in Christian work! How prone we are to give up when the tasks are hard and results do not appear as quickly as we desire! Let us learn a lesson from the stamp and stick to our tasks no matter how difficult they may be.

VI. Did you ever hear of a stamp getting into a fight and striking at any one? When we place our letters in the post office, before they are sent to their destination, the canceling machine hits the stamp right across the face, but it never strikes back. Many of us, if some one was to strike at us, would at once think the proper thing to do was to strike back, and if possible just a little harder than we were struck ourselves. What a lot of misery, trouble, and bloodshed would be avoided if men and nations would only do as the stamp does in this respect.

VII. The stamp is also noted for attending to its own business. I lived in a small town some years back where everybody seemed to know everybody's business. A lady once said to me while I was living there, "It is not necessary for a person to attend to his own business here, there are so many persons who will attend to it for him." Now the stamp tends to its own business, and so should you and I.

VIII. Another fine thing about the stamp is, you can tell by its face what it is. This ought to be true of all Christians. We ought to bear the impress of the Christ-like to such an extent that it will show in our faces.

IX. Again, the stamp never gets discouraged. If you change your address and some one writes to you at the old address, if it is at all possible, that letter will find you, no matter how often you may have changed your address. So Christians should persevere in their efforts to do the will of the Master. Do not allow anything to discourage you. "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

X. A fine thing about the stamp is that it never gives up until it is dead. It keeps trying to do its duty until it finally lands in the Dead Letter Office. So God expects you and me to labor. We ought to keep everlastingly at it until death claims us and we are called upon to lay down the working tools of life.

Now, I hope that every time you may see a stamp it may remind you of some of these truths we have spoken of to-day. Try to keep them in your minds and live as happy and as useful a life as one of our little red two-cent stamps does.—G. H. C.

154

PUT OUT THE DARK

TEXT: *"The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not."* John 1 : 5.

It goes without my saying that when you are at home and the evening shadows fall and you are desirous of continuing your games or your studies you switch on the light. Last week, however, I came across another version of this simple act which I want to bring you that it might illuminate a text which I feel is darkness to many young people. It is the story of a small boy who one night when it began to get dark asked his mother to "please put out the dark." And the mother did it by simply switching on the light.

And in reading of that little incident I was reminded of that far-off time when God looked down upon the earth and saw it lying in the darkness of sin, of ignorance, and superstition. And he said within himself that he would "put out the dark." And so in the fullness of time he sent Jesus to be the Light of the world, and we read in our Bible that "the Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

I do not think I need to explain the meaning of the first part of our text. It explains itself. It tells in a sentence how that Jesus came to banish the darkness of sin, of wickedness, and unrighteousness.

But I wonder if you understand what the last part of our text means. I am free to tell you that as a boy I was puzzled to know just what it meant. Only when I became a man and began to read what scholars said about it did I come to see its real meaning. And if you turn to the new translation of the New Testament by the great Scottish scholar, James Moffatt, I think you will see at once what is meant. For he translates this sentence so as to read: "And the darkness

masters it not." That is, the light was too strong for the dark and by its shining it was able to "put out the dark."

Christ is the Morning Light that drives away the night. And it is just because he is the Light of life who has "put out the dark" that we have been born into the daylight of Christianity.—F. S.

155

RESULTS OF SIN
(*Object Sermon*)

Equipment. A match and some wood or charcoal that will burn easily and form a black soft ash that will rub off on the hands.

Preparations. Have some boy or girl bring the wood or charcoal, whichever is used. It might be best to have one of the older boys bring the match.

Assistant. Some boy or girl to light the match and then to set fire to the other material.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) I am going to do something to-day that will have to be done carefully, so I want all of you to pay close attention, as I do not want to repeat it for you. I am going to ask Alice to come here, strike this match and set fire to this piece of wood. Then she will have to go right back to her place so as not to get her clothes on fire.

There, the wood is burning. I am going to play with the fire a little, by seeing how close I can get my fingers to it without being burned. Ouch! It is hot. I almost burned my fingers. Ouch! I almost burned them again.

Boys and girls, you cannot play with fire without getting burned. For a few minutes let us imagine that this fire is some sin. I am going to play with this sin of mine. Ouch! It almost burned my fingers. Sin, just like fire, will burn if you go playing with it. If there is some little sin or naughtiness in your life and you are playing with it, you had better be careful or you will get burned. None of us want to get burned, do we?

There are some people who claim it is possible to play with sin without being burned. I am going to try it with this small flame at the end of this piece of wood. I am going to handle it so rapidly that it will not burn my fingers. There, I passed my fingers through it so rapidly that it did not burn. Now I am going to try it some more. That does not burn now when I do it quickly. Some boy or girl will say then that it is possible to play with sin and yet not get burned.

Since we have compared this flame to sin it would seem that it is true at times.

There, I put the flame out so the wood is not burning now. Look at my hands, boys and girls. What is the matter with them? Yes, they are all black. What can we learn now from playing with fire or playing with sin? Yes, you may be able to play with sin or fire for a short time without getting burned, but when you are through you will find that your life is all black and soiled, just like my hands. How many boys and girls this morning would like to have your lives and hearts just like my hands—all black and dirty? No, none of us would, so we must be careful not to play with sin at all.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

156

WARNINGS OF SIN

(Object Sermon)

Equipment. An alarm clock.

Preparation. Have some boy or girl to bring an alarm clock that will work.

Assistant. Some boy or girl to wind the clock and the alarm, and to set the alarm.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) Can any boy or girl tell me what this is I have? Yes, it is a clock, but what kind of a clock? That's it, an alarm clock. Will some one tell us for what an alarm clock is used? Yes, the alarm clock is used to warn us when to get up. I am going to ask Hazel to come here and wind the clock and the alarm. Then I am going to have her set the alarm to go off in a few minutes.

There, it is all fixed. The person goes to bed after the alarm is set and goes to sleep. He wants to get up at the time the alarm goes off. If he sleeps later than that time, he is committing a wrong, is he not? The alarm is to warn him to get up.

Listen to that alarm going off now. That will wake the sleeper and warn him that he must get to work. If the sleeper is the right kind of a person he will jump right up and go to work.

When sin comes attacking our lives, we have little alarm clocks to warn us. How many boys and girls have stayed up real late some night and then got out of bed the next morning at the regular time? How did you feel the next morning? Yes, you felt very cross and sleepy. For you to stay up so late the night before meant that you were sinning against your body. Your sleepiness the next morning was the little alarm clock warning you not to do it again.

You have many alarm clocks about you, but there is one that I

want to speak of especially. Did you ever take something that did not belong to you? Yes, and how did you feel? Wasn't there something inside of you telling you that you should not do it? What was it? Yes, it was what they call our conscience. It is a little alarm clock inside of you, warning you not to do those things.

Suppose this sleeper should reach over, shut off the alarm and then go to sleep again. What would happen if he would repeat this every morning for a week? Yes, he would soon get so that he could sleep right through the alarm without being disturbed. Boys and girls, this same thing is true concerning the little alarm clock inside you. If you do not pay any attention to your conscience, your little alarm clock, you will soon get so that it will go off without your hearing it at all. We do not want to get into that condition, do we?—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

157

THE SCARS OF SIN
(Object Sermon)

Equipment. A smooth thick board, a hammer, and some nails.

Preparations. Have one boy or girl to bring a smooth thick board, a second one to bring a claw hammer—so as to pound nails and draw them out—and the third to bring some nails.

Assistant. A boy to drive the nails and draw them out.

Presentation. (The leader speaking.) I am going to tell you a story about a little boy and his father. I want Ralph to come up here with me to be the boy's father. We will not need to have anybody to represent the boy.

This boy was so very naughty yet he did not realize that he was so naughty. He was bad so much that he did not think how many times it was. It hurt his father to have such a boy, so he told the boy that he was going to pound a nail into a post every time the boy did something naughty. We'll let this board represent the post. Then at the end of the week they could tell how many times that boy was bad. Every little bad thing he did meant a nail in the post. I am going to have Ralph to take some of these nails and pound them into this board. He can pound them in just far enough to hold.

There, the board has quite a number of nails in it. This boy looked at the post and began to realize how many times he had been bad. He began to feel bad and started to cry. His father told him that for the next week they would make a rule that every time the boy obeyed one of the nails would be pulled out, but each disobedience would drive a nail into the post. At the end of the week all of the nails were

pulled out. I am going to ask Ralph to take this hammer and draw out all of the nails.

The boy looked at the post and began to cry again. His father asked him what was the matter. I am wondering if any of you can tell me what this boy replied. Look at the board carefully and see. This is what the boy said, "The nails are all gone, Papa, but look at those awful holes." Now look at this board and see if you cannot see the many holes where the nails have been.

This board is our lives. The nails are the many times we do things that are wrong. When we are sorry for the wrong things we have done, we go to our fathers and mothers and they forgive us. They pull out the nails. When they pull out the nails, the nails disappear, but there are the holes or the scars from our wrong acts. Jesus has promised us that if we will come to him with our lives—even if they are filled with many nails—and ask forgiveness, He will not only pull out the nails, but He will give us new boards so that the holes of sin will not be in our lives while he is in charge of the life.—Rev. Leslie E. Dunkin.

158

THE STORY OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

(*Missions*)

Boys and girls all like hero stories—that I know very well. So I am going to tell you one this morning. It is an old story. But there is always a new crop of boys and girls, and some of you here may never have heard the story. But even if you have heard it, you or the older people here, it will do you good to hear it again. Good stories are worth hearing several times, and the story of David Livingstone is about one of the greatest and most heroic and most interesting of men.

Livingstone was the son of a poor Scotch weaver. He was born March 19, 1813, one hundred and fifteen years ago. With part of his first week's wages, as "piecer boy" at a loom, he bought a Latin grammar, laying the rest of the money in his mother's lap. By the time he was nineteen years of age he had decided to be a medical missionary.

After hard study and the obtaining of a most practical training he reached South Africa in 1841 as a missionary of the London Missionary Society—a connection he maintained until 1856. He then withdrew from that society because he was afraid some would object to the use of their money for the kind of work he was doing, much of which was in the nature of exploration.

He began with Moffat at Kuruman. It was there he married Mary Moffat, who made him a noble wife, and near there he had the famous fight with a lion, which bit through his arm bone.

Livingstone's chief work, to the outward eye, was exploration. With toil and peril such as only a heroic spirit and stout body could endure he opened up the Zambezi country from ocean to ocean, and the region around the great African lakes, many of which he discovered. He became one with the natives, and obtained a marvelous ascendency over them—an influence steadily used to promote the cause of Christ. He was a missionary above explorer, and explorer only because, as he said, "the end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise."

One of his objects was to break up the slave trade.

After leaving the London Society, he maintained his work by the sale of his books. With the exception of a brilliant visit to England in 1857, he buried himself in the Dark Continent. Henry M. Stanley's search for him and his discovery of the aged and almost starving apostle in 1871—an intercourse that was Stanley's spiritual birth—are well known.

The devoted man would not return to civilization, but continued his great work. On one of his latest journeys he read the Bible through four times. He grew more and more feeble; fainting, he had to be borne in a litter over miles of swamp; his men built him a rough hut, left him for the night, and in the morning of May 1, 1873, his loving black servant, Susi, found him on his knees by his bed, having passed away in the act of prayer. His faithful followers buried his heart under a tree, embalmed his body, and laboriously carried it a nine months' journey to the coast, so that it now rests in Westminster Abbey—one of the chief glories of that glorious shrine.

Three times in a single day Livingstone narrowly escaped death. His neck was grazed by a spear thrown by a native but ten yards away. Another spear missed him by a foot. A large tree fell within a yard of him.

It was one of Livingstone's rules not to read what was written in praise of him, but at a time when he was being abused he wrote that he should read every word that he could on that side as an antidote to what he had been forced to hear of the other kind.

At one time Livingstone wrote, "Duty would not lead me home, therefore I would not go." Duty was the key word of his life—duty and love.—H.

159

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS MISSIONARY IN SYRIA

(Missions)

Is it not sad, boys and girls, to think that in Syria, the land from which our Bible came, the light of Christian truth so largely went out and needed to be rekindled? Missionaries were needed there for the work, and I know you will be glad to hear about one great and noble man who spent fifty-four years of service in this old Bible land, Rev. Dr. Henry Harris Jessup.

In Montrose, Pennsylvania, in the year 1832, the boy was born who was to give such a long life of labor to Syria. He was the sixth of eleven children. All but one of these lived to grow up. It must have been a lively family group. It really was, and a happy one, too, with a devoted father and mother to bring them up.

The father was chairman of the Platform Committee in Chicago, in the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. After the committee had done its work, Mr. Jessup and another delegate went to their room at the hotel, knelt down together, and commended it all "to God who was the Judge of all and who could give success." This shows something of the character of the father of the missionary.

It is always interesting to know how the thought of going as a missionary first came to any one. With Dr. Jessup it came when he was twenty, and was leading a missionary meeting. He told what he could on the subject of the hour, and urged all to support the work, adding an appeal to those to go themselves who were able to do it. The thought suddenly came to him that it was very inconsistent in him to do that when he was not ready to go himself. He felt that he ought to take his own advice. The decision was made not long after. He studied medicine as well as theology, and also dentistry, so that he might be better prepared for work. In June, 1854, he decided on Syria.

Before he went out he talked to a large number of children in a meeting in Newark, New Jersey. He said to them: "When you go home I want you to go by yourselves, and write down this resolution: 'Resolved that, if God will give me grace, I will be a missionary.' " Thirteen years afterwards, when home on furlough, Dr. Jessup went to Newark to give the charge to a young missionary, Mr. James Dennis. He was entertained in the home of the young man's mother, who told this story: "After my boy came home from your meeting years ago, he said to me, 'Mother, I have written down that if the

Lord will give me grace, I will be a missionary.' I said, 'Jimmy, you are too young to know what you will be.' He answered, 'I did not say "I will be," but "if God will give me grace I will be a missionary."' "And now," said the mother, "you are here to set him apart to be a missionary."

Long afterwards Dr. Jessup said, "Dr. James Dennis has done more for the cause of missions than any other living man that I know. For twenty-three years we have been intimate fellow workers in Syria." Dr. Dennis's books in Arabic and English are of untold value, especially his *Christian Missions and Social Progress.*

In December, 1855, the sailing vessel, the *Sultana,* sailed away for Smyrna, having eight missionaries and a cargo of New England rum on board. Mr. Jessup was one of the eight missionaries, who must all have deeply regretted the cargo of rum. Mr. Jessup had to leave behind the lady who was his promised wife, on account of her ill health. It meant heroism for both, until they could be united.

In February, 1856, after a very stormy voyage, Beirut was reached, and the long term of missionary labor began. In forty-nine years seven trips home were made. On the field there were teaching, preaching, writing, journeying, organizing, and, as one of the greatest achievements, the superintending of the printing in Arabic of uncounted pages of Scripture and other helps in the tongue read by so large a portion of the unchristianized world. At home the time was largely spent in speaking to people about the field—not about the missionary, but about his field and the progress there. When, on being introduced to an audience, he was lauded for his great work, he bore it as well as he could, said nothing about it, but as soon as possible turned attention to Syria, and the people there, in all their need. He wrote modestly of himself, "I take no credit for anything God has helped me to do, or has done through me."

The great-hearted, gifted, devoted missionary died in Beirut, Syria, April 28, 1910.

160

JOHN ELIOT, APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS

(Missions)

You boys and girls are all admirers of heroes and heroic deeds. How do I know that? Because all boys and girls are. Do you know this, that there is no history so thrilling, so full of adventure, containing so many wonderful examples of heroism and zeal, as the history of the pioneer missionaries in heathen lands and in the wild frontier regions of our own land? That is the reason why every once in a

while I bring you a little talk about missions for our Sunday morning junior sermon.

I know something else that boys and girls are interested in. It is Indian stories, or stories about Indians. And that is the kind of story I have for you this morning.

Now let us imagine ourselves back in the early days of New England and that we are in a little town about eighteen miles southwest of Boston with the Indian name of Natick. There seems to be something interesting going on in this little place, with the woods all about it. Look at the people coming together. Why—they are red men. Yes, they are Indians. But they do not look fierce and wild. Look again. Here comes a slender man riding on horseback. You like his looks, for see what a fine face he has. He has come from Roxbury, we hear, where he has long been the pastor of a church. How kindly he greets the Indians! And now we hear what is to be done to-day. These Indians are to be formed into a church of their own. The minister is Rev. John Eliot, of Roxbury, who has gathered these Indians together. Every two weeks he has been coming to preach to them, and now, at the end of ten years, there are fifty ready to be formed into a church—"Praying Indians," they are called.

Now, boys and girls, I am sure you wish to know more about this good man who did so much for these "children of the forest" who were here in our land before the Pilgrims came. I believe the older people who are here will also be interested while I tell you. If they are, they are welcome to listen; but this story is for you.

This minister, Mr. Eliot, was born in England in 1604. His parents were excellent people setting their boy a good example and giving him fine Christian training. They sent him to Cambridge University; but before he was far along in his education his father died, leaving a fund of eight pounds a year to keep his son in Cambridge. He finished at the University, taught school for a while, then studied theology, and at the age of twenty-seven became a minister of the Church of England. Soon after, he came over to America, with three brothers and three sisters. Miss Hannah Mumford, to whom he was engaged, came the next year, and they were married—the first wedding to be put down in the records of Roxbury, Massachusetts. For sixty years this good minister was the beloved pastor of Roxbury Church.

He had a fine training in the original languages of the Bible. With others, he prepared a new version of the Psalms, called the "Bay Psalm Book," or the "New England Version of the Psalms," issued in 1640, which was the first book printed in America, a book that passed through twenty-one editions.

But his heart yearned over the Indians. He believed that they had souls to be saved, and he felt that he must tell them of the Saviour.

It was not easy to win them at first, but he was so kind and friendly that by and by the Indians became devoted to him. He felt that he must know their language. He took a young Pequot Indian into his family, studied with him, and soon became so proficient with the vocabulary and construction that he translated the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and texts of Scripture for their use. He visited a camp near the site of Brighton, on the border of Newton and preached to the Indians assembled in the wigwam of Waban, their chief, the first sermon ever preached in America in a native tongue. The service continued three hours, the Indians asking many questions. Two weeks later he made a second visit, when an old warrior asked him if it was too late for him to come to God. On a third visit Waban, the chief, was so impressed that he gathered his people at the evening campfire and talked to them about what they had heard.

One after another Mr. Eliot formed more settlements of "Praying Indians," at Nonantum, at Neponset, at Concord, at Pawtucket, and later on at Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, suffering many hardships in his travels through the new and unsettled country. And he taught them other things besides the Bible—how to raise crops, how to build bridges, how to make houses and homes, and how to clothe themselves properly.

He was forty-one when he began to preach to them. Inside of fourteen years there were thirty-six hundred Christian Indians. After he had been preaching a while he thought that the Indians ought to have the Bible in their own language. Queer language and hard work as it was, he persevered with the translation. It was finished and printed in 1663 and was the very first Bible ever printed in America. Three years afterward he printed a grammar for the Indians, so that they could have other books for themselves. At the end of his Indian grammar he wrote this sentence, which has become historic everywhere: "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything." Do you boys and girls not wish to stop right here and say that over until you know it by heart? It is a great sentence and will help you. (They repeat it.)

To make these books Mr. Eliot gave liberally from his own small salary. Other contributions came from friends in England. There are very few copies of his Indian Bible to be found. There are but fourteen copies of the grammar now known. One copy of the first edition of his Indian Bible sold in England not so long since for five hundred and fifty pounds—that is more than twenty-seven hundred dollars.

Mr. Eliot had a salary of only sixty pounds a year from his pastorate in Roxbury. In 1649 Christians in England were so stirred by the fame of his work that a society entitled the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England was formed and in-

corporated by Parliament, and this society sent him fifty pounds a year for his Indian work. But though he received so little money he was one of the most generous men that ever lived. One time the treasurer, on giving him the money then due, tied it up in a handkerchief to keep him from giving away any of it. Visiting a poor family on the way home and wishing to help them, he found the knots too hard to untie, so he gave the handkerchief to the mother, saying, "God must have meant it *all* for you."

In his later years he began to train native preachers and teachers. He lived to see twenty-four of the Indians preachers of the Gospel. At one time there were twenty-five hundred native Indian Christians in Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard alone, under the care of the Mayhews, Cotton and Bourne, but whose conversion may be traced to the efforts and influence of Eliot. He wrote or translated many Christian books. When he was too old to preach or visit the Indians he induced several families to send their Negro servants to him once a week that he might instruct them in Gospel truth. He died on May 20, 1690, at the great age of eighty-six years, but is still unforgotten and esteemed one of the most heroic of men.—H.

161

PLEASE STAND BY

(Radio Sermon)

I know most and perhaps all of you have listened in on the radio and how you enjoy it. Perhaps you like most of all the "Kiddie's Half Hour." The radio has many good messages for you. One thing you hear often is this little sentence, "Please stand by." Of course you have come to know what that means. It is the announcer's way of asking you to wait just a moment for the next selection. If we are very anxious to hear that next selection we do "stand by."

I want to speak to you about "standing by." There are so many ways for us to stand by.

I. One way is to practise what we call self-control. You know very well you cannot always have your own way. When you play your games either outside or in the house you cannot always win. To be sure it is nice to be the winner. That, of course, is fine; but it is much finer never to show your disappointment or let your feelings run into anger even when you lose your hardest fought game.

I am sure none of you boys or girls would want to break up a game or a party because you did not have your own way or because you happened to be losing the game.

II. Then, also, to stand by means to lay by. Every one of you should have a bank in which you put some money at least once every week. The best is to save some of what you earn. The worst is to spend all you get. I know boys and girls who have a special work to do every day. The work is not very hard. For this work they get paid, and they have a splendid system of dealing with what they earn. The most of it they save. A part is set aside for themselves and a part for the church, Sunday school, and missionary society. The beautiful thing about this system is that such boys and girls always have money for themselves and for benevolences.

III. Again, to stand by means to be courteous. No matter how busy you may happen to be, you certainly always have time to be polite. Be mindful of how you can help others. Be respectful to all people. Never contradict just for the sake of arguing. Be attentive to others. A man once said to me, "The other day I had a little business with Mr. Olds. After we had concluded our business and as I was leaving the house I found his children playing in the hallway. The boy, nine years old, stepped forward and opened the door for me. I said, 'I am very much pleased with this attention. I hope I have given you no trouble.' Now, what do you suppose that splendid young man said? Smilingly he responded, 'I am only sorry that I am not letting you in.' "

IV. To be courteous means also to stand by and listen. God often speaks to us, but we do not always hear Him. That is because we do not stand by and listen. We should speak to God every day in prayer. When we pray to God we want Him to listen to us. So God expects us to listen to Him when he speaks to us. God speaks to us in many different ways—from the sky, the trees, through the songs of the birds, through Father and Mother and the Bible and in hymns we sing. Of course we want to hear what God has to say. We then must stand by and be attentive. So, boys and girls, Please stand by.—J. N.

162

THE SUNDAY ENGINE

I am going to tell you a story this morning, boys and girls, that I clipped out of a magazine last week. It was credited to Hugo Kerr. It is especially interesting because it shows how even very young folks think and express their ideas. For I am sure that all boys and girls, however young they may be, do have ideas and often express them in a very interesting way.

The story is as follows, as told by Mr. Kerr:

I heard the other day about a little girl nearly six years old who thinks Sunday is the very best day in the week. That is the day, you know, when she wears her best dress and her best everything, and she can go to Sunday school like a little lady, and her father is home all day and in the afternoon tells her stories and becomes her own dear chum.

Her name is Wilhelmina. Don't you think that is a pretty big name for such a little girl?

One Sunday Wilhelmina had had such a good time, and when night came she said, "Mamma, isn't it funny how the days go by, one after the other, just like a train of cars, with Sunday for the engine?"

Why, of course. Why didn't some of us grown-ups think of that before? Sunday is the engine, and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday are the cars, and all together they make up the vestibule train. Be sure you take good care of the engine and see that the brass is kept polished and the fire burning.

A good engine makes a good train, and a good Sunday makes a good week. I want you to remember a little verse which I learned when I was a boy. My father taught it to me:

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And joy for the cares of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatever be gained,
Is the sure forerunner of sorrow."

Yes, Sunday well spent is a good preparation for a good week. And Sunday ought to be a very happy day in every home, with the work of the week done, with Father at home and the family together. I hope the Sunday engine will give you all a good start for a good week.—H.

163

HOW TO TELL GENUINE LOVE

The ruby is a very precious stone, but some other stones closely resemble it—such as the garnet and the spinel. Sometimes only experts are able to tell the difference. If the expert is in doubt he takes an instrument called a dichroscope and examines the stone through it. The dichroscope makes him see double. It gives him two images of the same stone. If the one image be orange-red and the other carmine-

red, then the expert knows he is looking at the real ruby, for the garnet and the spinel do not show two colors under the dichroscope.

Real love is like the ruby; it stands the test of the dichroscope, it divides in two. What do I mean by that? Let me tell you in a story.

A teacher was once trying to explain love to a class of tiny tots. She knew it was useless to give them an explanation out of a dictionary, so she asked instead if any of them could show her what love meant. At first all were silent. Then one little maiden of six rose shyly from her seat, went to the teacher, and, flinging her arms around the teacher's neck, gave her a good hug and said, "That's love." "Yes," said the teacher, and smiled, "that is love. But love is something more. Can you show me what more love is?" The little girl thought a moment. Then she began to put the chairs in order and to clean the blackboard. When she had finished she said, "Love is helping people, too."

That little girl was right. Love is not merely saying, it is doing. This world would be a happier place if there were a little more telling people that we loved them. But that is only one half of love, it is only one image of the ruby, the orange-red. It leaves out the other image, the carmine-red, and without it we cannot have real love any more than we can have a real ruby. The love that stops at words and doesn't go on to deeds is not, after all, worth much.

164

THE DISCONTENTED SIGNPOST

TEXT: *"Godliness with contentment is a great gain."* 1 Timothy 6:6.

At the crossroads stood a signpost. At first it found life very pleasant. It was nice to see strangers hurrying toward it; cyclists would stop to read what was written on its four outstretched arms; and the plain country post felt useful, and even important. But one day it began to envy the people who passed by; to bemoan its hard lot rooted to one spot, and to wish itself miles away. That night a terrible gale began to blow, and all at once the signpost felt itself thrown to the ground, but the signpost did not mind, for was it not now free to go where it chose? So away it sped. First it came to a milestone green with age. "What a dull life yours must be," said the signpost, "standing there, year in, year out! Aren't you tired of it all?"

"Not I," said the milestone. "I like to hear folk say when they pass, 'Only two miles now to the village.' It seems to cheer them so; besides, many a one footsore and weary has used me for a seat and

blessed me for it. I don't find life dull, I assure you." So the signpost went on. Next it came to the parish church and looked up at the clock in the old square tower. "What a dull life yours must be," said the signpost. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and see the world?"

The face of the clock grew rounder with astonishment. "The world comes to see me," it replied with a good-tempered laugh. "Every one who passes looks up my way, and I am told the people in the village set their clocks by me. What would they do if I were not here, pray?" So the signpost went on. In the meantime a motor car came swiftly toward the crossroads. In it sat a clever surgeon, on his way to a very urgent case. But the doctor had to stop, for there was no signpost to be seen. The doctor was just wondering what to do when his eye fell on the milestone. "Thank God," said he as he came up to it. "Then I am on the right road and not much time lost after all."

Now the strange thing was that the signpost, miles away, knew that all this had happened. Later on a cyclist came to the crossroads. It chanced to be the first morning at his new employer's, and above all things he must not be late; but because there was no signpost he took the wrong road and had gone some way when he heard a clock strike the hour and, glancing round, saw the old gray steeple in the distance. Guided by this landmark, he found his way to the village. "You were a real help to me just now," said he, as he passed the clock. "May I keep on as steadily at my work as you do, old friend." And again the signpost by the way heard every word that was said. At the end of that day the signpost, lonely and tired, found itself in a busy city street. Every one stared to see so curious an object there. The signpost felt too out of place and awkward to move, so it just stood there, listening helplessly to the jokes and laughter of these strangers. An old woman exclaimed suddenly: "Doesn't it make you just long for the country?" Her speech made the signpost feel dreadfully homesick. "Oh, if I were only back at the crossroads," it moaned. And then a strange thing happened. The signpost found itself just there, for it hadn't got blown down in the storm. It was all a dream. The signpost stands in the same old place. Does it find life dull? Not a bit so long as it can be of use to any one.

Boys and girls, do your duty where you are. You are in the best place for you, with your capacities, your talents, your opportunities. Anyway, do your duties where you are, just now, when they come, as they come. Do them. Do them well. Do them all. Do them cheerfully, bravely, faithfully. Remember the discontented signpost's dream. The signpost must have been glad it was only a dream. You can learn a wonderful lesson for all your life from such a meaningful dream.—H.

165

NOT TO HELP OTHERS HAS NO REWARDS

Over in the Far East most loads were carried in past times by camels or mules or asses. They had no automobiles in ancient times, and have very few yet. When I was in Egypt most of the people in sightseeing were carried from place to place on the backs of little donkeys so small that the feet of the riders almost touched the ground.

You will remember that I have told you before how that in stories of the olden times the birds and animals are represented as talking to each other and doing many things such as are done by human beings, men and women. The story I have for you this morning, boys and girls, is one of this kind and is about the ass, the dog, and the wolf.

It states that a laden ass was jogging along, followed by his master, at whose heels came a hungry dog. Their path lay across a meadow, and the man stretched himself out on the turf and went to sleep. The ass fed on the pasture and was in no hurry at all to move. The dog alone, being gnawed by the pains of hunger, found the time pass heavily. "Pray, dear companion," he said to the ass, "stoop, that I may take my dinner from the pannier." The ass turned a deaf ear, and went on cropping away the green and tender grass. The dog persisted, and at last the ass replied, "Wait, can't you, till our master wakes. He will give you your usual portion, without fail." Just then a famished wolf appeared upon the scene and sprang at the throat of the ass. "Help, help, dear Towser!" cried the ass; but the dog would not budge. "Wait till our master wakes," said he; "he will come to your help without fail." The words were no sooner spoken than the ass lay strangled upon the sod.

The moral of this story is this: "Not to help others has no rewards." For this is one of Æsop's fables, and all his fables have a lesson or moral. And that seems a pretty good thing for us to learn, even in this day, does it not? "Not to help others has no rewards." We are not likely to receive much aid if we never render any aid. Of course, that does not set before us a very high or Christian motive; but this story was written more than twenty-five hundred years ago, before Christ had come to teach us the Christian way. Yet it is true, he that would have friends must show himself friendly, and he who would have aid in any time of need must show himself inclined always to give aid to others. Don't expect always to have everything come your way. I think there is a Bible text which will help us here: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." (Philippians 2:4.)—H.

166

THE DONKEY AND THE LAP DOG

I think you will all agree, boys and girls, that I have a peculiar topic for my junior sermon this morning. "The Donkey and the Lap Dog"—that is the topic. But I have heard that there are sermons in stones and in running brooks; why, then, may we not learn from our funny animal, the donkey, or our little pet, the lap dog? This story is another of Æsop's fables, written more than twenty-five hundred years ago by the old Greek author, and has come down to us in all these generations. It must be of some real value, or have some real lesson, to have lived that long.

Now, listen; this is the story: There was once a man who had a donkey and a lap dog. The donkey was housed in the stable with plenty of oats and hay to eat and was as well off as a donkey could be. The lap dog was made a great pet of by his master, who fondled him and often let him lie in his lap; and if he went out to dinner, he would bring back a tidbit or two to give him when he ran to meet him on his return. The donkey had, it is true, a great deal of work to do, carting or grinding the corn, or carrying the burdens of the farm; and ere long he became very jealous, contrasting his own life of labor with the ease and idleness of the little dog. At last one day he broke his halter and, frisking into the house just as his master sat down to dinner, he pranced and capered about, mimicking the frolics of the little favorite, upsetting the table and smashing the crockery with his clumsy efforts. Not content with that, he even tried to jump on his master's lap, as he had so often seen the dog allowed to do. At that the servants, seeing the danger their master was in, belabored the silly donkey with sticks and cudgels, and drove him back to his stable half dead with his beating. "Alas!" he cried, "all this I have brought on myself. Why could I not be satisfied with my natural and honorable position, without wishing to imitate the ridiculous antics of that useless little lap dog?"

The moral of this story is this: "Be content with your lot." Why not be satisfied with your natural and honorable position? A toad ought not to try to swell himself to the size of an ox, nor to do the work of an ox. A boy ought to be satisfied to be the best possible boy, a girl the best possible girl. Only make sure that you do try to be just as acceptable and useful a boy or girl as it is possible to be. Our lesson to-day does not take away from us the duty or privilege of being ambitious. It teaches us to be the best possible in the relation in which we are found. The boy is not a man. He is to be at his very

best as a boy. The girl is not a woman. She is to be at her very best as a girl. Be content with your lot. Here is what the good man, the Apostle Paul, said: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Philippians 4:11.) And in another place he says: "Godliness, with contentment, is great gain." (I Timothy 6:6.)—H.

167

THE FOLLY OF JUDGING BY OUTWARD APPEARANCE

TEXT: *"Judge not according to the appearance."* John 7:24.

Two gallant knights met one summer's day, in the olden time, in the still greenwood, and soon got into a high dispute about a very small matter. A broad shield hung between them, fastened to the branch of a tree. Neither of the knights knew to whom it belonged or why it was left hanging there, and each began to ask the other concerning it "Whose is this white shield?" "White? Do you call it white? Why, it is black!" "Do you take me for blind, or a fool, that you tell me what my own eyes can see is false?"

And so words were bandied about from one to the other until the dispute became so violent that they had actually drawn their swords for a bloody conflict, when a third knight came riding toward them —a man of noble bearing and serene, calm-judging eyes. Looking at the angry men he said, "You should be brothers in arms. Why do I see these passionate gestures and hear these fierce words?"

Each knight made haste to explain the imposition which the other had tried to practise upon him. The stranger smiled, and riding to one side of the shield, and then to the other, he said, very quietly, "Do not charge with your weapons just yet. Change places!"

They did so, and behold, the knight who had seen the white side of the shield saw now the black side also; and the knight who had been ready to do battle for the black stood face to face with the white side. Ashamed of their hot haste they apologized one to the other and rode out of the greenwood as good friends as ever.

Half the misunderstandings and quarrels which disturb the peace and destroy the happiness of families and neighborhoods might be prevented if those who engage in these disputes could see both sides of a question at once. How wise, then, are those people who are careful never to form hasty opinions, and who wait until they have seen or heard both sides before venturing to determine which is right!

Hasty conclusions are seldom safe ones. The rule holds good in

matters of everyday life and in the most important concerns of religion; and it was with reference to both that our Saviour says in the text, "Judge not according to the appearance."

I. To judge according to the appearance is not a true way of judging. Some of the most delicious fruits are encased in rough and unsightly coverings; and one who had not tasted them before would be likely to pass them by and go on to others which seemed to be better.

II. To judge according to the appearance is not a just way of judging. Many hundred years ago, when the Tabernacle of the Lord was at Shiloh, a good woman named Hannah went in to pray and to ask for a special blessing which she greatly longed for. It was in her heart that she spake to the Lord, and no loud word was uttered. But He who knoweth all things could hear her. Eli the priest saw her come in and observed her at her prayers, and judging from outward appearance he judged very unjustly. Seeing the woman moving her lips but making no sound, he hastily concluded that she must be drunk, and was rash and unguarded enough to accuse her of it.

How it must have wrung Eli's heart, when she meekly answered, "No, my lord, I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit; I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord."

III. Another reason why we should not form our opinions from outward appearance is because it is not a safe way of judging. The ice on the river appears to be as solid as the earth, but how many who venture upon it pay for their temerity—some with a cold souse in the waters and others with their lives!

Surely these are reasons enough for remembering and acting upon our Saviour's words, "Judge not according to the appearance."—J. N. N.

168

WHAT THE LITTLE GRAY SQUIRREL TOLD ME

TEXT: *"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."* Matthew 6: 20.

How many of you boys and girls have a savings bank? Well, I see that about all of you have. That means that all of you are learning how to be thrifty. I think learning how to save is one of the best lessons you can get. You know it is only by saving little by little that you will ever have much.

> "Step by step and the longest walk is ended;
> Stitch on stitch and the biggest rent is mended;
> Brick on brick and the highest wall is builded."

That is just how it all works out when you save. All boys and girls should save.

One day not long ago I was sitting near a hickory-nut tree. Suddenly I noticed a little bundle of gray fur running about. No need to ask, you know it was a little gray squirrel. He certainly was full of life. To my surprise he came close to me and looked into my face as if he would say, "Good-morning, Mister Man." I answered, "Good-morning, Little Gray Squirrel." He waved his tail with a gesture that said, "I am very busy these days." And with that he took a nut in his mouth, and up the tree he scampered and disappeared in a hole in one of the branches.

In the twinkling of an eye he was out again. I watched him for several minutes as he carried away nut after nut. Soon I said to him, "Little Gray Squirrel, how large is your store of nuts?" Quite cheerfully he chattered. "My rooms are all now nearly filled. You see I must lay in a good store so that I shall have an abundant supply this winter."

I agreed with him, for the winter months are long. If he did not save those nuts, then I am afraid he would starve or have a very hard time to get something to eat when the snow lay thick and deep on the ground. I said to myself, What a brave, wise little squirrel you are, and this is the lesson you have taught me. If I want to have anything later on I must not use up all I have now. Then as I looked at him carrying up another nut he seemed to nod at me as if to say, "That is surely right, Mister Man. You must save now if you want to have something later on."

Now, boys and girls, Jesus wants us to save. He wants us to lay up treasures not only on earth, but also in heaven. It is easy for us to understand how to lay up treasures here, is it not? But just how are we to lay up treasures in heaven? It is not so difficult. Let me tell you how. Every time you go to church; every time you say your prayers; every time you go to Sunday school; every time you do little deeds of kindness and obey Daddy and Mother, all of these are little treasures that you are storing away in heaven.

I know that if I could have peeped within the little gray squirrel's storehouse I should have been surprised to see just what a great pile of nuts he had hidden away. And I know, too, that if I could get a glimpse into God's storehouse I would be very glad to see how great are the treasures gathered there. All of these are made just by little folks like you who do little things for God every day.—Rev. John Neander.

169

A BOY OF THE REVOLUTION
(Washington's Birthday)

Next Friday is Washington's Birthday, as all you boys and girls well know. It is the 22d of February, which we celebrate in honor of the father of his country—"first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Now, while I am bringing you a Washington's Birthday sermon this morning, it is not about Washington himself, but about a boy of the Revolutionary time.

This boy I want to tell you about was called Jack, and he lived in North Carolina. Jack's father and brother were in the army of George Washington; but Jack was too young to go to war, so he was left at home to take care of his mother and his sisters.

One day Jack was at work in a field on his father's farm when all at once he heard the tramp of many feet. He looked up and saw the British soldiers coming down the road. He ran into the house shouting, "The red-coats are here! The red-coats are here!"

Already the yard was full of soldiers. The captain jumped from his horse and came up to the house.

"We are in need of food," he said, "and we must search this place." Then the soldiers began to search the house and barn and sheds. The little sisters hid upstairs, the mother treated the men courteously, and all Jack could do was to stand and watch.

The soldiers took everything they could find, but wanted more. At last the captain said to Jack, "See here, boy, we cannot find much. You must have some food hidden somewhere."

"Well," said Jack, "we have one cow left, but she is out in the woods a mile away."

"One cow is better than nothing," said the captain. "Jump on a horse and bring her in."

Jack jumped on one of the horses and started off. As he rode past the beehives he upset them with his whip. Then away he went to the woods. In a minute the yard was full of angry bees. Out of the hives they flew until the air was full of them. The horses began to jump and kick; the dogs began to bark, and the pigs began to squeal. The soldiers ran this way and that shouting and groaning. The bees made it so hot for them that at last they fled pell-mell down the road.

Safe in the woods Jack saw them going. He jumped off his horse and lay on the ground and laughed. When the soldiers were gone, he went back to the house to tell his mother and sisters. "You never saw anything so funny," he said. "I am sure the bees chased them for a

mile. I think I will write George Washington about it. Bees are better than bullets."

We have just recently celebrated Armistice Day, peace day, and we hope the days of war are over. I hope all you boys and girls will grow up to be lovers of your country and lovers of peace and that you will help to bring about the time when men will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks and learn war no more—when they will fight with neither bees nor bullets. We can settle all disputes in some other and better way, I am sure, and you boys and girls can still be patriotic and teach us how, and promote the higher patriotism.—H.

170

THE WIND IS A WORKER

(*Labor Sunday*)

Boys and girls, it is a good thing to like work. It is good to like to play too. It is good to work when you work and play when you play. But this morning I am going to tell you about somebody who works, whom you hardly have realized ever worked at all. In the fall when you boys and girls go out to play in the yard or in the fields the wind often blows dry leaves about you. You may think and say that the wind is playing with the leaves. But it is not. The wind never plays. It is always working.

When the dry leaves fall from the trees, the wind blows them here and there through the forest and over the fields where they decay and make the ground richer. The wind also blows seeds of all kinds of trees and plants far and wide. In that way they plant themselves where trees and plants of that kind never grew before.

Dandelions, thistles, and milkweed have seeds with wings, so that they are carried long distances by the wind. Trees, such as the maple, the locust, and the basswood also have seeds with wings. When the wind catches them up, they fly through the air like tiny airplanes.

When the first white settlers came to Long Island there were no locust trees to be found anywhere on the island. But a sea captain who went to live on the north shore brought some small locust trees from Virginia and planted them near his house. Those trees grew and grew, and their winged seeds were blown here and there until locust trees became the most common of all the trees on Long Island. That shows how well the wind can do its work.

When you walk over dry earth your shoes become dusty. Some of this dust is always being carried about by the wind. Sometimes the dust blows into your eyes, but that is only because you get in the way

of the wind. Sometimes the wind carries the dust to the bare rocks on the side of a mountain and drops it there. There are often tiny seeds of plants in this dust that drops on the rocks. When they begin to sprout and grow, their tiny roots hold fast to the dust and keep it from blowing away. Then the wind brings more and more dust until at last there is enough earth so that even trees can grow.

The wind blows and helps to dry the clothes that have been washed and hung on the line. It blows sailing ships across the ocean. In the hot summer time it brings us cool breezes from the sea shore or the mountains.

It blows the bad air away from the cities and towns and brings the good air from the country. It fills the air with perfume of flowers; for that is the way it tells the bees where the best honey can be found. It turns the windmill to grind corn for the miller and to pump water for the thirsty cattle of the farmer. It is never idle. It is always blowing, always looking for work to do.

Now, this is a Labor Day sermon. Don't you think it a good kind of sermon for Labor Sunday? Don't be afraid of work, boys and girls. "There is no excellence without great labor." Therefore learn to respect people who labor and learn to labor well yourselves. Do you remember what Christ once said about labor: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." (John 5: 17.) That is my text for this little Labor Sunday sermon.—H.

171

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER
(*Labor Sunday*)

It is not wrong, boys and girls, for you to wish to be comfortably well off. The Bible does not say anything against the having of money. But it does say that the love of money is the root of all sorts of evil. The Bible teaches us the duty of work. "Six days shalt thou labor"—that is in the command as well as the duty of Sabbath rest and worship. There is scarcely anything worse for a boy or girl than to be lazy. The only thing I know of that is worse is for a man or woman to be lazy.

But now I am putting my cart before the horse. That is, I am making the application of my junior sermon at its beginning. But orthodox applications are supposed to come at the end.

But I must first tell you the story I have for you this morning. It is another of those old, old fables from the ancient Greek writer, Æsop. Yes, it is another of Æsop's fables, that has come down

through the ages, still read and enjoyed by young and old alike. It was written more than twenty-five hundred years ago.

This is the story: In a field one summer's day a grasshopper was hopping about, chirping and singing to its heart's content. An ant passed by, bearing along with great toil an ear of corn he was taking to the nest.

"Why not come and chat with me," said the grasshopper, "instead of toiling and moiling in that way?"

"I am helping to lay up food for the winter," said the ant, "and recommend you to do the same."

"Why bother about winter?" said the grasshopper; "we have got plenty of food at present." But the ant went on its way and continued its toil. When the winter came the grasshopper had no food, and found itself dying of hunger, while it saw the ants distributing every day corn and grain from the stores they had collected in the summer. Then the grasshopper knew "It is best to prepare for the days of necessity."

Yes, boys and girls, that is true. It was the wise Solomon who said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." (Proverbs 6:6.) He said that because the ant is industrious, works hard, and lays up food for the winter. I have heard a little parody on the busy bee:

"How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite,
And gather honey all the day
And eat it all at night."

That is a slander on the bee. He lays up his honey for use in the winter, just as the ant lays up its food.

We are to observe Labor Day this week. It is a time when we show honor to all the workers of the world—when we honor all honest labor, whether with hand or brain, whether by men or women or boys or girls. So I am going to give you a Labor Day text for this little sermon. Jesus was a worker. And He said: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." (John 5:17.)—H.

172

DOWN TO SLEEP, UP TO WORK
(*Labor Sunday*)

Boys and girls, this is Labor Sunday. This week comes the so-called Labor Day. It is well to have some days in the year when attention

is called to the subject and importance of labor. We are all familiar with the evening prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Do we know the morning prayer?

"Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right."

The atmosphere of the Bible is the spirit of toil and industry. It is a workaday world which we see in the Bible. While there are kings and queens in the Book, for the most part the characters of the Bible are men who tend sheep and plow fields and draw their nets, and women who conduct the affairs of the household. There is no comfort for lazy folk in the Bible. Everywhere the air is full of the spirit of action. One book of the Bible is called The Acts—more properly the book of action. The highest example of industry in the Scriptures is Jesus himself.

A Japanese "boy" came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles recently and applied for a position. Now it happened that the household was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't work enough to keep another 'boy' busy." "Madam," said the Oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a little bit of work it takes to keep me employed." One does not have to go to Japan to find such people, they can be found in some of our American communities, too. Don't be a shirk. Don't be afraid of work. Love it. Lie down to sleep and then get up to work.—H.

173

THE JOY OF HARVEST

(*Harvest*)

TEXT: *"They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest."* Isaiah 9:3.

Why glad to-day? Jews at their Feast of Tabernacles. Called *"The* Feast of the Jews" because so much the most joyful. Such joy "the joy of harvest."

I. What the joy is. Natural to be glad of a good harvest. Why? Because an end is gained for which there has been long waiting, labor, anxiety. How often the weather seemed to backen the crops! What care required to watch and guard them! What fears that, in

spite of all, some misfortune would prevent the gaining of the prize. Now at last the harvest is come. Natural to be joyful.

II. Why should we rejoice? Natural for farmers, but we have not had much anxiety! Why should we be joyful?

Well, from sympathy. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice." Easy and natural to do this. If we don't get a prize ourselves we yet feel some gladness to see some one else glad—anyway, we ought to! Silly to lose "a good time" by sulking!

Then from gratitude. If not had the anxiety, yet share the benefit. Food cheaper. Money will go farther. Parents better able to get you clothes, etc. A good harvest does us all good, and if we have not had the trouble all the more should we be grateful for an unearned blessing.

III. Other joys like harvest joys. The harvest of a successful life. It is reached little by little, step by step, no leaping to results. Just like "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn."

When it comes, what a satisfaction! What a reward for patient painstaking! Five, ten, fifteen years hence, who of us will be reaping?—and what?

And another life beyond this; other harvests in the world to come —still reached little by little—little acts of kindness—little self-denials, etc. Yet what rejoicing when Christ's true servants rejoice before Him "according to the joy in harvest."

Harvests are not always joyful. The farmer cannot always secure a good harvest. But we may, for God will help us; it is our own fault if our harvest be not glad. Remember, "as a man soweth so shall he also reap." Now is our sowing time: are we sowing good seed or bad? —Rev. C. A. Goodhart.

174

THE APOSTLES TO THE ALASKANS
(Home Missions)

From time to time I have been telling you, boys and girls, about great Foreign Missionary heroes. But there are Home Mission heroes too, and this morning I am going to tell you about one who has been called "the apostle to the Alaskans." I refer to the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who I think you will agree earned the title I have suggested if you but begin to try to count up half the things that he did and endured in his more than fifty years of home missionary work, and in hundreds of thousands of miles of travel, filled with the wildest adventures and escapes imaginable.

The baby who was to become such a wonderful traveling missionary

saw the light in the little village of Minaville, in the Mohawk Valley, New York State, May 18, 1834. His mother's name being joined to his father's, he became Sheldon Jackson. Later the family moved to Esperance, in the same state.

Very early in life he thought of becoming a minister, and also had the hope of being a missionary.

From early boyhood he was familiar with stories about the Indians. He also knew about David Brainerd and his work for the Indians. He read *Pilgrim's Progress* and Washington Irving's works and some of Scott's novels. These he enjoyed very much and early began to dream dreams about the great world outside and to see visions of what was to be done.

At fifteen he went to the Academy at Glens Falls, New York, and afterwards to Union College, Schenectady.

Four days before his twenty-third birthday he was licensed to preach. Work among the Indians in Indian Territory was the first that offered after his seminary course at Princeton was finished. On his twenty-fourth birthday he was married. Their work among the Choctaws and representatives of other tribes was very strenuous, and Mrs. Jackson, besides helping in many ways, substituting for teachers, keeping house, and so on, found her hands full and her time too, with "keeping the little Indians in repair."

Later Mr. Jackson was moved to a parish thirteen thousand miles square in Minnesota and Wisconsin, with some of his preaching places a hundred miles apart. His salary was three hundred dollars a year. He traveled mostly on horseback or afoot. His escapes from freezing in blizzards and snowdrifts were many. But he did not freeze, except fingers and toes and perhaps his nose; but he thawed out, and went on with his pioneer work.

Later he was appointed Superintendent of Missions for western Iowa, Nebraska, Idaho, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and Utah. Under the trees, under the stars, in log huts, in miners' camps, in dugouts and sod houses, the missionary went preaching and visiting and organizing churches. He had many thrilling experiences and providential escapes.

But still later a call came to him from far Alaska. An exploring tour with unimaginable dangers and terrifying difficulties was made, in spite of many who thought there was no use or hope in it. But Dr. Jackson knew better, and was neither dismayed nor delayed by what people thought. He opened mission stations. He took Mrs. A. R. McFarland from Portland to be the first woman worker in that strange field. He even went to Point Barrow, the northernmost point, where Russian Siberia could be seen in the distance, and formed a mission there, where there are twenty-four days of night and the mail comes but once a year. With his other duties the gov-

ernment made him General Superintendent of Education in Alaska.

And now listen to the story of the reindeer. In pity for the poor Eskimos and with a wise thought for their help, Dr. Jackson, after great efforts and innumerable discouragements, finally imported reindeer from Siberian Russia and with native herders. After he had proved that it could be done he received aid from our government in bringing still others and getting them well established and greatly increased in numbers. These animals, that find their own food in the moss under the snow and can travel where dogs cannot, and can furnish food for the people and skin-clothing also, have proved such a boon to Alaska that Dr. Jackson would be remembered if he had done nothing else.

He was honored by his church, the Presbyterian, as Moderator of its General Assembly. He was honored by the government, by educators, by Geographical and Exploration societies. He is known as the Pathfinder and as a man who had traveled a million miles. "He went, on horseback or afoot, over unspeakable roads, bumping along in ox carts, by buckboard, stage, with mule team, by broncho, reindeer sledge, lumber wagon, ambulance, by freight or construction train, by dugout, launch, steamer, canoe, revenue-cutter, or cattle-ship."

His heroic life ended, at the age of seventy-five, in 1909.—H.

175

TWO WOMEN HEROINES

(Missions)

The time has come around again, boys and girls, for me to tell you a missionary story. This time I am going to tell you two very short ones. They are about two women missionaries, probably concerning whom you have never heard, and yet who were as heroic as any men of whom you have ever read or heard. Because, when it comes to missionaries, many women have been as noble and heroic as any man could be.

The name of the first missionary I mention is Dr. Clara A. Swain. She was the pioneer woman physician to India—in fact, the first to any country. She was born in Elmira, New York, in 1834. In 1870 she went to Bareilly, India, where she entered upon that work of healing the body which has done so much to open heathen doors to the gospel. It was she, too, who opened the first hospital for women in the Orient, on January 1, 1874. Women came in great numbers, and every one that came learned something about Jesus, the Healer of souls. The work grew. In 1883 more than eight thousand patients

were treated. Besides, other missionary societies took up similar work, and to-day the medical missionary is as indispensable as the preacher of the Word, useful and honored and successful in every mission field.

Another woman missionary I want to tell you about, who ranks among the heroines for Christ, is Miss Mary Reed. Out in Ohio, in the little town of Crooked Hole, she was born. At eighteen we find her teaching school. For ten years this was her profession. Then came the opportunity to enter the mission field, and she went to India.

She reached her station in November, 1884. Before she commenced her work she was stricken with a severe illness and went to the mountains to recuperate. In the district where she found herself there were said to be more than five hundred lepers, who dwelt alone.

By and by Miss Reed got well and returned to her work on the plains. Later she came home to America on furlough. Her health was poor. Soon a spot appeared on her cheek, and she knew that she was a leper. Physicians confirmed her opinion. She was a leper.

This was in 1891. She told her sister, but did not wish her mother to know. She resolved to return to India, to dwell among the lepers and live Christ among them. She made the long journey and started her noble work. Some time later her disease was stayed. As a result of her labors many lepers were received into the Church. She erected one of the finest leper asylums in the world, at the same time directing a band of Bible women working in a large district. Through her devoted ministries hundreds of afflicted ones have been brought to the knowledge of Christ.

Boys and girls, I want you to feel that it is a great privilege to make Christ known to those who do not have the Gospel and are in such dire need. Let us back up all the missionaries with our interest, our prayers and our gifts. They are representing us in the work.—H.

176

THE LEGEND OF THE DIAMOND CUP

I know that all boys and girls like legends, and grown people do too. There may be sermons in stones, and there are lessons in legends. So this morning I am going to tell you the legend of the diamond cup, and let you discover its lesson or lessons:

This old legend tells of a little girl who lived in a land where a drought had dried up all the streams so that all were perishing. The child went out into the woods and prayed for enough rain to fill her tiny cup for her sick mother. After her prayer she lay down and

slept and woke in the dawn to find her cup filled with sparkling dew.

She hastened to her home, but on the way stopped to pour a few drops into the mouth of a gasping dog. Immediately the cup in her hand changed to silver. She ran to her mother's bedside joyfully and placed it in her hand. But the sick woman cried, "No, I am dying; give it to those who will live!" and gave it back, and lo! the cup became a cup of gold.

Then the child bore the cup away to divide its water among all in the house, when a thirsty stranger came to the door. She eagerly held out the cup to him, and as he took it a radiant light shone about him, the cup turned to shining diamonds, and a spring of water welled from it refreshing all the land.

"Blessed are they," said the stranger, "who give a cup of water in my name."

He disappeared, and the diamond cup rose into the sky, shining forever as the Dipper among the stars. There it gleams for all to see—

> "Showing the world with what a light divine,
> Through all the years, unselfish acts may shine."

When you go out at night and see the dipper in the sky—the star-made dipper—recall this legend and its lesson. Better not wait until you go out in the night, but learn the lesson just now in the broad daylight. Then practise it day and night.—H.

177

THE WATCH

(Object Sermon)

Here, children, is a very familiar object for our text this morning. What is it? A watch. Yes. What is it good for? To tell the time. (Answering these simple questions will get them on the start.) Yes, it has one grand purpose in life. I wonder if each of you have? You know an aimless life will never amount to anything. I wish each one of you might, as early in life as possible, have some definite aim, a set purpose, a definite ideal for the attainment of which you will constantly strive.

Do you think that is a good watch? Yes, it is a good watch. It has one definite job in life and sticks to that and does it well. That is why I am never late for an engagement.

How many parts are in this watch? "I don't know." No, neither

do I. Well, what would happen if one of those little parts loafed on the job and stopped doing its work? "That watch would stop." Yes, the whole watch would stop. That is just the way with us. Each of us has some definite mission in the world. God gives each one something to do and the ability to do it. One shirker sometimes holds up the progress of the whole church and community.

What would happen if a little dirt worked into one of those little wheels? "It would stop." Yes, and that would stop the whole watch. This is just what happens if a little sin gets into one of our lives. It stops its progress, and that affects the whole church and community, and may just stop the progress of the whole. Once a little jewel was broken in this watch and the whole watch stopped until I had a new jewel put in, because no other part could do its work. Each part must attend to its own business, and that keeps it quite busy. Fortunate for the boy or girl who early discovers the mission for which God placed him here, and sticks to it, and does it well. As long as each part does its work well the watch keeps accurate time. And as long as each of us does our part well, we will have a great Sunday school and a great church.—Rev. R. K. Gill.

178

SEEKING GOD

(Object Sermon)

The speaker may be able to find a plant that has been in the cellar all winter, and that is now sprouting, or if not a plant, a potato, or any tuberous root. Take it to the meeting and tell the children how the plant "seeks" after the light, crawls toward it. There is something in the plant that craves light, and therefore the light draws it. It is the same with people. There is something in us that craves food, for instance, and we seek it. We crave play, amusement, study, and so forth. And we also crave God. We cannot be content without God, just as the plant cannot be content without light. We feel our need of God because we are sinners and need pardon. We feel our need because we are weak and need help; hungry, and need food for the soul.

In the old, old days the Jews went up three times a year to Jerusalem to seek God and worship Him. That was the place which He had appointed them, and they would have been foolish if they had gone elsewhere. They met God in His temple. In our day God had appointed places to meet people. We can meet in His Word, by reading it, studying it, memorizing it. We can meet Him in prayer. We

meet Him in the church. There are other places where it would be folly to seek God. It would be folly to seek Him in a saloon, or in a gambling den, or among Sabbath breakers, or thieves, or robbers. If we really want to find God, we shall go where He is to be found. —R. P. A.

179

A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY STORY

(Washington's Birthday)

Next Wednesday, February 22d, is the anniversary of Washington's Birthday. I have told you a good many things about Washington, and I am sure boys and girls generally revere his memory. We call him "the father of our country," and say that he was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He was certainly a great and good man.

There is a story of Washington that I am not sure you have all heard. I am going to tell it to you this morning. It is called "An American Tale," which means that it is more or less legendary. But it tells of traits of character so like those of Washington that I am sure you, and the older people too, will be glad to hear it as our Washington's Birthday talk for this morning.

The story is told in connection with a little girl by the name of Betty who lived a long time ago, in the days of Washington, on a farm in the South. Although Betty was only ten years old she could do many things. She knew how to clean the house, to wash the dishes, to sew, and to spin; but best of all she liked to cook.

One day Betty's father came home with great news. "President Washington is passing through our town to-morrow. If we want to see him, we must go early, for there will be great crowds."

When Betty's brother Robert came home he had more to tell. "Our company is going to march in the parade," he said. "There will be speeches and songs."

"I should like very much to go," said Betty's mother, "but I cannot leave the house."

"Oh, yes, you can, Mother," said Betty. "I can take care of the house. I am not afraid to stay alone. You must go with Father."

The next morning every one on the farm was up with the sun. Robert could not wait to eat his breakfast, but set off for town at once. Mother made the coffee, while Father brought the carriage and the horses to the door.

Betty stood at the door as they drove away, smiling and waving her hand. No one knew how much she wanted to see George Washington.

"I will have supper ready when you come home," she called.

Then Betty set to work to wash the dishes and clean the house. As she worked she thought about George Washington. "I wonder how he looks," she said to herself. "I wonder if his carriage is pulled by four white horses, as people say, and if it is really trimmed with gold."

When the house was clean, she sat down on the porch to sew. It was still early in the morning.

Soon she heard the clatter of hoofs. She stood up and looked down the road. Four horsemen were galloping along the road that led to town. They were dressed in white and gold. Behind them came a great white coach, trimmed in gold, and drawn by four white horses! Then came four more horsemen, and they, too, were dressed in white and gold.

The coach stopped before the gate. A tall man stepped from the coach and came up the walk. Betty made a low curtsy.

"Good-morning, my little maid," said the tall man. "It is late, I know, but can you give us some breakfast?"

Betty's cheeks grew pink and she made another curtsy. "I am the only one at home," she said. "My father and mother and my brother Robert have all gone to town to see President Washington. But I think I can get you some breakfast. I like to cook."

"I am sure you can," said the tall man. "If you will give us some breakfast I promise you shall see George Washington before your mother or your father or your brother Robert does."

"I will do my very best," said Betty, and she ran into the house.

She spread the table with a clean white cloth and brought out her mother's best dishes and silver. She cut a loaf of new bread, and opened a jar of golden honey. Away she ran to the spring house and got fresh eggs and butter and milk. She dropped the eggs into boiling water, and cut thin slices of ham. Then she made the coffee just as her father liked it.

When all was ready the strangers came in. "It is a breakfast fit for a king!" they said, and they ate as if they really thought so.

When they rose to go, the tall man leaned over and kissed Betty. "Now, my dear little cook," he said, "you may tell your brother Robert that you saw George Washington before he did, and that he kissed you, too."—H.

180

A SHAMEFUL SIGNATURE

I have a story to tell you this morning, boys and girls, about a shameful signature. I do not know whether this signature was written by a boy or girl or by a grown-up man. But the story tells about

your influence, or about how a wrong thing may stain a life or the life of some one else.

There is a bad habit a good many boys and girls and some older people also have. It is that of writing their names in public places, where they ought never to be seen. You know the old saying: "Fools' names, like their faces, are often seen in public places."

Well, this story is about a shameful signature. It is told about a time when they were building the beautiful Liverpool Cathedral, in England.

The chosen block for the foundation stone was of beautiful Runcoru red sandstone. The work of "facing" it was done at the cathedral site, and not in the studio of the sculptor. The cathedral in building was enclosed by a canvas fence, but that did not keep out the souvenir vandal.

We are told, it was customary when the day's work was done to tie up the stone securely in tarpaulin. One night, however, some one seeking undeserved immortality removed a portion of the protecting tarpaulin and did a dreadful thing. Upon the bare stone he inscribed his name in indelible pencil! Pencil of the indelible kind has a terrible effect upon the stone; the least moisture soaks it in. That night, as it happened, it rained; the shameful signature sank into the sensitive sandstone, as it were, up to the hilt. To delete or get rid of that signature an entire side, to the depth of a quarter of an inch, had to be cut away from the foundation stone of Liverpool Cathedral.

Look out for your influence, boys and girls. Look out for where and how you write your names and where you allow your influence to be felt and of what sort it is.—H.

181

CHIRPS OR SONGS: WHICH?

A minister in England, Rev. F. G. Hoggarth, tells us that it was a great scientist's idea that sparrows might sing as other birds if they would. He says: "The unattractive chirp of the sparrow is the result not of physical inability but rather of inherited laziness." Young sparrows if reared by canaries sing canaries' songs, not perfectly, yet quite recognizably. So there seems to be one more indictment against this much maligned bird—the bird that makes its way everywhere though no one particularly wants it. It not only works havoc among the crops and ousts other more desirable and useful birds, but it is too lazy to live up to its possibilities. It is content to chirp when it might sing. Its inherited tendency to sing lies undeveloped. It might do so much better in the way of song if it only would.

Not a few boys and girls, and older people too, resemble this bird in living below their possibilities. If they would, they could do far greater things. Sad to relate, this can be said also even of ministers. A friend said to me recently of a minister we both know well, that though he had preached a good sermon one got the impression that it was not the best he could do. In his student days that man gave the same impression. He had great gifts. The garnering of knowledge was no difficulty. Mentally he could leap where others had to bridge; yet he never did anything outstanding, nor ever will, because he will not pay the price in laborious application. The gifts are there, but not raised to their highest powers. He chirps, whereas he might sing. So do not a few in the pew as well as in the pulpit, outside as well as inside the church, boys and girls, men and women. Sometimes it is because their lives have lacked the proper environment, the challenging and inspiring example of friendship. But more often, perhaps, it is because they have been careless and lazy in the higher disciplines of life. They just refuse to take the trouble to develop their spiritual capacities. They are content with some chirping average of attainment.

Some of us are too old to change much. But you are young, boys and girls. Make up your mind to do your best. Make up your mind to make the very most of the one life you have. Make the utmost best of it for God, for your fellow men, and for your personal success. The same traits are necessary in all of life; the same qualities bring success. "Godliness is profitable in all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." In everything you undertake, boys and girls, do your very best. Never be willing to chirp when you can sing.—H.

182

WHAT A MONKEY TAUGHT A KING

(Armistice Day)

This is Armistice Sunday, as all you boys and girls well know. Armistice Day, to-morrow, November 11th, is the anniversary of the time when the great World War was brought to a close. I am glad to say we have no war now; but it is good for us to keep on celebrating Armistice Day as a time for us to consider the great value and blessing of peace. So that is what I am going to talk to you about this morning—the folly of war and the great benefits of cultivating, even in boys and girls, a desire for peace. So I am going to tell you a story about the foolish monkey, or what a monkey taught a king. This is the story:

Once upon a time the king of a great country gathered together his army to fight a far-away country. It was a little country, but he wanted to be king of it, too.

The king and his men marched along all the morning. Then they went into camp in the forest. The men fed their horses, giving them peas to eat.

One of the monkeys living in the forest saw the peas. He ran down out of his tree to get some of them. He filled his mouth and his hands. Then he went up into the tree and sat down to eat the peas.

As he sat there eating, one pea fell from his hand to the ground. At once the greedy monkey dropped all the peas he had in his hands and ran down to hunt for the one he had lost. He could not find it. While he was looking for it, the other monkeys ate the peas he had dropped. At last the greedy monkey climbed up his tree again and sat still, looking very cross.

The king had been watching the monkey. Now he said to himself, "I will not be like this foolish monkey, who lost much in trying to gain a little. I will go back to my own country and enjoy what I now have."

So he and his men marched back home.

War is a great mistake. It is a great crime, but it is an unprofitable mistake besides. It is the losing of much in order to gain a little, like the foolish monkey losing all to go after one pea. Boys and girls, be peace lovers, first, because it is right; but bear in mind always that it is the highest wisdom also. Surely no war of aggression can ever be either right or profitable. Be peace seekers, peace lovers, peace promoters. Use your influence all your life in favor of those things that make for peace in your community, in your nation, and throughout the world.—H.

183

THE FABLE OF THE FOXES

(Armistice Sunday)

Boys and girls, this is Armistice Day, a day when we thank God that peace, international peace, comes to the world. The older people will be hearing about that in the sermons and addresses in church and in civic gatherings. But I am going to tell you a fable and give you a proverb. If the whole world had paid attention to these there would have been fewer wars. Both have good lessons for boys and girls, all young people, and will not harm older people either.

Two foxes lived together in the depths of a forest. They never had a cross word with each other. At last one of them said, in very polite fox language, "Let us try to get up a quarrel." "Very well," said the

other, "just as you please; but how shall we do it?" "Oh, it's easy enough," said the first; "two-legged people quarrel, and I don't see why we should not, too." So they tried all sorts of ways, but could not get up a quarrel because they were so used to gentle, peaceful words that one or other of them was always giving way and the quarrel never came off. Finally, the fox that had spoken about the matter brought two stones into their little den. Laying them down before his companion, he said, "There, now, you say that these stones are yours, and I'll say they are mine; then we can get up a quarrel and scratch and fight each other just as the two-legged people do. All ready now. I'll begin. These stones are mine!" "Very well," answered the other fox very gently, "you are quite welcome to them." "But we shall never get up a quarrel at all at this rate," said the first fox, jumping up and licking his lips. "Don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel?"—H.

184

CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING

(Thanksgiving)

TEXT: *"I will praise Thee with my whole heart."* Psalm 128: 1.

Next Thursday we will celebrate Thanksgiving Day. Our thoughts turn to turkey and pumpkin pie. A good many people are like the little boy at whose home I was entertained one Thanksgiving Day. He weighed himself before he sat down to dinner, and he got on the scales after he had finished his dessert and found that he had gained three pounds. He thought he ought to stuff himself in honor of the occasion.

The first Thanksgiving Day was observed more than three hundred years ago by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. They said, "We must have a special day on which we may thank God for all the blessings He has given us." They had had a hard time of it ever since they landed on these shores. They had suffered from the cold; they had been hungry; and a great many of them had died; but they said that, in spite of all, they still had a great many things for which to be thankful. Four men went out to hunt for game, and they came back with all they could carry, which they served with corn and barley. The Indians were invited as guests, and together they ate the first Thanksgiving dinner in the wilds of New England.

Ever since that time we have kept up the custom.

Some of us perhaps think that we have had a hard time during the

past year, but I am sure that each one has something for which to thank our Father in heaven.

I read about a Dutch sailor who had followed the sea all his life. One day when he had climbed to the top of the mast he slipped and fell to the deck. They picked him up for dead, but presently he regained consciousness and asked how badly he was injured. They told him that aside from being severely bruised his leg was broken, to which he cheerfully replied, "Thank God it was not my neck."

Even if we have been unfortunate in the past, we can still find good reason for being thankful.

Not long ago a man lost his leg in a railway accident. He was taken to a hospital where his wounds were dressed. The surgeon said to him, "It is very unfortunate that this should have happened to you." "Oh," said the man, "it might have been worse; I'm so thankful that it was the leg with the rheumatism."

Most of us mean well enough, but I think we are forgetful. We really appreciate our blessings, but we have poor memories. Let me give you a hint how to remember the blessings of the past year. On next Thursday take a piece of paper and a pencil and make a list of them. I know you will be surprised at the number. You will need more than one sheet.

A little girl said to her father one evening, "Father, I am going to count the stars." Soon he heard her say, "One hundred . . . two hundred . . . five hundred—oh, I didn't realize there were so many."

"Count your many blessings,
Name them one by one;
And it will surprise you,
What the Lord hath done."

It is very easy to say "Thank you" with the lips. We do it one minute and forget about it the next. Real thanks come from the heart. Let us live lives of gratitude, for, after all, Thanksgiving is Thanksgiving. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—M. G. G.

185

SEA GULLS AND THANKSGIVING
(*Thanksgiving*)

I guess you all know, boys and girls, that next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. I know why you remember. It is because of turkey and

pudding and pies and cakes and nuts and cranberry sauce. That's why. But I trust you also remember to be thankful to our kind heavenly Father for all His many gifts the whole year round.

I thought you would like to have a story this morning, on this Sunday before Thanksgiving, that has in it a suggestion of our duty and privilege of feeling and expressing gratitude to God. You will find this meaning at the end of the story. That is where the meaning of stories comes—at the end.

There is a very beautiful city in the Western part of our country called Salt Lake City. It lies in a valley with high mountains all about it and a great salt lake near by.

Among the many things in this city that interest visitors is a tall monument made of granite. On top of this monument is a sphere on which two bronze sea gulls seem to have just alighted.

Strangers in the city wonder why sea gulls were put on a monument in a place so far away from the sea.

This is the story that is told to visitors about the monument and its gulls:

Long ago the place that is now Salt Lake City was sandy desert ground. At that time very few white people lived west of the Mississippi River, and they were mostly trappers or hunters.

In 1847 a brave little company of men, women, and children started out to cross the Great Plains. They traveled in covered wagons that were packed full of tools, household goods, food, and clothing. The women and the younger children rode in the wagons, while the men and the older boys walked.

They crossed broad streams and high mountains. Finally they climbed to the top of the great Rocky Mountains and down again into a valley on the other side.

This valley was bare and dry and sandy. Very little rain ever fell here. All around the valley were snow-capped mountains, and not far away was a great salt lake. It did not seem a good place for farms, but the men thought that they could dig ditches for the water from the mountain streams to flow through to water the land.

It had taken them many months to make the terrible journey, so that they were glad to end it here in this beautiful country. And here the people built their homes and made their farms in the place which is now Salt Lake City.

Their food was almost gone, so all knew that their lives depended on the crops of grain and vegetables which they could raise. Every one helped and worked and watched until the fields were covered with green growing plants.

Then one day some men working in the fields saw something strange in the sky.

"What is that?" said one man. "Where?" asked another, as he

stopped his work to look. "Over there," was the reply. "It looks like a cloud, but it is too low in the sky." As they watched, the strange thing came nearer and nearer. What could it be? The men were frightened to see this strange, dreadful, unknown thing coming so close.

"Locusts!" exclaimed one man. "It is an army of locusts! There are millions of them!" "Come, let us alarm the people! We must fight them. They will eat all our crops," said another man. The men threw down their tools and ran to tell the people.

Wherever the locusts lighted they ate everything that grew in that place. They ate the wheat to the very ground. They ate the corn and even the corn stalks. They ate the leaves from the trees and the bushes, the grass and the weeds, and even the bark from the trees. And they were coming nearer and nearer to the farms of Salt Lake City.

The men went out to fight the locusts. They tried to kill them by stamping on them. They dug ditches and filled them with water to drown the locusts. They built great fires to burn them. But while they were killing the locusts in one place armies of them lighted in another place. The farmers could do nothing to stop them. They could only wait and weep and pray.

Suddenly there was heard a great whirring and flapping of wings. As the people looked up, they saw another army coming, not of locusts this time, but of sea gulls from the Great Salt Lake. "Oh, oh!" cried the people. "The gulls have come to eat what the locusts have left." But as they watched, their horror was turned to joy, for the gulls had settled down on the fields and were eating the locusts. They had seen or smelled the locusts and had come to feast upon them. They ate and ate until all the locusts were eaten or had flown away. And so the farmers' crops were saved.

The people were so thankful that they made a law that no one should ever shoot a sea gull. Any one who did so would be sent to prison. And years later, in memory of the gulls, they built the monument of granite with the bronze sea gulls on top.

Now for a text for this Thanksgiving sermon. Let us take this one: "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him and bless His name. For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations." Or this would be a good one: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—H.

186

A THANKSGIVING STORY FROM OLD COLONY TIMES

(Thanksgiving)

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, as I am sure all you boys and girls know. I almost hear you smacking your lips now over the thought of the turkey, the cranberry sauce, and the plum pudding you are to enjoy. But I don't want, by talking of these things, to make you hungry enough now to run home to dinner before church is out and it is time for dinner. Just the same, I think you will enjoy the Thanksgiving story I have for you this morning. I got the story from Abigail Prescott Torrey. It is entitled, "How Mercy Found a Turkey." It is a picture of old Colonial times, and this is the way the story goes:

Little Mercy sat holding the skein for Mother to wind; she was thinking very hard indeed. It was quite a little time before Thanksgiving. Mercy had helped to get ready for the winter. She had gathered the gray berries of the bayberry plant, whose wax would be made into candles, and she had helped Mother to dip the wicks and break off the rough places. Now Mother was getting ready to spin, and Mercy was helping all she could.

Mercy felt that she must do a lot for Mother, for Father had broken his leg, and the doctor, who had set it as skilfully as he could, said it would be a long time before Father could walk around very much.

Not only did that mean that Mother and Mercy must do the work of the farm with what help they could get from Silas, the chore boy, but it meant no turkey for Thanksgiving, for most of their meat came from the wild game that Father shot with his gun, and now he would not be able to go hunting for some weeks.

As soon as the skein was finished, little Mercy put on her hood and cloak, took her little pail, and started for the bayberry pasture, for Mother had decided that they needed more candles for the winter's supply. She walked along the road until she came to the house next to their own. No one knew much about the man who lived there, for he did not speak much to his neighbors, and all summer he raised his crops and tended his cornfield by himself.

Mercy found the berries very thick just beyond the new house, and she was soon busily at work filling her pail. While she was picking, she glanced now and then toward the new house with the yellowing stalks of corn in the field.

All at once she saw several cows coming running down the village road and turn into the corn patch. The few cows in the colony were kept in one place, with a boy to watch them while they grazed, and Mercy knew that in some way these must have wandered away from him, and now they were making for the corn.

Every child of those Colonial days knew the value of corn. Mercy must not let the cows eat up her neighbor's corn. She dashed toward the corn plot, and in a few minutes had driven out the cows and sent them running back up the road, just as the new neighbor himself came from the woods with two wild turkeys he had shot.

"The cows were eating your corn, so I drove them out," she exclaimed breathlessly.

"So I see," said her new neighbor, actually smiling. "You are my next-door neighbor, whose father was hurt the other day. Well, one good turn deserves another. Take home one of these turkeys for your kindness in saving my corn, and tell your father I shall be glad to send him something every time I go hunting. He'll want a turkey for Thanksgiving, I know."—H.

187

GOD'S THANK YOU

(Thanksgiving)

I am going to give you a story told by a good woman about a little boy she knew.

"Little Jack was a four-year-old and a sweet pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes, and he had sweet, affectionate little ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot. I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. 'Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?' I asked. The tears came into his eyes and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: 'I've been kind to Cousin Jack; I worked dreffly hard for him, and he never said thank you to me.' Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him into his little cot, he said to me: 'Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I am not sorry.' 'How is that?' I asked. 'Has Cousin Jack thanked you?' 'No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one, and, do you know, I've found out what it is.'

'What is it, darling?' I asked. And throwing his arms around my neck he whispered: 'It's God's thank you!"

It is true that when you do right there is something inside of you that whispers God's "Thank you."

188

BILLY-BOY'S THANKSGIVING TOOTH

(*Thanksgiving*)

Well, boys and girls, next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. So I think you might like a Thanksgiving talk this morning. I am going to bring you a little Thanksgiving story, the substance of which I got from an article in one of our religious papers, the article being by Miss Nan T. Poe. This is the story: Billy-Boy had heard a great deal about Thanksgiving offerings. At Sabbath school it had been talked about, and at home and at church.

"What is a Thanksgiving offering, Mother?" he asked. Whenever Billy-Boy wanted to know anything he just asked some one, and almost always he found out exactly what he wanted to know. You know that is one of the ways both boys and girls learn things—by asking questions.

"Why, a Thanksgiving offering," said Mother, "is a present we give on Thanksgiving Day to some of God's people because we want to thank Him for being so good to us all the year round. At our church this year we are going to thank God by sending money to take care of the little boys and girls at the orphanage, those precious little boys and girls whose mothers and fathers have gone to heaven."

Billy-Boy was satisfied and went out to the sand pile to help Dod, his year-and-a-half older brother, make frog houses. Dod was getting to be a great big boy, was in the second grade at school and had lost a tooth. Billy-Boy had been very much interested in that tooth. Daddy had told Dod to put the tooth under his pillow and see what he would find next morning. In the morning the tooth was gone and in its place there was a bright, shining new dime. Of course you and I know that Daddy had put the dime there, but Billy-Boy did not know and thought it was very wonderful. My, but he did wish he could lose a tooth! He thought and thought about it. He knew he was too young, but how he did wish he could!

At last he decided to see what he could do. He picked out a lower front tooth to work on and began pushing it and punching it and wiggling it every time he could get a chance when no one was looking,

until at last it really began to loosen a little. He kept on working at it until finally it got to be quite loose, then very loose, and at last, the very day before Thanksgiving, he tied a string around it and Dod helped him with a good, hard jerk and the tooth came out. It hurt a little, of course, but a real man has to stand some little pain in this world, thought Billy-Boy, so that didn't matter.

That night the tooth was placed under Billy-Boy's pillow and next morning, sure enough, there was the wonderful dime in its place.

On Thanksgiving morning Mother was getting ready to go to the service at the church when Billy-Boy came puffing upstairs, his new dime tightly clasped in his fat little hand.

"Here, Mother," he said, "put this money in an envelope and write my name on it."

"Why, what's that for, Billy-Boy? That's your tooth money, isn't it?" asked Mother.

"Yes'm. That's why I pulled my tooth out. I was just 'bliged to have a Thanksgiving offering."

189

A GOOD THANKSGIVING
(Thanksgiving)

TEXT: *"Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for which nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."* Nehemiah 8: 10.

This is the way Nehemiah told the Old Testament Jews to observe a certain Thanksgiving Day they were celebrating. They were to eat good things and be glad, but they were also to be sure to send portions to others who had lack—who had nothing prepared. And that is a good way for us to do in celebrating our Thanksgiving Day each year, by remembering the poor and giving to those who are in need. There is a poem by Marion Douglass that gives emphasis to this same spirit for our Thanksgiving Day. It is a sort of imaginative story which I am going to tell you boys and girls in prose. I think you can get the story quicker that way, and the application to our Thanksgiving Day this year will be just the same.

The story goes like this: Once upon a time there was an old man named Mr. Gay. This man was always kind and polite, so everybody called him Gentleman Gay. He liked to help everybody and make them happy. One Thanksgiving Day old Gentleman Gay said, "I'm

going to have a good time to-day." "How are you going to have a good time?" asked his wife.

"Said old Gentleman Gay,
'On Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time,
Give something away.' "

"Then give something to Shoemaker Price," said Mrs. Gay. "He is very poor and has ever so many children to feed." "I will," said old Gentleman Gay. "I will send him the biggest, fattest turkey I can find."

So old Gentleman Gay sent Shoemaker Price a big fat turkey. "Now, I feel happy," said Gentleman Gay. "I know I shall have a good time to-day."

Now, poor Shoemaker Price had bought a chicken for his Thanksgiving dinner. But the chicken was very small and his family very large. The chicken was so small that each child could have only a very little bit. But when the children saw the big fat turkey they clapped their hands. "Good, good," they cried. "Now we can have a good time!"

"Yes, but we must give somebody else a good time," said Shoemaker Price. "Let us send our little chicken to poor old Widow Lee." So one of Shoemaker Price's boys ran over to Widow Lee's house with the little chicken. When she saw it she was very glad, for it was plenty big enough for her. "Thank you," she said. "But why did your father send this nice little chicken to me?" "Oh, old Gentleman Gay sent us a big fat turkey, and we are going to have a good time. We want you to have a good time too," said the boy. "That is why Father sent you the chicken."

Now, I must not make my story too long. But Widow Lee thought she must make somebody happy. She had made a big pumpkin pie, and having the chicken could get along without it, and sent it to Washerwoman Winnie to make her happy. Washerwoman Winnie thought she must make somebody happy. She had made a ginger cake for her Thanksgiving. Having the big pumpkin pie she sent the ginger cake to the poor Pretty children. Then they thought of the little lame boy who lived in the lane and sent a slice of the cake to him. "Then," said the lame boy, "I must make somebody else happy. I will save all the crumbs of my cake and give them to the birds."

The lame boy saved all his crumbs and threw them out to the birds. The birds ate them and were glad, and flew around singing, "Peep! peep!" which was their way of saying, "Thank you."

So everybody said, "Thank you," and everybody had a good time; and so you see that old Gentleman Gay was right.

"Said old Gentleman Gay,
'On Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time,
Give something away.'"

190

FORGET NOT HIS BENEFITS
(Thanksgiving)

TEXT: *"Forget not all His benefits."* Psalm 103: 2.

Non immemor beneficii. This motto belongs to a family in Ireland which has as its coat of arms a baboon carrying a baby. This strange figure has a story connected with it. It is said that long ago one of the family was away at the war and had left his household in the charge of one or two old retainers and the women servants. Suddenly there came an alarm of the enemy and everybody fled, forgetful of the little baby, the heir of the house. But a baboon, who was the pet of the family, noticed the omission, ran to the cradle, caught up the child, and carried him to the top of the abbey steeple, holding him out for the people to see. Great was the terror of the forgetful servants, but happily the animal carried the child safely to the ground again. When FitzGerald, the child's father, returned, he was grateful to the dumb animal that had saved the fortunes of his house; and was not ashamed to set the monkey in the center of his shield of honor and underneath to place the motto, "Not unmindful of his kindness." You notice how nearly these words correspond to the familiar ones of this Psalm. We are taught that we must not be forgetful of God's goodness, and that the best way to remind ourselves of it is to hold a clear recollection of the means whereby God helped us.

I. There are some quaint customs in England that show how different generations hold in affectionate remembrance the usages of an earlier time because these remind them of the kindness of their benefactors. At Winchester School, for instance, the boys always prefer to use the simple square platters of wood to plates of a finer and more expensive kind, because these have been handed down from generation to generation and were the only form of dish used at the time the college was founded. The boys thus feel themselves in closer touch with the spirit and times of their founder. At Queen's College, Oxford, too, there are numerous quaint customs to keep the scholars in mind of those who in the old days founded that seat of learning and gave their money to support all who should study within its walls.

One of the famous standards of the world was that of Constantine the Great. It was in the form of a cross, and it is said that on the eve of one of his great battles the emperor saw this sign in heaven with the words written over it, "In this conquer," and made a vow that if heaven granted him on that day the victory he would always fight under the banner of the cross and subject himself to its sovereignty.

Thus, you see, men glory in things quaint, or old, or even despised, if thereby they have been aided, and are glad to take them for the token of honor and glory. They are not ashamed of them, because for those who wear or display them they have a sacred and joyful meaning. Now, we should learn a lesson from such customs, that not only is ingratitude disgraceful, but must bring with it its own punishment.

II. I have read somewhere a fairy story that tells how once a traveler was wandering through a wood when he came upon a clump of the little blue flowers that we call forget-me-nots. He bent over them, surprised and delighted at their beauty, but wondered more when the little flowers began to speak to him. They told him that if he plucked a handful of them and carried them on through the forest they would disclose to him untold treasure. He eagerly snatched some of the blossoms and went hurriedly on his way. Presently he came to a rocky defile, and there right in front of him opened a doorway that led him to a cave filled with all manner of gold and precious stones. When he saw the wonderful treasure that was within his reach he rushed eagerly forward and threw away the now despised and seemingly worthless flowers, but in a moment the doorway closed before his eyes, and he had no spell wherewith to reopen it. Thus was he taught the sin of ingratitude and the shame of selfishness. Now, God's good gifts are like the little flowers in the forest, strewn plentifully at our feet, and if we take them with loving hands and humble hearts, remembering the Giver, they will open to us ever new treasure houses, and we shall become the richer in love, in friendship, and in what is best of all, the power to help.—G. C. M.

191

WHY DO WE FORGET GOD SO EASILY?

(Thanksgiving)

TEXT: *"Forget not all His benefits."* Psalm 103:2.

A statesman of ancient Greece was once talking with a friend, when his friend said, "O that some one would teach me to remember!"

The statesman answered, "Nay, rather teach me to forget." That was long centuries ago, but I think that to-day there is not one of us but would still be fain to learn that art of forgetting some sights we have seen, some words we have spoken, some deeds we have done. How much we would give if we could blot out the memory of them. Yet such are just the things we never do forget. Like wounds in the flesh they are burned into our memories. They sleep, it may be, but only to wake at unexpected moments, and to confront us when we wish it least. What we would fain forget we often best remember. What we would fain remember, is it not that we are most ready to forget?

Now I am sure of this, if there be one thing we might be expected to remember, it is God's loving-kindness. To the angels in heaven it must seem incredible that any here to-day should have forgotten the benefits of God. Yet of forgetting them we all are guilty. David made no mistake. He knew the temptation to forget, and you and I still know the same. Let us think a little on our forgetfulness of the benefits of God.

I. And first, why are we all so ready to forget them? It is because we are so accustomed to them that our hearts are hardened. Some one has said that if all the stars in heaven were to cease shining for a hundred years, and then were suddenly to flash out again, there would not be an eye in all the earth but would be raised heavenward, and not a heart in all the world but would break forth in hymns of praise to God. But the stars are shining every night. And you and I are so accustomed to them. So with God's benefits. Did they come rarely, singly, unexpectedly, how we should prize them. But they have been over us like the heavens, round us like the air, under us like the earth ever since we were born. And we are so accustomed to them that our hearts are hardened.

II. Now let me give you some simple hints for mastering this forgetfulness. I want you to have better memories for all God's benefits.

1. Strive to see God's hand in all that befalls you. Strike out from your dictionaries such words as fate, misfortune, luck. Remember you are children of a King, not children of a chance. And honor God by seeing in everything some movement of your Father's hand.

2. Again, go over your mercies in detail. Begin and try and count them. And for the first time you will learn how deeply and how hopelessly you are in your Father's debt. We must get to it benefit by benefit if we want to know what we owe God. David knew that. David did that. And never was there a man who better knew than noble David how to confess sin and how to remember benefits. He cried to his soul, "Forget not all His benefits." Then he began to number them. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities?—one. Who healeth all thy diseases?—two. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction?—three. Who crowneth

thee with loving-kindness and with tender mercies?—four. And so on through a whole Psalm. I wonder if you could sing a Psalm like that out of your own hearts to-day. Begin and try. For not till you do that, in your own words and way, will you ever waken to the thronging mercies wherewith God has engirdled you.

3. Do not forget that you have to meet God face to face. Young people, you and the Giver of all good must yet stand face to face. And if God has given you health and strength, and sight and hearing, and parents and homes, and a thousand things besides, and you have forgotten them all and never thanked Him for them, I want to know how you will meet Him in that great day? I heard of a girl who got a present from a young friend in Connecticut; and she said, "I can't be bothered acknowledging this, and after all it doesn't matter much, for I'll never likely see my friend again." Did you ever do that? But we're all doing that with God. We get his gifts and use them, and then we say in our hearts, "Our God is very far away, why should I trouble to thank Him?"

4. And if you would not forget God's benefits, see that you live in close companionship with the Lord Jesus Christ. A gift is always a gift. But when a gift comes from one we love it has a double value in our eyes. It is the giver that makes the gift precious. Your sister has a withered flower in her Bible. It is not worth a penny. But to her it is very dear, because it was given by one who loved her. Your mother has toys and strings and socks and boots lying in the drawer. They would fetch nothing in the market. But she would not sell them, for they belonged to your little brother who died. Ah, how she loved him. And they were his, and so she loves them too.

So with God's loving-kindness. Strive to take all out of the hand of Jesus, who loves you and who died for you on Calvary.—G. H. M.

192

THE FOX AND THE CROW

Well, boys and girls, my junior congregation, I have another fable for you this morning. You will think it strange when I tell you the story is more than twenty-five hundred years old, for it was written by an old Greek by the name of Æsop more than five hundred years before the time of Christ. The story is about the fox and the crow. You know in these old fables the birds and all the animals are supposed to talk.

This is the way the story goes: A crow, having stolen a piece of cheese, held it firmly in her beak and settled in a branch of a tree. The fox, who was very hungry, said, "That's for me, as I am the

fox." But he said that low to himself, and walked up to the foot of the tree. "Good-day, Mistress Crow," he said. "How well you are looking to-day; how glossy your feathers; how bright your eye. I am sure your voice must surpass that of other birds, just as your figure does; let me hear but one song from you that I may greet you as the Queen of Birds." This he said in a soft voice. The crow, anxious to show that her voice was equal to her other charms, set up a loud Caw. But the moment she opened her mouth the piece of cheese fell to the ground. It was snapped up by Master Fox, who said, "My good Crow, your voice is all right, but your wit is wanting. I have what I wanted. Now, in exchange for your cheese I will give you a bit of advice: Beware of flatterers."

I will give you a Bible text for this sermon, boys and girls. It is from the wise Solomon who in Proverbs 20: 19 says: "Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." Look it up when you get home. But remember this, that crows are not the only birds that have been caught with flattery. Look out! Beware of the flatterer.—H.

193

THE VAIN JACKDAW

In ancient times the Greeks were heathen and worshiped many gods. Their religion was called polytheism, which means the worship of many gods. One of their greatest gods they called Jupiter. People are learning all over the world now to worship the true God, the creator of the world, our loving heavenly Father. And we should hurry to send missionaries that all people, the world around, may come to know God and our Saviour, Jesus the Christ.

Among the legends that have come down to us from the older times is one about the vain jackdaw. This is one of the fables written by the old Greek, Æsop, from a time before the coming of Christ. The story, or fable, is more than twenty-five hundred years old.

The story is that once Jupiter announced that he intended to appoint a king over the birds and name a day on which they were to appear before his throne, when he would select the most beautiful of them all to be their ruler. Wishing to look their best on the occasion, they repaired to the banks of a stream, where they busied themselves in washing and preening their feathers. The jackdaw was there along with the rest, and realized that, with his ugly plumage, he would have no chance of being chosen as he was; so he waited till they were all gone, and then picked up the most gaudy of the feathers they had dropped and fastened them about his own body, with the result that he looked gayer than any of them. When the appointed day

came the birds assembled before Jupiter's throne; and, after passing them in review, he was about to make the jackdaw king, when all the rest set upon the king elect, stripped him of his borrowed plumes, and exposed him for the jackdaw that he was.

The moral of this fable is, "Borrow not to fool others." In the first place vanity is great folly. Fine feathers do not make fine birds. Fine clothes do not make fine boys. Fine hats and dresses do not make fine girls. Dressing up in peacock feathers does not make a jackdaw into a peacock, and does not fool the other birds either. You have heard a saying about "borrowed plumage." But the plumage does not change the bird that wears it, or the boy or girl that wears it. Be yourselves, boys and girls. Be honest. Be natural. Be genuine, through and through. I think there is a good text for us to remember in connection with this story. It is in Psalm 51, verse 6: "Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom."—H.

194

TWO TRAVELERS AND A BEAR

All boys like bear stories, and I think nearly all girls too. So I have a bear story for you this morning. It is an exceedingly old story, for it was written by an old Greek author by the name of Æsop more than two thousand five hundred years ago. So the bear is dead long before this, and the most timid girl need not be scared. No one needs to be afraid of a dead bear. This story I have for this morning is about two men who were traveling through a big woods when a bear rushed out upon them. One of the men happened to be in front and saw the bear first. He seized hold of a branch of a tree and was able to hide himself among the leaves. The other traveler, seeing no possible way to escape, because the bear was so near, threw himself flat upon the ground with his face in the dust and lay absolutely still. The bear, coming up to him, put his nose close to the man's ear and sniffed and sniffed. But at last, with a growl he shook his head and slouched off, for bears will not touch dead meat.

As soon as the bear was gone the man in the tree came down to his comrade, and, laughing, said: "What was it that Master Bruin whispered in your ear?" In other words, "What was it the bear whispered in your ear?" "He told me," said the other, " 'Never trust a friend who deserts you in time of need.' "

Of course this is a fable, not a true story of something that actually happened. But it is a fable with a meaning. It tells that if we are going to be friends we ought to be true friends. That means being

friends through thick and thin, to be loyal to our friends when it costs something to be friends. You know what friends David and Jonathan were. We do not believe that either of them would have hidden or run away if the other was in danger. It is said of David and Jonathan: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." (I Samuel 18: 1.) Theirs was a true friendship and no danger to either one ever separated them. True friendship is a very beautiful thing. And let us not forget that we all have a wonderful friend in our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. His love for us is deep and true and loyal and at all times. Nothing can make His love for us to waver or to fail.—H.

195

LISTENING TO GOD

Once upon a time some lumbermen were cutting timber in the woods in British Columbia. Among the workmen were some Indians. One day the boss wanted a certain kind of axe which he knew was back in the camp where the supplies were kept. So he took a shingle and with a piece of charcoal wrote on it a message, asking for the axe. Then he called an Indian and told him to take that back to the camp and bring back what they gave him. The Indian couldn't read, so when he got to the camp and gave the man the shingle, and then saw the man read it and go and get the axe and give it to him, he was so frightened he ran away into the woods. He couldn't understand how a shingle with a few marks on it could ask for an axe.

So it is we sometimes can't understand how people can talk to each other when they don't see each other. Formerly there were no telephones. If any one had told that a man in New York had talked to his wife in Plainfield I'm afraid he would have wanted to run away as the Indian did. But now it doesn't surprise or frighten us when people who can't see each other talk together.

Once there was a mother named Hannah. She wanted a baby boy very much, so she spoke to God. She couldn't see God, but she was sure He would hear her if she spoke to Him. She told the Lord that if He would give her a baby boy she would lend him to the Lord. Sure enough, a boy was born in her home soon after that, and when he was a very little fellow she took him to the temple and told the priest, Eli, about what she had promised, and Eli took the little boy to help in the church work. There he grew up until he was quite a big boy. One night he was sleeping in his usual place in the temple when he thought he heard some one calling him. He thought, of course, it was Eli, the

old priest, but Eli said, no, he hadn't called. Then he told Samuel, for that was the little boy's name, to lie down again and if he heard the voice again to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." So by and by Samuel heard the call again, and then he answered just as Eli had told him and said, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." And God spoke to him. He was as surprised, I imagine, as the Indian who found that the shingle could speak.

And God speaks to us to-day just as truly as He spoke to Samuel that night in the temple. How does He speak? Why, first of all, in the Bible. We can read there what He wants to say to us. He speaks to us, too, in springtime, when the trees begin to bud again and the grass grows green and the flowers come out, as if He were saying, "I've taken care of them through the cold winter and now I'm bringing them back to life again." He speaks to us by the gifts He is making to us all the time. One day I got a package from a friend, and in it was a book. It was my birthday, and I could hear my friend saying through the gift, though he wasn't anywhere near me, "I'm thinking of you and wishing you joy." So God gives us homes, and parents, and eyes and ears, and all the joy of life, and some of its sorrow, and in His gifts we can hear him speaking to us.

Let us listen for His voice and say as Samuel did, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." (I Samuel 3 : 9.)—W. D. M.

196

SERVING ONE ANOTHER

TEXT: *"By love serve one another."* Galatians 5 : 13.

Here, boys and girls, seems to be mentioned one of the things that people are not very generally willing to do. There is no real joy, when we look at the matter through the eyes of selfishness, in doing anything for somebody else. We grumble and scold when any one seems to expect us to do something for him or her, not knowing that the sweetest joys of life are found in the service we do for others. It is not what we get that makes us happy. It is what we give. It is what we do for others that fills our own hearts with real happiness. No one can be unhappy when by love he is serving another.

Let me tell you a story about a man named Hobab. We have not heard very much about him. In fact I doubt not there are a good many boys and girls who have never heard of him at all. Who was Hobab? Where did he live? What did he do? Hobab was the brother-in-law of Moses. He was not a conspicuous character. He is not

especially well known, because he dwelt in one of the unfamiliar corners of the world and is told about in a not much read part of the Old Testament. Perhaps you remember that Moses married a Midianite woman when he was in their country in exile. When he went into Egypt, as God had commanded him, he went alone. But on his way to the Promised Land as the great and trusted leader of the Israelites, he returned to Midian to gather his possessions together and to take his family with him. It was at this time that he urged his brother-in-law Hobab to go with them and to share in the riches of the land which God had promised. "Come then with us," said Moses, "and we will do thee good."

It was a pleasant invitation, an alluring offer to Hobab. The wonderful riches of Canaan are surely more tempting than the desolate desert with its hardships of toil and slavery. And Moses fully expected Hobab to accept the invitation. But Hobab did not want to go. He seemed to be well contented with his petty lot. He did not have any ambition to fall in line and go to Canaan. He wanted to live on quietly in his old home.

His refusal brought sorrow to Moses. Hobab was a good guide, and he could do a great deal of good if he would only accept the invitation. But he refused.

Moses loved his brother-in-law. He needed him. But he did not know how to persuade him to change his mind. At last Moses thought of a proposition. He brought Hobab a new offer. "Come thou with us and do us good," is the new offer. "Be our eyes, our guide, our scout, our pathfinder. We need you." This new proposition appealed to Hobab. It offered him something worth while, and he accepted. He refused to go because of any advantage to himself. But when he discovered how much good he could do for others he decided to go.

I think I hear you say: "Hobab was a real good fellow." So he was. I think there are a great many boys and girls like Hobab was before he reached his decision. They are living for themselves. They never think of serving one another. A young boy said to his mother: "I tried to make little sister happy while you were away. She would not be happy; but I was happy trying."

We cannot become useful Christians unless we are willing to think of others, to serve one another, to try to make others happy. No boy or girl can be of service to another when he or she is unkind, unthoughtful, cruel. One of the worst things in the world is selfishness. The spirit of selfishness is to "corner" all our blessings, but the spirit of love is to bless all our corners. When Jesus was on earth "he went about doing good." He made sad people glad. He gave the weary rest. He cheered lonely hearts. He made the poor in spirit rich in heart and soul. He lived and died for others. It was love that moved him. Let this be your motto, "By love serve one another." If

Jesus dwells within your heart he will fill it with love, so that yo can go out and love somebody else. Do not let the things of th world cut joy out of your life. We all need more and more of the lov of God and of others in our hearts. Then our faces will shine; ou hearts will be cheerful; our eyes will see clearly; our nerves will b steady; our courage will be undaunted, and we shall pass throug the hardest tasks of the common day striving all the while "by love t serve one another." Will you try to do this?—Rev. Alfred Barrat

197

FABLE OF ANDROCLES AND THE LION
(*Thanksgiving*)

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. I am sure I do not need t tell you that, boys and girls; for you have already been thinking of i for many days, and anticipating the good things you are to have t eat—turkey and pudding and cranberry sauce, pies and cookies, an grapes and nuts and candies. Thanksgiving is really a great day in ou American history, and it has a noble lesson to teach of the rightnes and appropriateness of gratitude to God for all his benefits to us as nation and as individuals. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so"; le us express our gratitude; let us not keep it hid away, out of sight, i our hearts. It is our duty, if we are grateful to God for His favors, t say so. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." (Psalm 107: 2.) Tha is my Thanksgiving Sunday morning text, for this little sermon t you young people, my junior congregation of boys and girls.

And I want to illustrate this grace of showing gratitude by tellin a very old story, an Italian legend of the long ago. I am quite sur most of you have heard it; but I think it will do us all good to hear again, maybe neither you nor the older people here ever heard it use to enforce a Thanksgiving Sunday thought.

This is the way the story goes:

There once lived in Rome a slave called Androcles. His maste was very cruel, and at last Androcles made up his mind to run away

"I will go to the forest," he said to himself. "The wild beasts can not be more cruel than my master."

He then left his master's house and hid himself in a thick fores He walked all day through the woods. His clothes were torn b thorns, and he grew very hungry, but he could find no food. A last, too tired to go on, he lay down in a great cave in the rocks.

Soon he heard the roar of a wild beast. He sprang up to run. H had already reached the mouth of the cave when he saw coming to

ward him a great lion. To his surprise the beast walked very slowly and gave a low moan as if he wanted help.

As the lion came near to him, Androcles saw that he limped upon one of his legs and that the foot was swelled. He went up to him, and took hold of the paw, and looked at it. He then saw that a great thorn was stuck in the ball of the foot. He held the paw gently in his hand and pulled out the thorn.

As soon as the thorn was out the lion was full of joy. He jumped about like a dog, wagged his great tail, and licked the feet and hands of Androcles. From that time Androcles lived in the cave with the lion. Every day the lion went out and brought back meat for his friend. At night they slept together in the cave.

One day Androcles went out to walk in the forest, and he met with some soldiers who had been sent out to look for him. They caught him and took him to prison. He was tried before the Governor of the town: "Let him be torn in pieces by a lion," said the Governor, "a lion which has been kept for many days without food."

Androcles was taken out to a great field, and hundreds of people came to see him when he should be eaten by the lion. Soon a roar was heard, and the great beast was let loose. He came roaring toward Androcles with his eyes red and angry and his great jaws wide open.

All at once he stopped and smelled the air. To the surprise of the people he did not spring upon Androcles, but lay down before him, and began to lick his hands and his feet and to rub his great head against him, like a dog that had found his master.

The Governor of the town called out in a loud voice and asked Androcles to tell what had made this wild beast so tame. Androcles told the story of his life in the forest. "This very lion," he said, "fed me for many weeks in the cave."

The people were all pleased with the story, and they asked the Governor to set Androcles free and to give him the lion. And so Androcles and the lion both became free.

Gratitude, boys and girls, is a great grace. If even an animal can show such gratitude to one who has befriended him, shall not we both feel and show the warmest feelings of gratitude and thanks to our heavenly Father, the Giver of every good and perfect gift?—H.

198

A WONDERFUL YOUNG MISSIONARY

(Missions)

Boys and girls, I want to tell you this morning of a wonderful young missionary. His name was Henry Martyn. He was born in

Cornwall, England, in 1781. He is the man who said that it is bette to burn out than rust out. He was a brilliant scholar in Cambridg University, England, and was turned to missions by the lives o Carey and Brainerd. He went to India and there labored valiantly. Th hot climate wore him out. In spite of fevers and fainting spells h labored on, preaching outdoors under the torrid sky, building a church using his scholarly attainments to translate the New Testament int Hindi, Hindoostani, and later into Persian, and then into Arabic Increasing sickness compelled a sea voyage, and he went to southern Persia, doing splendid work there. Again sickness compelled a re moval, and he set out for England on horseback from Constantinople 1,300 miles away.

Completely exhausted, he had to stop at Tokat in the center o Turkey in Asia, where the plague was raging, and there he die at the early age of thirty-two. His life, however, when it becam known, was so heroic that it gave a magnificent impetus to mission all over the world.

A friend of those days writes of Mr. Martyn: "I perfectly remem ber the young man as he came into our home. He was dressed i white and looked very pale. His expression was so luminous, intellec tual, affectionate, and beaming with love that no one thought of hi features or form. Character outshone everything. There were also th most perfect manners, with attention to all minute civilities, and h was remarkable for ease and cheerfulness. He was the humblest o men.

One of the severest trials that came to him when he was about t set out was the saying farewell to the young lady he most dearly love Probably he had hopes of returning for her. But in six short years hi work was done.—H.

199

HUDSON TAYLOR, MISSIONARY TO CHINA

(Missions)

You have heard very much, I am sure, boys and girls, about th heroism of battlefields. But a battle usually lasts for a short time. sometimes think that men like Paul showed a greater heroism. Hi was a lifelong campaign. He could say, "I die daily." In every ag the men and women that have done like work have shown the sam spirit. The heroes are not all dead. Death is not the only way to sho heroism; it is sometimes harder to keep faithfully toiling withou apparent results. Holding steadily a lonely and obscure post may h

as hard a test as to face great danger where one knows that the eyes of many are watching.

The soldier's heroism may be at the cost of other lives. But the missionary heroism seeks to save lives for both worlds at any personal cost. Our own debt to the heroism of known and unknown missionaries through many generations is great; it is well for us to gain some idea of its greatness.

All the pioneer missionaries were heroes. This morning I am going to mention only one. But by naming one we do not therefore slight others.

Perhaps Hudson Taylor illustrates missionary heroism, and the heroism of faith, as well as any man that ever entered the mission field.

He had been in China and had returned to England, broken in health, a nervous wreck, and weary. As he lay in his sick-bed he used to look upon a big map of China that hung on the wall. He noticed that the mission stations were ranged along the coast of that great country. Then and there, with supreme faith, sick though he was, he resolved that by the grace of God he would plant the banner of the Cross in the very heart of China and carry the message of salvation to the interior.

Thus in one man's faith and devotion was born the China Inland Mission, which has grown to enormous dimensions and has been wonderfully blessed.

This is all I am going to tell you this morning, boys and girls, but I will give you some further interesting stories about him at another time.

There are many missionary heroes, and we owe them all a debt of love and gratitude. There are pioneer missionaries, martyr missionaries, the missionaries' wives, the translators of the Bible, and others. They have represented us in carrying the Gospel to the ends of the world. Let us not forget them, nor forget the great work which they have done.—H.

200

A NOBLE WOMAN MISSIONARY

(Missions)

Boys and girls, I am going to tell you this morning about the first unmarried woman to go to Persia as a missionary. When one begins to talk of any person, how natural it is to ask, "What is he like?" "What is she like?" These are natural questions to ask, are they not? Well, when we think of the missionary I am going to tell you about

this morning, Fidelia Fiske, and ask what she was like, we seem t hear what more than one friend said of her, that "she was like Jesus. She made others think of what the Saviour was like when on earth loving to pray to His Father, and "going about doing good."

Her love for missions and the wish to be a missionary came to he very early in life, for she had heard the work talked about a grea deal in her family from the time she could remember.

The seminary for girls, at Mount Holyoke, founded by Miss Mar Lyon (now Mount Holyoke College), was a good training school fo missions. So much was said upon the subject, and the interest o Mary Lyon was so great, that missions seemed to be in the very ai For the first fifteen years there was but one class of graduates tha did not have one or more members on the foreign field, while ther were hundreds who became Home Mission teachers, or wives o missionaries.

It was to this school that Fidelia Fiske went as a pupil, and ther her interest grew from year to year. It was fed, for one thing, by th many letters that came from those who were busy in the work.

One day a missionary from Persia came to the Seminary. Sh wanted a teacher for a girls' school and begged earnestly for one fro Mount Holyoke. Said Fidelia, "If counted worthy, I shall be willin to go."

There were all manner of difficulties in the way, but finally sh sailed for Persia with Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, reaching Urumia, afte a journey of three months, in June, 1843.

She found the people poor and degraded. The parents did not wis their daughters to go to school, thinking it very improper indeed. Sh found in the city where she labored only one woman who could rea She established a boarding-school for girls, which did a wonderfu work. The first Syriac word she learned was "daughters," and th next was "give," so that she could say, "Give me your daughters."

Her pupils studied the Bible for three hours each day, and near all of them became Christians. A native chief, a very wicked chara ter, brought his daughter to the school and was converted before h left the premises. All he could say was: "My great sins! My gre Saviour!"

The seminary enjoyed many revivals in its first nineteen year Often the pupils would spend the entire night praying for their rel tives. Miss Fiske made many journeys among the villages during h vacations, winning souls everywhere. At last, worn out, her heal gave out and she was compelled to return to America.

Failing to recover strength she died in 1864, in Shelburne, Mass chusetts, where she was born. She was in her forty-eighth year. grieving Nestonian girl wrote to America: "Is there another Mi Fiske in your country?"

Boys and girls, is not that a wonderful testimony to a useful life? I am sure there are other Miss Fiskes in our country. Maybe some of them are growing up among you girls who hear me to-day. That would be a noble life for one of you to live.—H.

201

A YOUNG KNIGHT OF MISSIONS

(*Missions*)

Boys and girls are almost all fond of athletics and like to hear stories of athletic stunts and triumphs. I know some boys who would rather read the baseball news than study their lessons! It is sure that a reasonable amount of athletics is good for young people. It helps them to keep out in the open air, to take exercise, and to be well and strong. Sometimes it proves excellent preparation for a life of heroic exploits. So this morning I am going to tell you the story of a great athlete. His home was in Scotland. He became one of the young knights of the mission field.

His name was Ion Grant Neville Keith Falconer. That is a long name, isn't it? But some of our British neighbors have very long names, especially if they belong to the so-called nobility. This young man, who was called Keith Falconer for short, was the third son of the Earl of Kintore, an old and very wealthy Scottish family. He was a brilliant young man in many directions. In his boyhood the bicycle was at the height of its popularity, and he became the champion bicycle racer of Great Britain, also President of the London Bicycle Club. He became the champion British runner. He was also a leading expert in shorthand, writing the article on that subject for the Encyclopædia Britannica. He took highest university honors in Hebrew, and later went to Egypt to study Arabic and became professor of that language at Cambridge University. Even as a young man he had won the name of being the greatest living orientalist.

This splendid young fellow became interested in missions in Arabia, studied medicine, and decided to found a medical mission there at his own expense, himself paying for the buildings and supporting his assistants. He built his hospital and a medical school at Aden, on the Gulf of Aden, at the entrance of the Red Sea, on one's way from the east toward the Suez Canal.

He at once began making missionary tours among the people, enduring great hardship on account of the terribly hot and malarial climate. He had already made a deep impression upon the Moham-

medan people when he was stricken with fever, one attack after another, and died at the early age of forty years.

But the story of his heroism aroused great interest in his work, which has continued in much power ever since his untimely death.

I thought you boys and girls could not help being interested in the story of this fine young athlete who became one of the most honored, beloved, and useful missionaries, whose life was one showing heroism and consecration of the highest type.—H.

202

THE PROUD CROW

Of course you know that in the days long ago birds and animals were supposed to talk to each other. They did not really; but what they are supposed to have said has come down to us in legends. These are all very interesting and often carry important lessons, some of them especially helpful for boys and girls—possibly just as helpful and wise for older people too. Now, the legend I have for you this morning is about the proud crow.

One day a crow found a lot of peacock feathers. "My," cried the silly crow, "how lucky I am! No other crow in the world will look as fine as I. How all my old friends will envy me!" And the proud crow stuck the peacock feathers all over his back.

Then he flew away to show himself to his friends. He strutted up and down before them. But they did not envy him. They only laughed at him. "Just look at that silly bird!" they cried. "See him strut! Did you ever see anything so proud? Caw, caw, caw!"

The proud crow was now very angry. "Do not speak to me," he said. "I have fine feathers. I am a peacock. I will have nothing to do with you crows." So off he strutted to the peacocks.

"How do you do, my dear friends?" he said in his sweetest voice.

"Who are you?" cried the peacocks.

"Do you not see that I am a peacock?" answered the crow. "Look at my fine feathers."

"Fine feathers, indeed! We threw those old feathers away long ago. You are no peacock. You are just an old black crow."

Then the peacocks fell upon the old crow and pulled off all his fine feathers. They tore out many of his own feathers, too.

The foolish crow was a sight! He crept back to his old friends. He tried to steal in among them without being seen. But they all cried out, "Who are you? What do you want here?"

"Don't you see that I am your old friend?" croaked the crow. "I am going to live with you always."

"No, you are not," answered the wise old crow. "You are no friend of ours. A few old peacock feathers made you think you were a peacock. So you left your old friends. The peacocks saw you were a cheat and drove you away. Hereafter you must live alone. Be off with you!"

And all the crows said, "Caw, caw, caw! Caw, caw, caw!"

A few fine feathers did not make the old crow into a peacock, did they? And the crow who was so proud, so conceited, and so foolish was not acceptable to either the crows or the peacocks, was he? His folly made him lose all his friends. And such pride is no more wise for boys and girls, or older people either, than it was for that foolish crow. I think I can suggest an appropriate Bible verse in connection with this lesson. Here it is: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." (Proverbs 16: 18.)—H.

203

THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR DONKEY

I have a great story for you this morning, boys and girls. It is a rather funny story, and you will have to watch sharp as we go along to get the meaning. But it hasn't any the less meaning because it is funny, and maybe you will remember it all the better because it is funny. It is an old, old story about the miller, his son, and their donkey.

A miller and his son were driving their donkey to a fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they came up to a group of women around a well.

"Look there!" cried one of them; "did you ever see such stupid fellows? They trudge along on foot when they might ride."

The old man heard this and made his son get on the donkey's back, and he walked along by his side.

Presently they met a group of old men.

"There!" said one of them, "this proves what I was saying. No respect is shown old age in these days. Do you see that idle lad riding while his old father has to walk? Get down, you young rascal, and let the old man rest his weary limbs."

Upon this the old man made his son dismount, and got up himself.

Soon they met some women and children.

"Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several of them at once; "are you not ashamed to ride and make that poor little lad walk? He can hardly keep up with you."

The good-natured miller at once took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

"Pray, my friend," said the man, "is that donkey your own?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"One would not have thought so from the way you load him," said the other. "Why, you two are better able to carry the poor beast than he you."

So the miller and his son got off the donkey and tied his legs together and hung him on a pole. They took him on their shoulders and marched off over a bridge to the town. This funny sight brought the people in crowds to laugh at it. The donkey, not liking the noise nor the strange things that were done to him, began to struggle to set himself free. At last he broke the cords and fell into the river and was drowned.

Upon this the old man, angry and ashamed, made the best of his way home again. By trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and had lost his donkey into the bargain.—H.

204

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

The story about the goose with the golden eggs is one everybody knows. Yet it has a lesson not everybody heeds. I am going to tell it to you this morning, boys and girls, not because it is new, but because it is so old. Sometimes thoughts that are old lose their force just because they are old. Because old, not sufficient attention is given them. We let them pass by without giving them proper heed. This story is one of Æsop's famous fables, that have been known and read for more than two thousand five hundred years. The story must be worth something to have continued to be reproduced so long.

The story is that one day a countryman going to the nest of his goose found there an egg all yellow and glittering. When he took it up it was as heavy as lead and he was going to throw it away, because he thought a trick had been played upon him. But he took it home on second thought, and soon found to his delight that it was an egg of pure gold. Every morning the same thing occurred, and he soon became rich by selling his eggs. As he grew rich he grew greedy; and thinking to get at once all the gold the goose could give he killed it and opened it, only to find—nothing.

The common moral of this tale is this: "Greed often makes one poorer." And that is certainly true, boys and girls. If you try to take too many apples in your hand you will lose them all. If you make a glutton of yourself you will surely become ill. If you take unfair advantage of people you will lose out in the end. In the long run

honesty is the best policy. That does not say that you should be honest from policy, or only from policy; nevertheless, it is true: "Honesty is the best policy." Be absolutely fair—absolutely honest and unselfish. Dishonesty overreaches itself. Selfishness overreaches itself. "Greed often makes one poorer." This is the way the wise Solomon expresses the same truth in the Book of Proverbs: "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." (Proverbs 28:22.)—H.

205

THE FOUNTAIN OF DELIGHT

TEXT: *"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."* Psalm 37:4.

There are many beautiful Psalms, but I am inclined to think this is the most beautiful of them all. Now, has the Psalmist, who knows so much, and seen so much, and experienced so much—has he anything to say to you boys and girls? Yes. He says: "Rest in the Lord. Roll your burdens on the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." He will open a door for you. He will make the way clear before you, if only you are patient and look to Him, desiring to serve Him in all you do. Wait patiently. And work while you wait. And sweeten both the work and the waiting by trust in Him.

Now, almost all of you, I suppose, take it for granted that you would be quite happy if you could only change your outward circumstances and shape them to your mind; if you could get as much money as you would like, for example, and live in the company you like, and get the sort of work you like; or perhaps even you feel that you could dispense with work altogether if only you could have everything else to your taste. You crave pleasure, variety of scene and action, and think you could be content if you had the world at your feet. But could you?

All through this Psalm the wise, kind writer of it is asking you to consider that assumption. The contrast he draws between the good man and the bad man, with their respective ends, is intended to suggest to you such questions as these: If I lived in the best company in the world, and had a bad heart, could I be happy then? If I had all the money in the world, and all that money can bring, with a haunted conscience, could I be at peace then? The truth he sets himself to teach you is that it is not any change in outward conditions which robs us of our peace; but our unruled affections, our excessive cravings, our ill-regulated desires. The fountain of peace is within us, not

outside us. If a bad toothache, an aching nerve, would make the wealthiest and most prosperous of men miserable, how much more would a wounded and alarmed conscience, or a sullen, suspicious, and selfish heart? But the poorest of men can afford to keep a good conscience and a kindly heart, that is, he may possess all that is essential to peace.

You must not imagine, however, that the wise old man who speaks so gravely to you takes an austere and gloomy view of life. To no man was life ever more bright and serene. Nor must you imagine that he frowns on your craving for pleasure, for delight; or that he bids you mortify the natural and eager desires of your hearts. On the contrary, he shows you where to find the truest and most enduring delight, and promises that the inmost and deepest desires of your heart shall be satisfied. And I dare say that nothing in the whole psalm seems so strange, so incredible to you as this promise, the promise of my text. Yet it is simple and obviously true, as I will try to show you. Only, if you would see it to be true, you must take the whole verse together, and not a part of it by itself. What the Psalmist really promises you is that if you delight yourselves in the Lord, the Lord will satisfy your utmost cravings for delight; that if you desire Him, He will give you the desire of your heart.

The things that last are the soul and the relations of the soul to God. The things that satisfy are a soul at peace with God, a soul that can find its delight in Him; sympathy with His will; a love which springs to meet His love; and the assurance that nothing can ever separate us from His love. These are the true, the supreme realities. All else will change or pass, but these never. Change and death have no power over them. They will be your light and joy here, and then your light and joy through the great hereafter.

Begin, then, to delight yourselves in the Lord, and begin at once, that He may at once begin to give you the desires of your heart—S. C.

206

WISHING FOR WINGS

TEXT: *"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."* Psalm 55:6.

King David was one of the wisest of men; yet he is not ashamed to tell us that one day he could not help wishing for what he knew was impossible. He wished for wings. The reason was that he was so grieved with the wickedness of a great many of the people among

whom he lived that he longed to get away to some quiet valley, among lonely mountains and forests, where he could be alone with God. So he said, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

Other people besides King David have wished for wings. A little boy was sitting in school one bright summer morning. Looking up from his book, he could see through the open window the finches and tomtits hopping among the trees, and the swallows skimming over the grass. And he could not help saying to himself, "Oh that I had wings! for then I would fly out of school and do nothing but play with the birds in the sunshine." By and by, he did not know that the birds were not at play, but hard at work, catching flies and grubs to feed their young ones. Perhaps you knew that little boy! Or was it a little girl you knew who wished for wings? Well, let me give you a word of advice about this.

Don't spend your time in wishing for wings, or anything else that is impossible. Not that there is anything wrong in a wish, unless what we wish for is wrong. Wishes will come flying into our minds as little birds sometimes hop in at an open window. But do not pet and feed and fondle them. Let them fly away again. There is nothing wrong in King David's saying, "Oh that I had wings!" but it would have been very wrong and very foolish if he had wasted his time in longing for wings and murmuring and grumbling because he could not have them. Wishing is profitless work, even for possible things. No one ever got to the top of a mountain, or even to the top of a ladder, by wishing he were up there. No! you must climb, step by step.

God gave David something much better than wings. Read verses 16, 17, 22 of Psalm 55, and look at the last six words of verse 23, and you will see how this was. Often God denies our wishes that He may give us something better than we ask or think. A pair of dove's wings would be useless unless you had a dove's body; or eagle's, unless you had an eagle's body. "Oh, but that's just what I should like —to be a bird, just for a little time." Is it? Then, perhaps, you would wish for legs like a gazelle, or fins like a whale. One can't have everything. And yet I remember that St. Paul says to real Christians, "all things are yours, . . . and ye are Christ's."

The Lord Jesus needed no wings to fly up to heaven. And we need no wings to get near enough to Him to talk to Him. When you pray to Him He listens, and hears every word as though He stood close to you. Ask Him to help you to use your hands and feet in His service. Love to Him will be better than the winged shoes you read of in the old Greek fables. It will make your feet swift and your hands nimble for every duty and every kindness. It will give wings to your thoughts, so that they will fly up to Him and then come back fresher and more earnest to your work. Then, when the time comes, He will give you

what is far better than wings: He will come and receive you to Himself, that where He is, you may be also.—Rev. E. R. Condor.

207

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

TEXT: *"And God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."* Genesis 1:31.

There are two ways of looking at everything and two ways of speaking of everything. One way is to see all the bad there is in it, and to speak of it, and so to find fault with everything and everybody. The other way is to see what good there is in it, and to speak of it to others. This is God's way. When He had created the sun, moon, stars, and the earth, and all that in them is, He "saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

Now which is the better way, to find the good in everything or to find the bad in everything? Let us see which is better.

You will see the importance of this question when you think how easy it is to form the habit of finding fault or of finding good in things. We fall easily into habits—into the habit of carrying our hands in our pockets, of throwing our caps down anywhere, of biting the finger nails, of doing everything we do in a certain way and not in another way. So also we fall into the habit of seeing spots, defects, wrongs, whatever is bad, or into the habit of seeing the good there is in everything, and speaking of it. We are creatures of habit, and when a habit is once formed it is hard breaking it.

Another thing I want you to remember. It is this: that as we form good or bad habits, we shall be happy or miserable. But that is not all: as we form good or bad habits we make others happy or miserable. And this is not all: just as we form good or bad habits we please or displease God.

But you say that there are so many things wrong we cannot help finding fault with them. No doubt if you had looked out on the world which God made, at the time it was finished, you would have found many things to find fault with—the weather, the rain and snow, the heat and cold, the snakes and flies, and other things too numerous to mention—but God called them all "very good." There are reasons why we should make the best of everything; and so we tell you what they are that you may form the habit of looking always on the bright side.

I. Your own good should lead you to make the best of everything.

To pick out flaws, to see defects, to find all the ugly and bad things and to dwell on them is not good for your own soul. There is nothing cheering and ennobling in it. If you have ten apples, nine of them good and one bad, it is folly for you to fret over the one bad apple so as to lose the good of eating the nine sweet apples. So, if there were nine good things and one bad, make the most of the nine and let the one go. Or, if there were nine bad and only one good, it were wise to make the best of the one and let the nine go. What is the use of spoiling the good because of the bad? Our own happiness depends on our passing by the bad and seeing what is good. This is one reason why we should make the best of everything.

A mother told me the other day that her boy had once fallen from a tree and cut his face, and that for a long time she had mourned over the scar that was left, until one day it flashed into her mind how ungrateful it was to grieve over the scar when her boy had not been killed by the fall. After that she never saw the scar without joy that her child had been spared. She at first looked on the dark side, then on the bright side. Where before she had sorrow, now she had gladness of heart. May we not find joy by looking on the bright side of things?

II. The good of others should lead us to make the best of everything. We help to make others happy or miserable. We ought to do what we can to make them happy, and we shall, if we look on the bright side of things. But if we tell over to them every pain, ache, and trouble we have, we shall make ourselves and them miserable. If we, on the other hand, see the good things God has done for us and speak of them, and smile through our tears, and feel and say that all is for the best, we shall fill their lives with joy and gladness. We shall make them happy.

We want you, then, to make the best of everything. Say with God: "Behold, it was very good."—Rev. A. Hastings Ross.

208

WALKING WITH GOD

TEXT: *"And Enoch walked with God."* Genesis 5:22.

This is a short account to give of a life that was three hundred years long; but it is a very satisfactory account.

What we are told is that "Enoch walked with God." And the question we have to try and answer is this: What sort of a walk is a walk with God?

And in answering this question there are four things about this walk in which I wish to speak.

I. In the first place, if we walk with God we shall find that we have a safe walk. There are many places in which people walk that are very dangerous; but if we are walking with God, as Enoch was, He will guard us from danger and make the path in which we are walking safe.

II. But in the second place, walking with God is a useful walk. Suppose that you and I were taking a walk through the wards of a hospital. It is full of people who are suffering from accidents, and disease of different kinds. And suppose that, like our blessed Lord, we had the power, as we went from one bed to another, to heal the sick and suffering people in that hospital. Then we might well say that our walk through that hospital was a useful walk.

But we have no such power as this to cure the diseases from which the bodies of men are suffering. Yet this may afford us a good illustration of what we can do for the souls that are suffering around us, when we become Christians and walk with God.

III. Walking with God is a pleasant walk. When we are taking a walk there are several things that will help to make up the pleasure to be found in that walk. If we have a guide to show us the road; if we have a pleasant companion to talk with as we go on our way; if we have plenty of refreshments—nice things to eat and drink; if there are bright and cheerful prospects around and before us; and especially if we are sure of a nice comfortable home to rest in when our walk is ended, these will help to make it pleasant.

But when we walk with God, as Enoch did, we have all these things, and more too. And these are sure to make a pleasant walk.

IV. Walking with God is a profitable walk. We see a good deal of walking done without much profit. But sometimes we hear of people who are able to make their walking pay. Jesus says that if we give a cup of cold water to one of His disciples, or if we suffer for Him, or do any work for Him, we "shall receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

And if such rewards are given to those who walk with Him, then we may well say that that is profitable walking.

Enoch was a model walker because he "walked with God." Let us all try his example, and we shall find that walking with God is a safe walk; a useful walk; a pleasant walk; and a profitable walk.—R. N.

209

THE CHAMBER OF HEARING

TEXT: *"He that planteth the ear, shall he not hear?"* Psalm 98: 4.

Away in Denmark there is an old castle called Kronberg, close by the Sound of Elsinore. Beneath this castle is a dark, tremendous cavern with the deep boom of the waves ever echoing within its rocky walls. And there inside, the Danish legend tells us, sits Holgar the Dane, sunk in deepest sleep. But in his dreams he hears above the distant thunder of the waves all the sounds that rise in the world without. From its lightest whisper to its loudest noise, he hears all in that dark cavern sunk in the hill. So in your ear and mine there is a dark chamber, not vast like the cave by Elsinore, but small as a cherry stone, and there is another Holgar, not dreaming, but all alert. And, as to Holgar, there comes to it in the darkness of its strange abode the voices and the noise of the world around us. What a wonderful chamber it is! Surely it is the most wonderful in all the world. It is there we hear the music of the birds and the streams and the trees, it is there we hear the great roll of the thunder that comes crashing on our ear from the distant heavens, it is there we hear the gentle voices we love to hear and to obey. We generally speak of these things as if we heard them outside of us; but it is not so. It is all heard in that dark little chamber within the head.

Is it any wonder that we should call this one of the most extraordinary chambers in the world when such strange things can go on in it? Surely we ought to pity with all our hearts those who cannot hear, for what a world of joy and interest they have lost! The little chamber may have its forlorn spirit within, waiting so anxiously for some message from the outer world; but it never comes, for all the doors have been shut, and the connections all broken, and in a profound stillness that must be most painful to bear, the soul sits patiently waiting till the long silence is broken by the voice of God Himself.

There are many lessons we can draw from this gateway of knowledge. We can apply to the ear the teaching we got from the eye.

I. Use your ears. Just as there is seeing and seeing, so there is hearing and hearing. How often do we come across the expression used about somebody that what they hear goes in at one ear and out at the other! I would rather say, it goes in at the porch and may get the length of the outer lobby, but it is never really taken into the house, into the ear itself. Boys and girls who answer to this description hear things but they do not understand. The sound never gets inside the

house to the inner chamber, and so the true meaning of what they hear is never really grasped. This is true of our daily lessons and it is true of our Sabbath hearing. We hear the sermon on Sabbath; we let it into the inside lobby, but we do not take it right in, and so when Monday comes it has slipped out at the door again and is forgotten. The great lesson, therefore, for us to learn is, to take in what we hear thoroughly; to try and understand what it means, and then it is much more likely to remain as part of the furnishings of that inner chamber of the mind.

II. Listen only to the best. That inner spirit of the ear has to receive all that comes to it; it cannot help it, and it sends all the evil things that we hear, as well as the good, into the brain. And when sin gets in it has a habit of staying in and spoiling everything else inside. Never, if you can help it, listen to anything bad, unkind, or unclean. It is far easier to keep these things out than to turn them out once they are in. Remember, the ear can take in all the sounds of the world; it cannot let out any. Let us be careful, then, to listen only to the best. This, of course, is not easy; it is not always possible. We very often cannot help hearing things we would have been much better not to have heard, but the real harm is done not so much in the hearing as in the dwelling upon and remembering such things. This we can all help, and it ought to be our earnest endeavor to put all such things resolutely away from us at once. There is a striking phrase of Luther, the great Reformer, that we should always keep in mind: "I cannot help foul birds flying over my head," he said, "but I can easily prevent them from building their nests in my hair." He means that we cannot always help the evil things that are flying through the air coming within our reach, but we can refrain from giving them a shelter and lodging in our own heart.

III. Then, remember the soldier's motto, To hear is to obey. Is that true of us? Are we always ready to obey when we hear the command to do something? No one can ever forget that story of little Henry Havelock, how his father left him one day at twelve o'clock on London Bridge and told him to wait there until he came back for him. His father went away, and in the pressure of business forgot all about his little son until seven o'clock in the evening, when in the house of a friend he suddenly remembered his promise. He was sure he would find his boy, for he had been trained to obey. And there, sure enough, was little Henry, just where his father left him, quite contented and never doubting but that his father would come for him as he had said. That was a boy who heard and obeyed. We all admire soldiers; let us never forget that the first thing that makes a true soldier is obedience.

IV. Once more, never forget to listen for God's voice. Perhaps you did not know that God speaks to you, and that you can hear. You

all have a conscience which tells you when you go wrong. That is just hearing the voice of God, and if you will only listen you will always hear Him speaking to you and telling you what to do. Yes, God speaks if we will only listen, and to hear Him is surely to obey, for He calls us only to what is wisest and best.—J. T.

210

THE RECEIPT FOR A DAY

TEXT: *"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O most High: to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night."* Psalm 92: 1, 2.

Yes, boys and girls, that is a good thing. You may not be able to know at the time why. Yet it is a good thing—good for you and good for everybody round you—to begin and end the day with God.

I. It is good in the morning—for it gives us the right keynote for the day.

You are singers—very good singers, too, some of you—and you know something about music. Do you know what flatting means? It is like this: sometimes, when people are singing they forget what the right sound should be, and all their notes get lower and lower, for the one has to push the other down so as to make it keep its proper distance; and the worst of it is the singer has no idea of how far he has gone wrong till he hears the keynote struck: then he knows!

That is just the way with people who try to get on without God; without thinking of Him in the morning, without praying to Him, or reading a bit of His Word. The music of their life keeps going down and down—it flats; and the worst of it is they don't know it. Others observe it; people round them can tell it, but they can't themselves, for they don't listen for the keynote. Be you wiser; make sure of this—that it is a good thing to begin with God in the morning. That will help you to keep your heart high and right all through the day.

II. And it is a good thing to end the day with God. You are going to forget Him and forget everybody for a little while you sleep. But He is not going to forget you; it would be a bad, bad thing for you if He did. He is going to watch over you in the night, just as He did through the day. Think of that! God standing like a faithful sentinel to protect you when you cannot protect yourself! Will you go to sleep without thanking Him? without thinking of Him? without one loving word for Him? That's not good, not kind, and nobody can grow up right, or strong, or wise, or loving who does that.

So end the day as you begin it, by having a little time alone with God, and though you may not be able now to know why, by and by, when you grow up, when you know things better and see them clearer, you too will say—and say it, oh! with such a glad and grateful heart —"It was good for me to begin and end all my days with God!"—J. R. H.

211

CONTENTMENT IS GREAT GAIN

TEXT: *"But godliness with contentment is great gain,"* etc. II Timothy 6:6–9.

Boys and girls, contentment is great gain—really to be pleased to be what you are and with the things you have. Some children when they grow a little and begin to look about them and see there are houses grander than their own home and people richer than their parents begin to be discontented. Then they begin to put discontent into words and say: The old house, it is too old. The clothes, they are not fine enough. The holidays, they are too short. The people we know, they are not grand enough. If we could only be richer, grander, finer-looking, and more surrounded by great friends!

Nothing they have pleases them; only something they have not would please them.

There is a famous German story about a tree. It is this:

In a deep forest in the German land lived a little tree which had this kind of discontent. It was a thorn tree and might have lived a happy life, for it was strong and nobody troubled it. But it was not satisfied. "Why do I have hard, bare, prickly thorns?" it said. "Other trees have leaves: I only ugly thorns. If I had my wish I should have leaves of gold."

And although it is a strange thing to tell, the little thorn tree had its wish. When the next day dawned it saw that it had leaves of gold. And the light of the sun shone on the golden leaves, and the tree made a splendid show. The little tree laughed for joy.

But in the midst of its joy a robber came. "Gold!" he cried. "Leaves of gold! That is splendid for me." So he plucked off every leaf, put them in his pockets, and went on. At night the poor tree was quite bare and very much cast down.

But once more it was allowed to wish. And this time it wished for leaves of glass. So leaves of glass grew on the branches. And in the morning the sun came out and shone on the leaves, and it was a great sight. The little tree clapped its hands for joy. But when night came,

there arose a storm. It came crashing through the wood, breaking the branches, overturning the trees: at last it came to the little glass-leaved tree. And with one mighty blast it shattered the leaves into fragments. And the little tree had sorrow once more.

But once again it was allowed to wish. This time it wished for green soft leaves like other trees. These came, and then, when it was glad for their beauty, the little goats came and began to lift up their mouths and bite and nibble, until before night every leaf was eaten, and the tree was bare.

Then the discontented tree saw its folly. "I was not pleased with my thorns," it said. "But thorns are best for me." So it wished back the thorns, and the thorns came back.

Robbers did not touch them; storms did not break them; goats did not eat them. At last with the things given by its Maker it was contented.—A. M.

212

THE MAN GOD CALLED A FOOL

TEXT: *"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."* Luke 12:20.

This man, to all outward appearance, was a spirited, enterprising man, looking well and keenly after his interests, prospering in his calling, and making the best of his possessions; and yet God, who knew him well, who saw his motives, who understood the most hidden thoughts of his soul, calls him "a fool." The question very naturally arises: Why? There are at least four reasons.

I. God calls him a "fool" because he ignored his Maker. On that memorable night of his life when he reviews his prosperity he ascribes all his success to himself. God is absolutely ignored. It is himself who has done it all, his own industry, his own sagacity, his own talent, his own genius. God has contributed nothing! At least one might think so by hearing his account of it. He does not absolutely say with his mouth that God did nothing. He made no declaration at all upon the subject, but simply ignored the idea as one unworthy of even a thought. The very highest insult you can offer a man is to ignore him.

II. A second reason why he is called a fool is because he made self the center of all things. Listen to his soliloquy, "This will I do." His ruling spirit is selfishness. He lives and moves and has his being in a capital I. His mean life motto is, "Get all you can, and keep all you get." How sordid and selfish it all sounds. My fruits, my goods, and my barns and my soul—all narrowed down to the limited circle of Self.

III. Then, too, he is called a fool because he regards the future as his own. At first you scarcely thought God fair in calling this man a fool, he looked so wise, so rational, so far-seeing; but the nearer you come to him and the more you hear of his soliloquy the plainer it appears why God so branded him. "And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." Because he had the goods he thought he had the years also. Because he had, through God's grace, prospered in the past he assumes he is lord of the future.

When you prepare for the future there must be another by your side—God.

IV. God calls this man a fool also because he attempts to feed his soul with bodily food. This man's address to his soul is one of the most brazen utterances ever recorded among human sayings. "Soul, thou hast much goods . . . eat, drink, and be merry." These "goods" really formed the whole of this man's life. Apart from them he had no thought, no property, no ambition.

We all shrink to-day from the suggestion that a man's life consists of his "goods." And yet, how many live and act as if they were. How little of manhood and womanhood there is about some persons we know. Take away their goods, their gold, their land, their property, and there is nothing left, only a miserable grinning thing whom nobody likes, loves, or respects.

Boys and girls, young people, beware of seeking possessions and not life. Beware of so setting your hearts upon such things that you will lose yourself in them. "What's the value of this estate?" asked one gentleman of another as they passed the wide and fertile fields around a mansion. "I don't know, but I can tell you how much it cost the latest owner." "How much?" "His soul." Alas, how many there are who have bought their property with the same price. They have lost their manhood in what they have acquired. The thing paid for by a soul is that which gives a name and character to the man or woman who disappeared when the price was paid. And some think that pleasure and happiness are to be obtained in this way. They may as well think that heaven is on the way to hell. Happiness, true happiness, is only obtainable when the soul is fed by the things of the soul, when the higher nature is fed at the table of God.—Rev. H. E. Thomas.

213

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG RUN A RACE

Of course all you boys and girls know that the books of fairy tales and legends nearly all tell about a time when the birds and animals

talked to one another and acted in a good many ways like men and women or boys and girls do. The stories are very interesting and nearly all have some teachings of wisdom or practical lessons for us to learn. The story I have for you this morning is an old one (but I think you will like it) about how the hare and the hedgehog ran a race. All foot races are interesting, and I notice that boys and girls like them. Some one has said that we can never have an honest horse race until we have an honest human race. Well, this story is about an animal race, and here is the way the story is told:

A hedgehog went for a little walk in the fields and to look at the turnips. He met the hare, who was out to look at the cabbages. When the hedgehog saw the hare he said, "Good-morning." The hare said, "What are you doing in the fields this morning?" "I am walking," said the hedgehog. The hare laughed and said, "Walking? Are not your legs good for running?"

Now, the hedgehog had very short legs, but he was sensitive and did not like to hear about it. "Do you think your legs are better than mine?" he asked. "That I do," said the hare. "Well," said the hedgehog, "if we two were to run a race, I could get the better of you—that's all." "You with your short legs!" exclaimed the hare. "Well, I will run you, and we'll start right now."

"No, no," said the hedgehog. "I have not had my dinner. I'll be back at two o'clock."

The hedgehog went home and said to his wife, "You must come out to the field with me." "What can I do in the field?" said his wife. "Well, I am to run a race with the hare, and I want you to be there." "A race!" cried his wife. "How can you think of running a race with the hare?"

"I think I shall get the better of him," said the hedgehog, "but you must come with me." He insisted so hard that the wife just had to go. When they were on the way the hedgehog said to his wife: "Now listen to what I tell you. In this field we are to run the race. We start down there at the other end. You are to sit at this end and when the hare comes say to him, 'Here I am already.'"

Then the hedgehog went to one end of the field and his wife to the other. The hare was already at the appointed place. "Shall we start?" said the hare. "I am ready," said the hedgehog. The hare cried, "One, two, three!" and away he went like the wind, but the hedgehog sat still and laughed.

When the hare came to the other end of the field the hedgehog's wife said to him, "Here I am already!" Now a hedgehog's wife looks just like a hedgehog, and the hare thought it was the old hedgehog himself setting there.

"Well, well," he said, "we must run back again. I shall get the better of you this time." Then he cried, "One, two, three!" and away he

flew like the wind. But the hedgehog's wife sat still. When the hare got back to the end the hedgehog cried, "Here I am already!"

The hare did not wish to give up, and so he went on running over and over again from one end of the field to the other, each time the hedgehog or his wife saying, "Here I am already," until when the hare had run twenty-four times he fell down too tired to go on.

Then the hedgehog and his wife went home together, and they laughed all the way. "Your legs may be short," said the wife, "but your wit is long."

Now, boys and girls, I would not for a moment teach you to be tricky. At the same time I know it is well to use one's mind. The hedgehog was smarter than the hare, that's all. Besides, it was very silly for the hare to be proud and boast and look down on the hedgehog. There is a text that fits even so queer a sermon as this, and whenever you think of this story I have told you about the hedgehog and the hare I want you to think of this text which I give for the sermon. It is one of the wise sayings from the Book of Proverbs: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." (Proverbs 16: 18.)—H.

214

A CAKE HALF BAKED

TEXT: *"Ephraim is a cake not turned."* Hosea 7: 8.

This is a strange text, but there are so many strange people in the world that odd words are sometimes needed to reach them. God speaks to people in ways they will understand: to scholars He speaks scholarly, which is always simple; to shepherds He speaks as a Shepherd; and He breaks up great truths into little portions for children. Many might not understand about stars, or geography, or history, but all can understand about a cake. You can!—very well, too! Suppose you saw a nice-looking cake in a shop window and bought it, but found when you took the first bite that it was not good —brown and beautiful on the one side but damp and doughy on the other—then you would say that it was a cake that had not been turned while baking. It was only half baked, and you would say it was a deceit. There are people like that. They look so beautiful and good when in church, or when they want you to see them at their best; but when you come to try them they are anything but pleasant. They are cakes not turned.

Here is a boy, for example, who has to learn five questions by heart, with their answers. But he thinks he will get off easily if he

learns only the fifth question and its answer, and places himself fifth in the class. But when the teacher comes he begins with him; and he cannot tell the first or the second question, or any one but the fifth. He is a cake not turned. He pretended he had learned all, but had not. He was deceiving.

Here is a girl: she has some sewing to do, and when she is asked if she has done it she says she has. Yes: but how? With great wide stitches, an inch or two long, when they should have been closer together than the teeth of a comb. She is a cake not turned.

Jesus was once speaking of this kind of thing, and took cups and saucers for His text. "Be thorough," He said, "never deceive; if you pretend to wash the cups and saucers, wash them both inside and out. Do not wash the outside only and make believe about the inside. And do the same with your characters. If you pretend to be good, then be good, inside and out—in your heart and your thoughts, as well as in your appearance."

And that is what this cake is meant to teach—Be thorough; do not try to appear to be what you are not. When you are very sick and ill and your face is pale the doctor does not come and say, "Ah! you do not look well, we must make you look better," and then begins to paint your face so as to give you the color of health. If he only did that you would die with the paint on your face! But the doctor is wiser and tries to make you well inside. Once he succeeds in doing that you soon come to look well outside. He makes you healthy and then you seem healthy. And that is always the best way to seem good —by being good. What is the good of seeming good if your thoughts are bad and if you like in your heart to listen to naughty stories and to repeat wicked words? God can see what is within as clearly as He can see what is without; and though you might look well in the eyes of others, God can see when you are only as a cake not turned. Try to be thorough in everything, inside and out and through and through.

No one ever yet lost by obeying God. Be thorough, honest, and God-fearing in and out. Do not have a religion like a weather-cock that shifts with the wind.

God sees you always and sees you altogether. A great sculptor in Greece, long ago, made a statue that was to be set on a high column, yet he was as particular about the hair on the top of the statue's head as about the rest. "Why should you take such pains about that?" some one asked him, "for no one will be able to see the top of the head when the figure is on the column." "No," said the sculptor; "but God will see it."

Be true in heart if you would be true in life, for it is out of the heart the life comes.—J. R. H.

215

THE DISCONTENTED DONKEY
(Thanksgiving Day)

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, and no doubt you are all, boys and girls, beginning to think of the turkey and pudding and cranberry sauce and other good things you are to have to eat. But what I want to warn you about is the danger of making it a grumbling Thanksgiving. I have heard of boys and girls, and older people too, who have said: "What have I to be thankful for? I just have a hard time all the while."

Just as a warning against any such spirit as that I want to tell you a story. It is about the discontented donkey. It is a story that has come down through the centuries from a time more than twenty-five hundred years ago; for it is one of Æsop's fables, and he was, as you know, an old Greek writer of a time more than five hundred years before the time of Christ. So it seems that grumbling is a very, very old fault, and that people fell into it as long ago as that.

This is the story:

A donkey, in a hard winter, wished for a little warm weather and a mouthful of fresh grass in exchange for his dry truss of straw and his cold lodging. In good time, the warm weather and fresh grass came on, but so much toil and labor came along with it that the donkey was quickly as sick of the spring as he had been of the winter. Then he began longing for summer. But when that came he found his toils and drudgery even greater than in the spring, and fancied it would never be well with him until autumn would come. But there again, what with carrying apples and grapes and fuel and winter provisions, and such like, he found himself in greater trouble than ever. In fact, when having trod the entire circle of the year in a course of restless complaint his last prayer is for winter again, and that he may but take up his rest where he began his complaint.

He seemed a good deal like the man from the Emerald Isle of whom I have heard. It was said of him that he never had a moment's peace unless he was in trouble!

This poor dissatisfied donkey just grumbled and complained through winter and spring and summer and autumn—pleading for the next season in an all-the-year-round discontent.

Look out! boys and girls, that habit of complaining is a terribly easy one to fall into. Don't yield to it. As it is said in slang, "Cut it out." Don't wait until next Thursday to begin. Begin to-day. Stop the habit if you have fallen even the least bit into it. Stop it, short, now —and don't begin again.—H.

216

THE PARTING OF THE WAY

TEXT: *"The parting of the way."* Ezekiel 21: 21.

When you have been walking in the country you have sometimes come to where two roads branched away from the one you were on, like the two arms of the letter Y. Then you stood puzzled which to take; for the one would take you where you wanted to go, and the other would take you from it. That spot, then, where you stood uncertain, was "the parting of the way."

Now, it is much the same, boys and girls, with your life. It is a journey. You are always going on and on, getting older, getting better, or getting worse, just as you have turned to the right or the left at the parting of the way.

Do you remember when you first went to school? Mother remembers it. Father remembers it. They will remember it all their days. They thought a great deal about it. It was the first little parting in the way. Before then you had been always under their care, but now you would be partly under the care of other people, and they felt it more than you can guess.

And it is the same when a boy first goes to work. He is very proud—and so he should be—but Father and Mother have their own thoughts about it. They feel that the boy is now gone another big step away from them—it is a great parting in the way.

You see, then, how important it is to come to these points.

In America there is a house built on the very top of a great ridge of mountains, and when the rain falls it gathers for a little on the flat roof and then drips over the eaves. But what do you think?—the raindrops that fall on the one side and those that fall on the other never meet again! The one trickles away to the Atlantic and the other descends to the Pacific Ocean. They take just opposite ways, and never meet. That house is the parting of the way.

Now, boys and girls, the parting of the way is a very important place. Just a little step one way or other and we go right or we go wrong. How careful, then, we should be, and how prayerful we should be at these times in choosing what we shall do!

When we come to the parting of the way there are two fashions of deciding which way we shall take. One way is by trusting to chance. That is how the king the text speaks about decided. Two paths were before him, and he was uncertain which to choose, so he put a number of arrows into a quiver and tossed them into the air, and then took the direction most of the arrowheads pointed. People do not

use arrows nowadays, but sometimes they "toss up," and that is just the same thing. Is that the way we should decide? No! There is a surer way, namely—go by the directions.

I saw a picture once which has stuck to my memory for years. It was a picture of a dark, wild, stormy night, and a traveler was standing up in the stirrups of his horse at a parting of the way trying to read the directions on the finger post. How eagerly he is looking! I can see him yet—holding the lighted match carefully in his hands lest the wind should blow it out before he had read the directions! It was a good thing for him that there were directions, and it is a good thing we have them, too. Where are our directions? They are—the Bible. That is God's word to us, telling us which road to take when we come to the parting of the way.

I read of a dog once which had lost his master and ran seeking him here and there till he came to where the way parted; then he was seen to stand perplexed for a little, but at last, without hesitation, he took to the right and bounded along the road. And why? Because he had got the scent. He had found the way his master had gone, and knew that if he also went that way he would be sure to come up with his master—as he did.

So will you, boys and girls, if you take the way Jesus went, you will be sure to find Him. It is the way of prayer, and love, and trust, and truth.—J. R. H.

217

A DUTCH CHRISTMAS STORY

(Christmas)

Christmas is almost here, isn't it, boys and girls? That is what you have been thinking about for some time, I know. Why not, then, have a Christmas story this morning? I well know that you are familiar with the story from Holland, the land of wind-mills and wooden shoes, about St. Nicholas. But why not hear it again this morning? This is the way a Dutch grandmother told it to her two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, Jan and Katrina. They had been helping their grandmother to wash the dishes and clear up the kitchen. It was not yet time for bed, so sitting before the fire she told them this story:

Far, far away from here, in the forest of Christmas trees, lives an old man. He has white hair, a long white beard, and the brightest eyes you ever saw. He wears a beautiful red suit, and it is trimmed with the whitest of fur. The name of this good old man is St. Nicholas. All the year long, in his forest of Christmas trees, St. Nicholas is busy making toys and sweetmeats for the boys and

girls. He makes little wooden dogs and horses and birds and pigs and chickens and dolls and doll houses, and all sorts of things for his gifts at Christmas time. And St. Nicholas has a beautiful white horse. At Christmas time he takes the white horse from its stall. "Come, my horse," says St. Nicholas. "It is Christmas time once again, and you must take me to visit the little Dutch boys and girls." All through the night St. Nicholas rides about on his white horse.

The little Dutch children put their wooden shoes down by the fireplace. Near by they put a basket of hay and carrots for the white horse of St. Nicholas.

In the morning, when the children get up, the hay and the carrots are gone, and the wooden shoes are full of toys and goodies.—H.

218

BIRD TRAVELERS

(*Autumn*)

Well, boys and girls, these are fall days. Some of them are very bright and sunny. Some of them are not so bright and are cold. But I have been noticing something these days, I wonder if you have noticed? I have discovered that many of our birds who have been living more or less alone or scattered have been flocking together, twittering and chattering, circling about in the air and holding great gatherings. Do you know very few of our birds stay with us the year round? Some come to us in the winter from the cold North. Others come from the South to spend the summer with us. Among these summer visitors are the warblers, thrushes, and many others of our sweetest song birds.

How do they know the way? Suppose you were told to find your way to a place hundreds of miles away. Do you think you could do it?

Yet birds travel over mountains, forests, lakes, and even across the ocean, and do not stray from the path. They find their way back in the spring to the same orchard and the very trees where they nested the summer before.

It is wonderful how quickly birds travel the long distance from their summer home to their winter one. Some birds have been known to fly hundreds of miles in a day.

But many birds travel much more slowly. The quail, with their short wings and heavy bodies, find a long journey very tiresome.

They stop to rest, and at the end of their journey they are often so tired that they can be caught with the hand.

Sometimes in storms flocks of birds lose their way, and some of them are dashed against lighthouse windows.

Why do birds undertake these long journeys twice a year? Ah, that we cannot tell you. Cold weather and lack of food drive them from us in autumn, but we cannot tell why they leave the sunny South to come back to us in the spring. We know only that many of them like to make their nests and rear their young in the North. The oriole, with the handsome black and orange coat, may have come from Central America. His cousin the bobolink, flitting about so gayly in the orchard near by, has perhaps spent the winter in Brazil. But all summer they are quite contented to stay with us. Yet when the autumn grows chill they become restless and make ready to leave us.

Some birds which have lived alone now flock together and twitter and circle about in the air. They hold great gatherings. For two or three days they may be seen wheeling about in flocks as if to try their wings. Then they are off to their winter homes in the South. They fly high in the air, sometimes a mile above the earth, and keep an order as regular as the march of an army.

We are sorry to see them go, but we know that when winter is over they will come back to us.

You know the Bible tells us a good deal about birds. Of springtime it says: "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." In telling about God's care of us Jesus said, "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"—H.

219

THE LITTLE SUNBEAM PARABLE

(*Autumn*)

"Isn't it time we had a holiday?" asked the sunbeams one morning in their home high above the world. "We have been on duty long enough," said one, "and now that the flowers are over and the harvests in, I don't see why we should be always at it."

"Quite right!" chimed in the others. "We won't shine again till we feel like it. People don't think enough about what we do, so let them miss us a while."

"I don't want to be disagreeable," said one little beam that had

been standing apart, "but I think you are wrong. People do appreciate what we do. I know they are glad to see us, and if the flowers are over that is all the more reason why we should try to brighten up the world. No holiday for me!"

"All right," said the rest. "Off you go! We'll see who has the best time."

Like an airman making for earth, Sunbeam came swiftly traveling through clouds and smoke till he reached a gray and gloomy city. It was quite early, but the people who were going to the mills seemed glad to see him, and he thought one of them nodded in quite a friendly way.

"Wonder if there's any one about here who wants cheering up?" He peered through a window, and there on a wretched bed lay a little fellow with such pale cheeks. Sunbeam saw that the room was bare and comfortless, and he felt very sorry for the sick boy, so he hopped on the bed.

The little chap's face brightened up at once, and they had a fine game together, for the boy's wasted fingers were trying to get hold of Sunbeam, as though he wanted to keep the golden bar of light forever. And the beam danced and dodged till the boy laughed right out at his antics.

At last it was time for Sunbeam to say good-bye. You know, sunbeams can never stay very long in the same place. "Well, good-bye for the present," he said to the boy. And as he got out into the street, he said to himself, "That is a good beginning for my day. Now I wonder what's next?"

After a time Sunbeam found himself before a lot of warehouses and offices. They looked as though they had never seen the sun, they were so dark and gray. Looking through a keyhole Sunbeam saw a man sitting at a desk and looking very unhappy. Something must have been troubling him. What it was I do not know, but that was enough for Sunbeam. With a bit of wriggle, he found that he could get through the keyhole, and he mounted the desk, looking up into the man's face, and waiting for him to notice.

"I wish I could cheer him up," said Sunbeam. And just that moment, the man opened his eyes and, leaping off his stool, he said, "What's the use of looking on the dark side like this? Why I declare, the sun's shining. I must pull myself together and have another try!"

He started hurrying about his office and got out his ledgers, while Sunbeam sat there enjoying the fun. Before he left, though you will hardly believe it, the man was humming a tune.

"Good turn No. 2," chuckled Sunbeam, slipping out into the street. "Say, I'm having a great time to-day! I'm jolly glad I came. What's next, I wonder?"

While he was making up his mind which way to go, he heard some boys shouting, and there a dog came tearing along the street like mad, tongue hanging out, tail between its legs, these lads chasing him with stones and shouting till he was scared out of his wits.

"What should be done?" Sunbeam suddenly thought of a plan. He hid round the corner where the dog had run, and just as the first boy came up, out flashed the beam into his eyes. He was dazzled. He stopped. The others stopped, too, to see what was the matter—and the dog had got away!

"Cheerio!" cried Sunbeam. "I never guessed there was such fun in doing good turns. I wish I could stay here forever."

That was impossible. It was getting late. People were now going home from work, and Sunbeam had to get back too. Yet as he danced along the pavement he noticed how the tired faces lighted up at the sight of him. And when he met his friends after sunset he said, "Well, what kind of a day have you all had? I've had the time of my life!"—J. W. G. W.

220

AT THE LAST
(*Temperance*)

TEXT: *"At the last it biteth."* Proverbs 23: 32.

Once when a prince was eating, a fly came through the open window and alighted on his food. He could have killed it easily, but instead idly watched it and admired its iridescent wings. The next day it came again, this time as large as a butterfly. "Do not harm it," the prince said to his courtiers, "there is food enough for both of us, and see how beautiful its wings have become!" The third day it had grown as large as a bat, and the prince became alarmed as he saw it take all his drink. He ordered all the windows and doors closed that it might not enter again. The fourth day it was the size of a hawk; it broke through a window and entered as before, and this time it devoured all the food upon the table. "Put iron bars across the windows," commanded he, thoroughly alarmed, "that I may eat and drink and not die." But the next day the attendants heard the twisting of bars and the shattering of glass and then screams, and rushing in they found the prince dead upon the floor, and upon his throat were the marks of the beak and talons of a vulture.

At first the prince could have killed the fly, but at last the vulture killed him. At first you may overcome an inclination to do wrong; at last the inclination becomes so strong that it overcomes you.

This is the lesson of our fable. These verses tell us about the effect of strong drink at the first and at the last. At the first its temptation can easily be put from us. What does the verse say it does at the last? Its power over the drunkard becomes so great that after a night of drinking and a morning of sickening stupor he only says, "I will seek it yet again." The vulture has him in his deadly grasp.

221

JOHN G. PATON: THE SAINT JOHN OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

(Missions)

It would take too long, boys and girls, for me to tell you the story of John G. Paton, who is affectionately called "The St. John of the New Hebrides." He was born on a farm near Dumfries in Scotland in 1824. While engaged in religious work in Glasgow the call to offer himself for service in the New Hebrides, among cannibals, came to him.

His people tried to dissuade him. One friend said: "The cannibals! You will be eaten by cannibals!" Mr. Paton replied: "Mr. Dickson, you are advanced in years, and your own prospect is soon to be laid in the grave, where you will be eaten by worms. I had as soon be eaten by cannibals as by worms."

But God had need of the missionary, and He preserved him from the fate his friends had feared. Again and again the heathen threatened him. Again and again they pointed their spears at his breast. Unarmed, he never feared, never faltered. And he lived to see the islands transformed. His message and his life did it. I heard him say once that property was safer on the islands than on the streets of any city in Great Britain. He was a fearless, indomitable hero, made strong by strength Divine.

He traveled in Australia, in England and in Scotland, and in this country, raising money for his work. He secured money to build the mission ship *Dayspring* that he might visit the many islands. Thousands listened to the story of peril and of need which he had to tell, and gladly gave to forward his work. He built a mission house, churches, orphanages, schoolhouses. Some of the old chiefs became Christians, and many poor naked savages began to wear a bit of calico by way of clothing—the first sign that they were turning to the right way.

It was an interesting thing which at last broke the back of heathenism. It was the sinking of a well in the island of Aniwa, where water

was very scarce and precious. The natives were much frightened at the thought of trying to bring "rain from below," as they called it. But Dr. Paton dug first and then hired men to help, paying them with fish hooks. All the while he was praying earnestly as he worked that water might be found. At last it was found, plentiful, enough for all, and the natives cried out, "Jehovah is the true God!"

Triumphs of grace followed. Then came journeys in other lands to tell the story and awaken interest. It was in 1907, in his eighty-third year, that the missionary hero died and entered into his rest. I count it one of the privileges of my life to have met him and to have heard him speak a number of times. Some other time I will tell you more about him.—H.

222

JOHN WILLIAMS, A MISSIONARY HERO

(*Missions*)

I am afraid some boys and girls have a very mistaken idea of what a missionary is. They have seen a picture of a tall man, with broad-brimmed hat, with a Bible in his hands, and a lot of naked natives sitting on the ground close by listening to him preach. I think there is nothing to be said against a man who out of love left his home to do just that which is represented by the picture. But most missionaries have been very practical, resourceful, heroic, and very useful to backward peoples.

A good example of such a missionary was John Williams, of whom I am going to tell you this morning.

Williams was a wild youth over in London, England, who was converted by a passing invitation to church given him by a good woman. As an apprentice to a worker in iron he learned how to use metals. At the age of twenty he became a missionary to the Society Islands in the southern Pacific, and could preach in the native language within ten months—usually it required three years.

But he did much more than preach. He taught the natives how to build houses, and they constructed an amazing church, with turned chandeliers made by Williams and with cocoanut shells for lamps. He made chairs, and tables, and sofas. He obtained a colored house plaster made from the coral. He built boats without nails. He constructed a sugar mill. He made machinery for manufacturing rope. He established schools, reduced the language to writing, drew up a code of laws. He built a ship sixty feet long in which he explored the South Seas, everywhere planting the seeds of Christianity. In all he built five ships.

He went as far as the New Hebrides with his preaching, and there he was murdered by some natives, who confused him with some of the cruel white traders who had wronged them.

Suppose nobody had ever brought the Gospel to our ancestors. In what condition would we be? By all the Gospel means to us, let us try to give it to others.—H.

223

A MISSIONARY HERO

(Missions)

The world's greatest heroes are the missionaries. We acclaim with wild rejoicings a Lindbergh who endures peril and hardship for a few hours and that is well, but we pay little attention to the missionary who endures perhaps greater peril and hardship for his entire life. Not so will history be written in heaven.

There is no finer reading than missionary biography. It is the most instructive reading, for it introduces us to all lands and it is the most inspiring reading, for it shows us Christianity in action; it has been truly called "a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles."

And so, boys and girls, I wish this morning to tell you about a noble missionary hero, Robert Morrison. He was a Scottish boy who became the first Protestant missionary in China. His father was a maker of lasts and boot trees, and the son worked from twelve to fourteen hours a day; but he kept his books open before him, and even moved his bed into the workshop so that he could study late at night.

He decided to be a missionary, and asked to go where the work was hardest, which proved to be China.

On the way the shipowner asked him with a sneer, "Do you expect to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" His answer has become historic: "No, but I expect that God will."

The Chinese were hostile. Morrison wore Chinese clothes, and ventured out only rarely and at night. He studied incessantly. He lived with such economy that at one time he could hardly walk across the room. Finally he obtained work as a translator for the East India Company at $2,500 a year, and labored with more comfort for the rest of his life.

He translated the entire Bible into Chinese and made a great dictionary of the Chinese language, as well as a grammar. He worked for seven years before he won his first convert, and he won only ten

converts altogether, but he laid a firm foundation for the Christian enterprise in that wonderful nation.

There are hosts of Christians in China to-day, and the gospel is spreading rapidly there. Much is due to the great work of the pioneer missionaries of whom Robert Morrison was one of the noblest.—H.

224

WHY THE SWALLOW'S BACK IS BLACK

Boys and girls like stories. One of the most interesting kind of stories is what we call legends. Legends have grown up in the past to give an explanation of many things we see, mostly things we cannot account for. This morning I am going to tell you a legend as to why the swallow's back is black. The lower part of the body of most swallows is of light color, but the back is very dark, or black.

An Indian legend tells us that when men first came on earth they had no fire. The Great Spirit taught them how to do many things; he taught them how to get food from the forests, fish from the waters, and corn and beans from the earth, but fire they themselves must learn to make.

Even with all the gifts they had showered upon them, they were not happy, but kept thinking all the time of the one thing which they still wanted, instead of enjoying the many gifts which were already theirs. All fire was then in the sun, and they could think of no way to get it. Men could not reach it in any way, and no bird cared to go after it.

Finally, the swallow, who could fly more swiftly than any of the other birds, offered to go to the sun so far away and bring this gift to men.

Many, many days he flew, and as he came near the sun, the feathers on his back were all burned black by the sun. When the heat became so great that he could go no farther, he was compelled to return to the earth without the long-wished-for fire.

The swallow's back is still black, but no one ever tried to get fire from the sun again in that way. Long years afterward men learned how to make fire by rubbing sticks together.

Learn how to do things yourselves, boys and girls. Do not expect impossible things, but do your best with the things you know how to do and ought to do.—H.

225

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

Boys and girls, I am going to tell you a story this morning more than twenty-five hundred years old. It was written by an old Greek by the name of Æsop, more than five hundred years before the time of Christ. But this story is so old that it isn't old at all. It is new. That is because it is so well said and its meaning so important and true to the needs of to-day.

This is the story: A hare was one day making fun of a tortoise for being so slow upon his feet. "Wait a bit," said the tortoise; "I'll run a race with you, and I'll wager that I win." "Oh, well," replied the hare, who was much amused at the idea, "let's try and see"; and it was soon agreed that the fox should set a course for them, and be the judge. When the time came, both started off together; but the hare was soon so far ahead that he thought he might as well have a rest, so down he lay and fell fast asleep. Meanwhile the tortoise kept plodding on and in time reached the goal. At last the hare woke up with a start and dashed on at his fastest, but only to find that the tortoise had already won the race.

Now, all of Æsop's fables have a meaning, a moral, a teaching, a lesson. The meaning given to this one is, "Slow and steady wins the race." And you'll find that out, boys and girls, as you grow older. Not every boy who is smart, who starts off with a rush, makes the biggest success when he is a grown man. Whether you are very big, or very strong, or very smart, remember that unless you are faithful and steady and industrious and honest and dependable and true you may come out behind in the race of life. Also, don't despise or look down upon the boy or girl who does not seem so smart as you, if they are doing faithfully and well their very best.

You would hardly call this a sermon, but I think I can give you a suitable text, and if it has a text don't you think that will make it a sermon? The text is in Ecclesiastes, ninth chapter and eleventh verse: "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."—H.

226

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

Of course you know, boys and girls, how in the old times the animals are supposed to talk with one another and do a good many

things much like some people are known to do. Among the animals the fox is often mentioned, and he is always a sort of sly fellow and up to a good many mean tricks, though he is not often represented as coming off successful. But there is one story of the ancient time that while representing him as foxy, mean, tricky, he does come off with success. It is the old story of the fox and the goat. The story is one of Æsop's fables, which you know were given us by an old Greek writer of a time more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ, or about twenty-five hundred years ago. The story says:

A fox and a goat once journeyed together. The goat was a simple creature, seldom seeing beyond his own nose; while the fox, like most of his kind, was a master of knavery. They were led by thirst to descend a deep well, and when they had both drunk freely, the fox said, "Now, Master Goat, what shall we do? Drinking is all very well, but it won't get us out from here. You had better rear up against the wall; then, by the aid of your horns, I can get out, and once out, of course I can help you." "By my beard," said the goat, "that's a good plan. I should never have thought of that. How I wish I had your brains, to be sure!" The fox, having got out in the way described, began to rail at his companion. "Make the most of your patience, old fellow," said he, "for you'll need it all. If you had half as much brains as beard, you would never have gone down there. I am sorry that I can't stay longer with you, but I have some business that must be seen to. So, good-bye."

Of course this was not a very deep well, like some we have seen in the country or on a farm. But it was deep enough so that neither could get out of it alone. The moral of the fable is this: "Look before you leap." That is certainly a wise saying, and if obeyed by boys and girls would keep them out of a great deal of trouble. Count the cost. Think twice before you act. Look before you leap. Before you do evil things, or even doubtful things, look before you leap. See what the end will be, what the result will be. There is a proverb that is true concerning every sort of sin, evil, wickedness, for in love and warning and yet in deepest sense true it says: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Proverbs 14: 12)—H.

227

THE BROTHER AND SISTER

I once knew two little girls that were neighbors and played together. They were both really very nice girls and got along well together. But do you know that sometimes older people say things

about little people that do them harm—do the little people harm. Sometimes the older people say the things quite unintentionally, sometimes quite thoughtlessly, and sometimes very foolishly. Now, one of these little girls I am speaking about happened to have an unusually pretty face. She may not have been really any more beautiful than her playmate, for "beauty is only skin deep," it is said; but she was a very pretty girl, that is sure. Now some older person had said something both these girls overheard—something that did not do either of them any good, but both of them harm. The name of the better-looking girl was Mary, and the name of the more plain one was Rachel. I want you to know that they were very little girls, for if they had been older they would not have said what they did, for one time when Rachel was talking confidentially to her mother she said: "Mary is pretty, but I's smart!" I say that would never have happened if some older person had not said something like that in their hearing. We don't like little people who have that sort of conceit. But if they have it it is because some older person or persons are to blame.

But this morning I am going to tell you an interesting story about a brother and sister and of how their father taught them both a very useful lesson.

Now, this is not a story of to-day. You may not like it so well when I tell you that it is a very old story—so old that it was written down more than twenty-five hundred years ago. It was written by an old Greek author by the name of Mr. Æsop. In fact, it is one of the familiar Æsop's fables that your fathers and mothers knew, and their fathers and mothers knew, or back in the generations to more than five hundred years before the time of Christ. It must be a good story to have lasted as long as that.

This is the way it goes: A certain man had two children, a boy and a girl. The lad was a handsome young fellow enough, but the girl was as plain as a girl can well be. The latter, provoked beyond endurance by the way in which her brother looked in the glass and made remarks to her disadvantage, went to her father and complained of it. The father drew his children to him very tenderly and said: "My dears, I wish you both to look in the glass every day. You, my son, that, seeing your face is handsome, you may take care not to spoil it by ill-temper and bad behavior; and you, my daughter, that you may be encouraged to make up for your want of beauty by the sweetness of your manners and the grace of your conversation."

You know every one of Æsop's fables has a moral, a lesson, a wise teaching. The moral of this one is: "Handsome is as handsome does." Boys and girls, being really handsome is something inside of people. It is something that makes them do useful and beautiful and unselfish things. Be handsome inside. Be true and loyal and unselfish

and useful. Don't think too much about how you look outside—only it is well to be strong and healthy and sound of body—but be handsome inside, and remember it is true that "handsome is as handsome does."—H.

228

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

I am going to tell you another story-sermon to-day, boys and girls. This is another of the old-new ones by that famous Greek named Æsop, from a time more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ. It is about the lion and the mouse, and runs like this:

A lion, tired with the chase, lay sleeping at full length under a shady tree. Some mice, scrambling over him while he slept, awoke him. Laying his paw upon one of them, he was about to crush him, but the mouse implored his mercy in such moving terms that he let him go. Some time after the lion was caught in a net laid by some hunters, and, unable to free himself, made the forest resound with his roars. The mouse whose life had been spared came, and with his little sharp teeth gnawed the ropes asunder and set the lion free.

The recognized teaching of the fable is in these words: "Little friends may prove great friends." And that is true indeed. A lion is very great and powerful, but he certainly got into a condition where a very little mouse could help him. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." My young friends, never think yourself so strong that you shall never be in need of help. Also, never think yourself so small or weak that you cannot be of service to others. Remember also these words from the wise Solomon: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." (Proverbs 18: 24)—H.

229

SILENT FORCES

I am quite sure that a good many boys and girls fail to realize the power of silent forces. They sometimes seem to think that noise and bluster get things done better than more quiet and gentle ways. So I am going to tell you this morning a story about the power of silent forces.

Workmen in stone quarries sometimes find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little grooves for the iron wedges into the flinty rock. And yet, once in a while they fail to divide the solid mass. The

iron wedges and sledges prove useless, and the workmen wonder at the stubborn rock.

There is another way. The iron wedges are removed from the narrow grooves. Then little wooden wedges of a very hard fibre are selected. Now you begin to shake your heads and think: "Well, if iron wedges will not do, how is it possible for wooden wedges to be used successfully?" Just wait until we explain.

The sharp, well-made wooden wedges are first put into water. They are then inserted into the grooves tightly, while wet, and water is kept in the grooves, and no sledge is needed to drive them. They would break under the severe blows of the hammer. But the workmen just let the wedges alone. They will do what the iron failed to do.

How so? The damp wood swells. The particles must have room enough to enlarge. And the granite heart of the rock cannot resist this silent influence. In a little while the solid rock parts from top to bottom, and the workmen's will is accomplished.

It is so, often, in other things: what noise and visible effort fail to do, some quiet power when applied will surely achieve.

Boys and girls, remember this fact in mechanics, and manage some stubborn things, and stubborn people, too, by the application of the silent forces. The iron and the sledge hammers often fail where gentleness, kindness, and quiet ways will succeed.—H.

230

THE LEAKING DIKE IN HOLLAND

I think, boys and girls, that I have told you folklore stories from nearly every country—but not one from Holland. And that is a very interesting country about which many interesting stories are told. So this morning I am going to give you a very old and familiar legend that concerns that country—the country of dikes and windmills.

It is related that many years ago there lived in Holland a little boy whose name was Peter. One afternoon his mother called him from play and sent him to take some cakes to a blind man who lived across the dike. "Take those cakes I made for him. They are still hot and smoking. You have time enough to go and come before the sun is set," said his mother.

Then she began to get supper for her husband, whose work it was to watch the gates in the dikes. He had to open and shut the gates for boats to pass through.

Peter was glad to go, and the old blind man was glad to have Peter come, and the boy stayed a while to talk with him. Then he remembered his mother's wish that he should be home before dark, and he set off. He crossed the dike while the sun was still an hour above the sea. He stopped for a few minutes to gather flowers that grew along the dike, and he heard the angry waters dashing against the wall. He saw that the waters were swollen from the rains. "Ah, it is well for us," said Peter, "that the gates are good and strong and that my father tends them carefully, or they would not hold the water back. It would leap and splash and cover our land and carry away our homes. But our dikes keep us safe."

But listen! Through the noise of the waters came a low trickling sound. Peter dropped his flowers and sprang up the bank. There he saw a small stream flowing through a hole in the wall. It was a leak in the dike! Every boy in Holland knows what a leak in the dike means. He knows that the smallest leak may grow to a flood in one night, and that homes may be swept away and hundreds of people drowned.

Peter shouted for help. At the same time he fell on the ground and put his arm into the hole to stop the water. Again and again he called, but heard only the rough wind blowing and the waters dashing against the wall.

And so he lay, calling and calling, until the sun dropped into the sea, and it was dark. It grew very cold and his arm was stiff. He thought of his brothers and sisters in their warm beds, and of his mother and his father. They must come and find him at last; but he never thought that he could leave the dike.

The next morning his mother stood at the door watching for Peter to come. She thought he had spent the night with the blind man and soon would be coming home. At last she saw him coming, but not as she looked for. He was carried on the shoulders of strong men, who called to her, "Give thanks, give thanks, for your son has saved our land!"

Many years have passed since then, but still, when the waters are swollen and angry, the boys are told the story of little Peter, who once saved the land.

Now, boys and girls, I can think of two suitable texts for this little sermon. One is this: "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with." That is in Proverbs, 17: 14, and tells us that it is better to stop a quarrel before it gets started—just as it is wise to stop a hole in a dike while it is little, before it gets so big it cannot be stopped.

The other text is about how useful a boy can be. When the people followed Jesus into the country one day they stayed until evening and had nothing to eat. When Jesus told His disciples to feed them,

they said they had no food. But they added: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes," (John 6: 9.) In Christ's hands, given by the boy, they were enough, and the whole multitude was fed. I want to tell you, boys and girls, every one of you can be useful to Christ and to His cause to-day. Don't think you must wait until you are big before you can serve Him. Do the very best you can now, just as you are, as boys and girls, younger or older. Don't wait to grow bigger. Like Peter in the legend, throw yourself into the place of need the very moment you see it, and don't wait until you are older or depend on other people. Be heroes and heroines for Christ, and begin this very day.—H.

231

AS GOOD AS YOUR WORD

Boys and girls, you have often heard that expression, "As good as his word." How good is that, young friends? How much is your word worth? I hope it is as good as gold.

Now let me tell you a story. It is about a boy we will call Bill, though his real name was that good, well-sounding one, William.

Well, Bill had a high-school membership in the Y. M. C. A. He was two months in arrears. The secretary spoke to him about paying his dues. "I have been out of money," said Bill, "but I will pay up in full by Saturday." Saturday came, but Bill did not pay his fees, and he made no explanation to the secretary. One day the secretary sent for him and said: "Bill, about a month ago you told me you would pay your dues, but you didn't, and you did not explain why. I was expecting you to pay them or come to me with an explanation. If you had told me that you didn't have the money and would have to give up your membership in the 'Y', we would have given you a membership, because some of our business men ask that their subscriptions be used for worthy boys. I am not concerned about the money, but I am concerned about you. You didn't pay and didn't explain why you didn't pay. Perhaps you do not realize the seriousness of an obligation or a promise. You said you would pay. You had used the privileges of the 'Y' and continued to use them without paying for them. Week after week passed, and you did not say a word. Do you realize that dependability is a very important element in a person's character? Suppose you should apply for a position after graduation, I could not recommend you. I can't depend on you. You promise to meet a debt and do not meet it, and do not explain why, and yet you have spent money for pleasure in the meantime."

Bill is not a rare exception among boys. Many boys do not consider a promise binding. "I'll meet you at nine o'clock," a boy tells you, and it doesn't seem to concern him whether it is nine or nine-thirty when he reaches the appointed place.

If you ever make a promise or state your purpose to do something, remember that such an obligation is as sacred as a contract or a sworn affidavit. If you cannot meet an appointment, notify the person concerned. If you cannot fulfill your duties, explain as soon as possible to the person affected. Boys and even men become careless about obligations. They borrow a small sum of money and forget to pay the debt. They borrow a book and fail to return it. They make an engagement and fail to keep it. They agree to abide by training rules and then break them.

Jesus said to His disciples, "Let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay"; (Matthew 5: 37) because he wished His followers to realize that a simple promise was as binding as an oath. We should be inwardly honest and in all ways be true to our word.

232

THE HEAVENLY POST OFFICE

I had the opportunity lately to visit the post office from which answers to prayer are sent out, and I was taken over the various departments by an angel who answered all my questions and showed me everything very willingly. I had many questions to ask.

In all the departments I found the shelves laden with parcels ready to be sent off, duly addressed. I could not understand why there were so many. It could scarcely be that there were not enough people to dispatch them, for the post office was full of angels. "How is it," said I, "that there is such an accumulation of parcels? I thought you were very prompt in delivering." The angel sighed and said: "Ah, you see, these parcels have not been asked for yet. The people need them badly, and we like to be ready, but the requests do not come through." I remember the text, "Ye have not because ye ask not," and I sighed too.

"See here," he added, and led me into a room that smelt fragrant with a kind of bitter fragrance. "These are the parcels for the people in sorrow. We know there are so many on the earth who have lost their dearest friends, and we can send what will heal their wounds and make their sadness sweet, but we are often not asked to send on your packets of balm." Then I remember another sentence in the Bible, "She refused to be comforted for her children," and I knew that the angel was right.

I went on into another chamber where the parcels looked like packets of seeds, and asked, "What have you got here?" "Look for yourself," said the angel. I took down some of the envelopes. One was marked "Seed of Courage," another "Fortitude," another "Patience and Cheerfulness." "But surely that is just what people do want," I answered. "No," was the reply. "They ask for the flowers, not for the seed, and we can't send the flowers very well. They don't keep, and in any case they don't last long. But the seed is splendid, and it grows quickly in good soil." Then there flashed into my mind another text, "Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart." I understood better. Sorrow is like the ploughshare, and the sharp sorrows do deep ploughing, and the heart is a garden, but it is all useless unless we get the right seed from heaven.

Last of all I went into another place, the Returned Letter Department. There were not so many packets here, but more than I expected to see. "How is this?" I asked. "I thought that people were eager to get answers to their prayers. Are these people dead? Is that why you could not deliver their letters?" "Oh, no," said the angel, "we never make that mistake. Besides, answers often go out after the people who prayed are dead. You see, the answers go to other people. No, these are the answers for which men forget to watch. When they were delivered the door of their heart was shut and we could not make any one hear. They had to be brought back." Then he sighed again, and I was ready to weep, and remember what St. Paul said to the Ephesians: "Praying always and watching thereunto with all perseverance."

It was time to leave, but there was one question I still wished to ask, and yet I never asked it. I think you would have done the same. This was the question: "Were any of these parcels which have never been sent off, or which were sent and had to be brought back, were any of these for me? Had any of them my address?" I never put that question, but when I kneel to pray I try to mean my prayers and to make sure that there is nothing on the shelves of the angels' post office which cannot be sent because I do not ask for it.—Rev. R. C. Gillie.

233

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Well, boys and girls, I am going to tell you another old Greek story this morning. The Greeks delighted to tell it as an example of love. There is another one in the Bible very much like it. I'll tell you first the Greek story. I know you have probably heard it be-

fore. But so have you heard often the one in the Bible. Good stories cannot be told or heard too often. The Greek story tells that a great many years ago there were two good friends whose names were Damon and Pythias. They lived in the fair land of Greece, at the time when the Greeks were the greatest people in the world. No two brothers ever loved each other better than Damon loved Pythias or Pythias loved Damon. They were young men of about the same age and spent most of their time together.

At last Pythias did something that displeased the king; and the cruel ruler gave orders that he should be put to death. So Pythias was locked up in prison to await the day on which he should die.

Pythias wished to say good-bye to his father and mother who lived in a far-away part of the country, and begged the king to allow him to go to see them. "Why should I let you go to see them?" asked the king. "If I let you go away, you will never come back again."

Then Damon spoke to the king and said, "If you will let Pythias go to say good-bye to his father and mother, I will stay in prison until he comes back again." "But he will never come back again," replied the king. "If he does not come back, I will die in his place," said Damon.

The king said he could not believe that one man would die for another; but he let Pythias go and sent Damon to prison.

Damon and Pythias embraced each other before they parted. Then Pythias said, "Do not fear, good friend, I shall return long before the appointed day."

Day after day passed while Damon remained in prison; but Pythias did not come back. At last the appointed day came, and the king and his soldiers came to the prison and led Damon forth to die.

Just at that moment Pythias came running to the spot. The ship on which he was returning had been wrecked, but he had safely reached the shore and had made the journey on foot. He had come in great haste, because he was afraid he would be too late to save the life of his friend.

The king had never expected to see Pythias again. When he saw him coming, he was astonished. He turned to his companion and said, "Here comes that foolish Pythias! He asked to be allowed to go home and say good-bye to his parents before he died. He said he would come back again. I did not think he would, but here he is."

Then the king called: "Pythias, why have you come back to die when you could have been free by not coming back?" "Did I not tell you I would surely come back?" inquired Pythias. "I hurried as much as I could because I was afraid poor Damon would have to die in my place."

"Pythias shall live," replied the king, "and Damon shall be free! Such true friends are worth more than all the world!"

Now the Bible story is about Jonathan and David. Jonathan was the king's son, the son of King Saul, and in the First Book of Samuel it says: "And the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." (I Samuel 18: 1.) Jonathan risked his life and his kingdom, did it over and over again to save his friend David. I'll not tell you the story now. Read it in First Samuel, Chapters 18, 19, and 20. It tells what true friendship can be like. Choose good friends, boys and girls, and then be loyal to them.—H.

234

GETTING ALONG TOGETHER

Well, boys and girls, that is quite an art, isn't it, the art of getting along together? It is a fine art to cultivate. And this is illustrated by another Hindu story, which I am going to tell you this morning. It is a folklore story, in which the animals are represented as talking to each other much like people can. The story says that long ago three friends lived near a great banyan tree, on the side of a mountain. They were a partridge, a monkey, and an elephant. They were unkind to each other, and did not live together in peace as they should. But one day they said, "It is not right for us to live in this manner. Let us find out which of us is the oldest, and then we will make him our ruler."

"But which of us is the oldest?" was the question they all asked.

One day they thought of a good way to find out which was the oldest. They were all sitting together at the foot of the banyan tree, and the monkey and the partridge asked the elephant, "How large was this tree when you first knew it?" "Friends," said he, "when I was little I used to walk over the banyan tree. It was then only a little bush, and its highest branches merely touched my body. So I have known it since it was a small bush."

Then the others asked the monkey the same question. The monkey said, "Friends, when I was quite little, I used to sit on the ground and eat the topmost shoots of this banyan tree, by merely stretching out my neck. It was then quite young. So I have known it from its earliest years."

Then the two others asked the partridge the same question. The partridge said, "Friends, there was once a big banyan tree in 'Such and Such a Place.' I ate its fruit and dropped some of the seeds here. From one of these seeds this tree grew. So I knew it before the time it was planted, and I am older than either of you."

Then the elephant and the monkey said to the partridge: "Yes,

friend, you are the oldest of us all. You shall be our ruler and we shall not be unkind to each other again."

Now, I will give you two texts for this sermon. The first is this: "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" (Amos 3: 3.) The second is this: "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." (Proverbs 15: 1.)—H.

235

MR. AND MRS. HANS EGEDE, MISSIONARIES TO GREENLAND

(Missions)

You have heard very much, I am sure, boys and girls, about the heroism of battlefields. But a battle usually lasts for a short time. I sometimes think that men like Paul showed a greater heroism. His was a lifelong campaign. He could say, "I die daily." In every age the men and women who have done like work have shown the same spirit.

This morning I am going to tell you about a man and his wife who in the early days went as missionaries to the Far North, in Greenland. It is about Mr. and Mrs. Hans Egede (pronounced Eg-e-day). Mrs. Egede's name was Gertrude.

In spite of opposition from all sides Hans Egede gave up a pastorate in his home land, Norway, that he might help the people of Greenland. At last he found a chance to go with a small colony. It was in May, 1721, that he and his wife sailed from Copenhagen. His interest in that country had been aroused by the report of the degradation of the people brought back by a brother-in law. He had for several years tried to arouse the Danish Church to do something. At last, with the help of money subscribed by friends and what he had of his own, he started, accompanied by his wife and four children, together with the company of colonists.

The enterprise met with great difficulties. It took him three years to acquire the language. The inhospitable climate was a great strain on his health. The people were not inclined to welcome him. After many discouragements an epidemic of smallpox followed the return of a native from a visit to Copenhagen. The terrible effects roused new enmity. But the untiring kindness of Egede and two Moravians that had joined him at last won the Greenlanders, who said, "Thou hast done for us what our own people would not do; for thou hast fed us when we had nothing to eat; thou hast buried our dead, who else would have been consumed by the dogs, foxes, and

ravens; thou hast also instructed us in the knowledge of God, and hast told us of a better life."

Whenever we think of missionary heroism we must think of the missionaries' wives, whose work, suffering, and sacrifice have equaled that of their husbands'. Mrs. Egede at first opposed her husband's desire to go with the gospel to Greenland, but was later the very heart and soul of the work. When they first arrived at their future home they found only desolate wastes. The husband would have returned home at once, but his wife's faith did not falter. She said, "Wait a little," and God proved her wisdom. To them both Greenland owes a great debt of gratitude.—H.

236

ONE OF THE HAYSTACK BAND

(Missions)

I am going to tell you this morning, boys and girls, about a little dark-eyed baby who was born in the town of Malden, Massachusetts, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago. It was on August 9, 1788, this child was born. He was named Adoniram, after his father, who was Rev. Adoniram Judson, a Congregational minister. The father, and the mother too, thought this baby a wonderful child. That is a way our fathers and mothers have, and we ought all to try very hard not to disappoint their expectations. Mr. and Mrs. Judson thought that if the boy was to do a great deal of good in the world the best way to get him ready was to begin early to teach him as much as he could possibly learn. Long pieces were given him to commit to memory when he was hardly more than a baby, and he learned to read when he was only three years old, surprising his father one day by reading him a chapter in the Bible.

When he was four he liked best to gather all the children in the neighborhood about him and play church. He always preached the sermon himself, and his favorite hymn was, "Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord."

The little fellow, like boys who live now, liked to find out about things for himself. When he was seven he thought he would see if the sun really moved. For a long time he lay flat on his back in the morning sunlight looking up to the sky through a hole in his hat. He was so long away from home that he was missed. His little sister found him, but his eyes were quite swollen from looking so long at the bright light. He told her that he had "found out about the sun's moving," but did not explain how he knew.

At sixteen he went to Brown University. He was a fine student,

loving study. A great longing came into his heart to be a minister, and he studied diligently with this end in view.

He became the leader of the noble pioneer band of American missionaries. He was one of the Haystack Band at Williams College. They had formed the first foreign missionary society in America and met at night to pray under a haystack. At the theological seminary he continued his interest in missions and was one of the first company of missionaries that set sail from our shores. He arrived in Burma, where he labored till his death.

When asked what were the prospects of the conversion of the heathen, he made his famous reply, "They are bright as the promises of God." During the war in which England conquered Burma, he was imprisoned by the natives and suffered horrible tortures, the effects of which remained with him for the rest of his life. His precious translation of the Bible into the native language he sewed into a pillow, which was taken as a keepsake by a native Christian, and so the translation was preserved.

For thirty-seven years he toiled on, several times returning to this country, but hastening back to his field. It was six years before he won the first Burmese convert. But before his death he was permitted to see sixty-three churches in Burma under the care of one hundred and sixty-three missionaries and helpers, and more than seven thousand converts had been baptized.

Worn out with long labor, the hero missionary, stricken with fever, was sent home, only to die on shipboard, and his body was buried at sea.

But he had been permitted to see the Gospel firmly planted in that country.—H.

237

THE GROWING CIRCLE

(*Missions*)

Of the prayers of David the son of Jesse, one of the best known is found in the sixty-seventh Psalm: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us, that Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations." That prayer gives us a map of our mission field. Will you join me in carefully examining it? It spreads itself out before my eye as a wide circle, we shall start from its center and travel outwards to its circumference. The whole circle is made up of four circles which are different from each other, though often you can hardly tell where the one ends and the other begins, and though the four, like the circles

on the map of the world, make one rounded whole. These are, our heart, our home, our neighborhood, the world.

I. Our starting point, then, is the center of this growing circle, our heart. All true mission work begins at home, and nothing is so near home as your own heart. Thus the mission prayer begins, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us." The wonderful little mission field within you is like the great mission field without; it may easily become a stronghold of heathenism; a great work needs to be done in it. And this work can be done, not by your own might or merit, but by God's mercy.

We are also to pray, "God cause His face to shine upon us." Words like these are often found in the Bible: what exactly do they mean? A shining face is the mirror of a loving heart. The Christian knows that, like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth him, yet his chief desire is that the love in God's heart would appear, as it were, in his face, and so conquer all his doubts and beget love in return.

II. Thus God's mission work prospers in our heart of hearts and soon spreads through our home. Our Saviour likens the kingdom of heaven to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. The leaven is not on, but in the meal, placed in the center of it; it spreads through and through it, and then it passes over from the leavened meal into other meal lying near it. The leaven has force to change all the meal it touches. Thus God's grace, when it is not hindered, begins in the inmost heart and works from within outwards, leavening first the life at home. Home is certainly meant, though not mentioned in our prayer. "God bless us," not me; it is the prayer of one who is not solitary, but planted in a family. He who prays for all men must specially embrace those who are nearest and dearest to him. God has given you a mission of your own, which he has given to no one else. It is to do what you can to make your home holy and happy.

III. From our home we pass on to the larger circle of our neighborhood and our nation. Every Christian must have the mission spirit; for it is the very spirit of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This earth was a dark spot in God's bright universe, a sort of outfield overrun with weeds; but it is also heaven's mission field. Some old writer has said that "God had only one Son, and He made Him a missionary."

You should have pitying love for all around you who have erred, and gone out of the way. You should have a warm heart for the poor, and for all who try to do them good. You should resolve that when you are fit for it you shall have some share in such Christ-like work. Your love should so unite you to your fellow countrymen that you will feel for their sins and sorrows. You should not be selfish, but ask

God to help you, that through you His saving health may be at least a little better known among your own people and in your own nation. This is what is usually called the home-mission spirit.

IV. That is a very fine word, for the work of God begins at home in the hearts of men, and is carried on around their hearths, and then spreads in their neighborhood in ever-broadening circles, and enlarges the Christian heart to embrace the whole world. The Christian prays that God's way and saving health may be known among all nations, and that God may be feared and praised from the rising of the sun unto his going down. He believes firmly that the heathen may be taught God's way. He also believes that God's saving health can cure all the deep-running sores of the nations, and that nothing else can. He knows, too, that it is the duty, and should be the joy, of all who know the glad tidings to publish them over the whole earth. I have now come to what we call foreign missions, but we should regard all our missions as home missions. For the whole world was the home of the Son of man, and should be the home of His Church; and in these days when men run to and fro, and our ships plough every ocean, the farthest-off nations are really more our neighbors than some corners of our own country were a hundred years ago. Every Christian should say in a higher sense than the poet meant, "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me."

Were I asked what boys and girls should do for foreign missions, my answer would be—Read, Think, Give, Pray.—Rev. James Wells.

238

THE LEGEND OF THE DANDELION

My young friends, boys and girls, I do not think it will hurt you a bit to cultivate somewhat in your minds the things of sentiment and romance. Some of the sweetest and most romantic legends I know gather about the trees and the grasses and the flowers. One is about the dandelion. See if you can interpret it as I tell it.

The dandelion about whose youthful gold so many pretty legends have been woven, has inspired a charming Algonquin tale of the love of the South Wind for the flower which is the symbol of the sun. Shadondassee, the South Wind, likes to lie in the shadow of live oaks and magnolias, inhaling the perfume of the blossoms, so that when he breathes you can perceive the odor.

One day he saw in the distance a girl—a slender girl, with yellow hair. Day after day he looked, and still she stood in the bright prairie. But one morning, alas, when he looked again the maid was gone, and

in her place stood a faded woman whose crown of gold had changed into gray. "Ah," said he, "Shawonassee, my brother, the North Wind, has been here during the night. He has put his cruel hand upon her head and whitened it with frost." And he sighed, so that the white hair fell from her as down, and she was gone. Others like her come every spring, but the South Wind still sighs for the girl he first saw with the yellow hair.—H.

239

WHAT THE TREES SAID

TEXT: *"The sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees."* II Samuel 5:24.

Have you ever lain under the trees and listened to the rustling of the leaves as the wind passes through them? When it blows gently, one can imagine the trees are talking. Sometimes they seem to whisper and sometimes to speak loudly.

At Dodona, in Greece, there was a shrine to the father of the gods, whom the Greeks called Zeus. People used to come seeking an answer to their questions from the oracle, who was supposed to speak there. They believed that the answers were given by the rustling of the leaves of an old oak tree which grew before the sanctuary. They thought it was their god talking to them.

Once when David was threatened by the Philistines we are told that he was warned by God not to attack them till he heard the sound of marching in the tops of the trees. You can imagine him with his warriors lying in concealment, listening, listening till they heard the leaves rustle so loudly that it was like the tramp of marching men. Then they rushed to the attack. God chose to use the ancient superstition about the message of the leaves to guide His soldier to the right moment to give battle. But He only did it once.

There are, however, other ways in which he has sent messages by the trees. Bishop Wilkinson has told how he was comforted by watching a tree in full moonlight. Half the branches were all silvered and half were in deep shadow. A little while before he had lost his dearly loved wife. The thought came to him that just as the branches in shadow belonged to the tree as really as the branches shining in the moonlight, so also he, still living in the darkness of earth, was as really one with the Lord Jesus as the departed, who are in the unfading light of heaven. It comforted him greatly. He felt sure it was God's message to him, just as really as if he had heard the leaves talk and say: "Be comforted."

Brother Lawrence, who wrote the little book, *The Practice of the Presence of God,* so beautiful in its simplicity, was converted to God, not by hearing the leaves rustle, but by thinking of the time when they would appear. This was how it happened. One winter when he was almost hopeless about himself, feeling that there was no true life in his spirit, nor could be, he saw a tree with its bare branches, not one leaf left and not one bud appearing. Then the thought came to him: "Yes, but when spring comes, this tree which looks so dead will have life, and every twig will have its leaves dancing in the wind. What God can do to the tree, He can do for me." That was the moment when he really began to trust God. God preached a sermon by the leafless tree.

He still speaks to those who have listening ears. Are you a listener to His message when the sun shines and the wind blows gently and the leaves are all aquiver with their wordless talk?—R. C. G.

240

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE RELIGION

TEXT: *"Trust in the Lord and do good."* Psalm 37: 3.

This is a little text, but it will take all your lives to carry it out in full. It is religion packed up into a short motto. Take it as your life motto, and you will not go far wrong.

I. Inside—Religion must always begin inside. A bad heart makes a bad life; and good actions mean that the heart is right. Trusting is something you do inside you. You trust with your hearts. Don't be puzzled over that word. Trust God as you trust your best friends; be sure that God loves you, cares for you, will never forsake you, wants you to be good and happy forever. If you do this with all your heart, it will mean turning out of your heart many evil thoughts, many sinful things; but God will cleanse your heart if you will only let Him in.

II. Outside—When your heart is full of loving trust in God, you will want to do good. Sin will lose its charm; naughty ways will no longer seem so nice. You will want to act on the square; walk straight, hold yourself upright; and you will want to help others, too. Remember, boys and girls, this is religion. "Trust in the Lord, and do good." Religion does not mean saying so many prayers, singing so many hymns, reading so many chapters in the Bible; it means trusting and doing good. Then, wherever you are, whatever you may be called to do, your lives will be great ones in the joyful service of the Lord. —J. E.

241

A BAG OF GEMS

TEXT: *"A bag of gems in a heap of stones."* Proverbs 26:8 (R.V.).

That was a queer place for gems, was it not? Who would look for gems in a heap of stones by the roadside? And yet there they were, all safely tied up in a bag. Perhaps somebody laid them down and forgot about them, or perhaps they were hidden in a hurry, and then their owner died and the secret of their hiding place died with him. We do not know, but there they were, and when I came upon them in the book of Proverbs they gave me two messages for you boys and girls.

I. First, they told me not to forget to look for the gems amid the stones. What does that mean? Of course it doesn't mean that you are to pull down every heap of stones you meet on a country roadside, and that you are to expect to find a bag of jewels among them. No, it means that you are to look for beauty among things that seem plain and ugly; that you are to look for brightness among things that seem dull or disagreeable; that you are to look for goodness amid things that seem unattractive or even worthless.

You are to look for beauty among the things that seem ugly and plain. Once a gentleman was walking on the shore of the sea. He was accompanied by an old, old man who lived there all his days. And as they walked along the visitor complained of the blackness and ugliness of the beach at that part. But the old man only smiled. "Have you ever stooped down, sir?" he asked. And when the stranger stooped, he saw that what had before seemed a black mess was crowded with thousands upon thousands of exquisite little shells. Have you found the shells amidst the pebbles, boys and girls? Have you looked for the gems amidst the stones? Have you used the eyes God gave you to discover all the marvels with which He has crowded this wonderful world of His? You are missing some of the best things in life if you have not.

And then you are to look for brightness among the things that seem dull or disagreeable. You are to look for goodness amidst things that seem unattractive or even worthless.

So look for the jewels amidst the stones, boys and girls. There is never a heap of stones without its gems. There is never any one so bad but he has some good in him. And if you look for the gem perhaps you will be the means of helping it to shine in the glorious light of day.

II. I have only a minute left for the other message of the jewels, but I must not leave it out. For the second thing they told me was not to throw away my gems on a heap of stones. And what does that mean? Well, it just means that you and I are not to throw away things that are valuable on things that are worthless. We are not to waste our energies on trifles; we are not to waste our minds in reading bad books; we are not to waste our friendship on bad companions.

And, boys and girls, there is one priceless jewel you each possess. It is your life here on earth. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to cut it and polish it and make it gloriously worth while? Or are you going to throw it away on a heap of stones?

242

A REMARKABLE CLOCK

TEXT: *"I make all things new."* Revelation 21 : 5.

The other day I heard about a new sort of clock. I had heard about grandfather clocks, and banjo clocks, and eight-day clocks, and electric and radium clocks, and clocks that would not go. I had even heard of John B. Gough's clock. When it pointed to three o'clock, it struck six, and then he knew it was half-past nine. But I had never heard of a flower clock. That was a new sort of clock.

It was made by a great lover of flowers and shrubs and trees. He was called Linnæus, and he lived in Sweden. His real name was Karl Von Linne. When he was four years old he began to ask queer and interesting questions about plants and flowers, and when he became an old man he was as reverent in a garden as he was in a church. His motto in life was, "Live quietly. God is here."

His garden was full of rare and strange plants, and it was in the garden that he kept his flower clock. The hours of the clock were marked by flowers that opened and closed at exactly the time of day where they appeared on a dial of the clock. The first flower to open was the goat's beard which marked the hour of three o'clock in the morning and from that hour on to midnight, every hour was marked by the opening of a new flower. At midnight the large flowering cactus closed its petals and then until three o'clock the great flower clock rested. What a strange clock it was and what a wise man he was who made it. He knew every flower and the hour when it opened and closed its petals. Each hour was thus marked by a beauty and fragrance of its own.

Every true life ought to be like a great flower clock. Every hour and every day and every year should be bright and beautiful. The

Christian life is full of pleasant surprises and is like a continuous springtime. The hours are full of joy and beauty, and youth and old age have always their own delights. Did you ever notice how often in the Bible life is compared to flowers and plants and trees? "As a flower of the field so he flourisheth." "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow." "He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

If you will call to mind the words of the first psalm, which is one of the psalms boys and girls should know by heart, you will discover that it almost exactly describes a good life in terms of the flower clock:

"He shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit
In his season;
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth
Shall prosper."

In the very last chapter of the Bible we read of the tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruits and yields its fruit every month. The Christian life is like an unfading flower and like unfailing fruit. —Rev. H. T. Kerr.

243

THE NEW NAME

TEXT: *"I will write upon him . . . mine own new name."* Revelation 3: 12.

I wonder how many names you have! Some children have seven or eight and some have only one, like plain John—John Smith. If you have only one and you do not like it, what are you to do? I know a boy who does not like his own name and so he changed it himself! He was called Philip, and he made everybody call him Peter. Generally, however, it is some one else who gives us a new name.

If you are at school I suspect you have a new name in the form of a "nickname," as people call it. Do you know what nickname means? People are not quite certain, but when we say, "In the nick of time," we mean at the right time, at the fitting time. Just so, nickname may mean the right name for a person, the name that tells you about the person, the name that fits a person. A tall, thin boy may be called

"Legs" by his school companions, or a boy with a very quick temper may be called "Shorty."

Sometimes a nickname is given to hurt people, but generally because we like them. It is a sign of friendliness as well as a mark of knowledge. Would it not be strange if we really had a name that exactly fitted us? So that if people knew it they would know truly what we are, whether good or bad, brave or cowardly, true or false. But we should need a dozen names to tell the truth about us, shouldn't we?

But sometimes people get a new name which tells, not what they are, but what they are going to be. When a heathen child is born she may receive a name which means "Kitchen Shovel" or "Black Pot." But when she becomes a Christian she gets a new one which tells what the missionaries hope she is going to be. Perhaps it may mean "Good Soldier," or "Morning Star," or "Shining Diamond."

Do you remember how our Lord gave one of His disciples a new name? He called Simon "Peter," which means the "Rock Man." Peter wasn't much like a block of granite then. He was more like quicksands, always changing. But he did love his Master, Jesus. So our Lord said: "I am going to give the name you will deserve. You will one day be the man on whom I can always depend—the rock man." I doubt not the Lord has a name for you just like that. Are you going to earn it? When, by God's help, you cure yourself of your meanness, or you learn to be really patient instead of sulky if things go wrong, you will be growing nearer your new name.

But I think the loveliest kind of new name to have is a pet name, the name your mother calls you. It is her special name for you because she loves you. It is sweet to hear it on her lips. It makes your heart burn and your eyes shine. Well, did you ever think that this is perhaps what is meant by "the new name" which our Lord gives to each of His people when they come home to Him? I think it must be; it is His love name for you. Be sure He has a new name for you if you are really His.—R. C. G.

244

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

(*Christmas*)

Christmas is nearly here! Yes, and I see that you all know it, boys and girls. That is just what you have been thinking about for weeks past, and I know that too. Suppose, then, I tell you a story this morning about how Christmas is celebrated in some other far-away land.

Last Christmas I told you how it is celebrated in Holland, the land of windmills and wooden shoes, and how the Dutch boys and girls hear over and over again the story of St. Nicholas and his big white horse, and how they put their wooden shoes in the chimney corner on Christmas Eve and find them full of toys and goodies Christmas morning.

Well, in Norway, with its long cold winter of little sunlight, Christmas brings joy and gladness also. All the people, yes and the animals too, share in the Christmas cheer. Mother, and big sister, and grandmother are busy for weeks preparing the Christmas feast. Father and big brother go to the woods and cut down a tall Christmas tree. The children tie oats and corn into bundles.

The day before Christmas, the bundles of oats and corn are tied to trees and fences or are put upon the top of the house or barn. Sometimes they are fastened to a tall pole set up in the yard. This is the birds' Christmas feast.

The children carry to the farmyard fowls dishes of wheat or rice mixed with milk. They give the horses and cows all they can eat. The watchdog is not forgotten. He is freed from his chain and is given a large bone well covered with meat. Oh, yes! Christmas Eve is a happy time for the animals of Norway.

On Christmas morning the sleigh, with its warm rugs, is brought to the door, and the whole family ride to church. When they return the guests who are to spend Christmas Day with them, follow in their sleighs.

At noon all gather around the long table for the Christmas feast. There are soups and meats and vegetables, round cakes of hard rye bread, and puddings and all kinds of cake. The children like best the pretty little cakes covered with colored sugar and little candies. These are cut into many different shapes—hearts, flowers, leaves, little Christmas trees, animals, and people.

When dinner is ended each guest rises in turn and bows to the hostess and speaks a few words of thanks.

After the feast all go into another room where a beautifully trimmed Christmas tree stands. Sometimes there is a gift for every one on the Christmas tree; but often the gifts are hidden away in queer places, and all have great fun looking for them.

Each hidden gift has a name written on the wrapper. When any one finds a gift, he reads the name. If the name is his own, he keeps the gift. If it is the name of some one else, he puts the gift back where he found it.

When all the gifts have been found, the party gather around the tree and open the bundles. What cries of joy and shouts of laughter are heard as each gift is held up for all to see!

Then there are songs and games until the short day is ended. The

guests, wrapped warmly in furs, say good-bye and drive away over the glistening snow to their own homes.

Father says, "It has been a blessed day. Let us thank the good God for it before we go to our rest."

And so that is the way the glad Christmas Day ends in the far-away land of Norway. Let us in our hearts this morning wish for the boys and girls of that distant land, "the land of the midnight sun," it is called, a very happy Christmas this year.—H.

245

COUNTING YOUR CHICKENS

(New Year)

It is a good thing, boys and girls, to dream good dreams of things you are going to be and do, if you really try to make your dreams come true. Young people have long thoughts and long plans, and I am glad you do—if you only keep working at them, and study and labor and prepare now to bring them to pass as soon as possible. But, remember this, that mere dreaming never accomplishes anything. My word is this, Dream and do. Plan and act. Think and then work. Don't forget the last part, work. If you make a resolution, begin to work at it right away.

There is an old story that I am going to tell you this morning that will help to make plain what I mean, and the story is much easier remembered than is what I say. That is one advantage of stories, that they stick well in the mind.

This story is the very old one found in Æsop's fables known as "The Maid and the Pail of Milk." Some of you have heard it, I know; but I am going to tell it just the same, and I believe you will be glad to hear it. The older people here this morning have heard it too; but I am sure they will listen while I tell it, and they may get a useful hint too that will help them also in wise living.

The story is this, that Mary, the milkmaid, having been a good girl for a long time and careful in her work, her mistress gave her a pail of milk for herself. With the pail on her head (for that is the way they carried things in her country) she went tripping gaily along toward the house of the doctor, who was going to give a large party and wanted the milk for a pudding. "For this milk I shall get a shilling," said Mary, "and with that shilling I shall buy twenty of the eggs laid by our neighbor's fine fowls. These eggs I shall put under mistress's old hen, and if only half the chicks grow up and thrive before the next fair comes round I shall be able to sell them for a

good gold pound. Then I shall buy that fine jacket I saw in the village the other day, and a hat and ribbons too; and when I go to the fair how smart I'll be! Bobbie will be there, for certain, and he will come up and offer to be friends again. But I won't come round so easily, though, and when he speaks to me I'll just throw up my head and——" Here Mary gave her head the toss she was thinking about. Down came the pail, and the milk ran out on the ground! Good-bye now to the eggs, chickens, jacket, hat, ribbons and all!

Look out, boys and girls, "don't count your chickens before they are hatched." That's the moral of this old fable—a fable that has come down to us from a wise old Greek writer of a time more than two thousand five hundred years ago. Look out! Don't count your chickens, your successes, the big things you are going to do, before they are hatched. It is all right to count on the fine things you will do if you start right in on doing them. That is especially true if it is a resolution at this New Year time that you will be a better boy or girl. This is the time to make new resolutions. But start in at once, immediately, at the fulfilling of your resolutions.—H.

246

FIVE RINGS AND A BRACELET

TEXT: *"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are . . . lovely . . . think on these things."* Philippians 4:8.

Here are six clauses, all beginning with whatsoever, and then a short clause at the very end of the verse, which is connected in sense with all the six. Any one of these would make a good text; but I think if there be any one of them sweeter than the rest it is the fifth. It reads thus, with the words which complete the sense appended: "Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things."

Let me now tell you of some lovely things in the mind and soul which you ought to seek after. I will give you five, and for memory's sake you may call them rings of gold, one for each finger on your hand. I shall then add a sixth, more valuable than all the rest, and to express its greater worth, you may call it a bracelet of jewels.

I. The *first* gold ring I would have you wear is *sweet temper.* Swords have tempers according to which they are harder or softer, better or worse. And it is curious that the better the temper is the sharper and more during the weapon is. But good tempers in souls are not sharp to cut. They are the very opposite. Every child knows what is meant by being cross, or short. I have seen children in bad

temper do very foolish things. I have seen them quarrel with their very food. How very unlovely these things are!

But if you knew a child gentle and meek, not easily made angry, always ready to be pleased, and anxious to please, speaking kindly to every one, and wearing a sweet smile for all, you would acknowledge the loveliness of such a disposition.

II. The *second* gold ring I wish you to put on is marked *biddableness*. You will easily understand the word, though I believe you will not find it in the dictionary. I wish a term stronger than obedience, meaning readiness to obey, and ventured to make this one.

Have you ever seen children who would not do what their father or mother bade them? I have. I have seen children that needed to be told a great many times to do a thing when once should have been enough.

How lovely on the other hand is the sight of an obedient child. Put the gold ring on his finger. God Himself loves such a child, and approves his conduct.

III. But now I produce a *third* gold ring, worthy to adorn the middle finger of the hand. Engraved on it is *unselfishness*. There are children in whose eye the word Me is always prominent, and from whose lips it is always sounding. They wish and strive to get the best of everything to themselves, the best seat, the nicest portion of what is given to eat, the first opportunity to choose, the rarest top, the prettiest gift. They are always looking after their own gratification. Now this is very unlovely and manifests a disposition which, if left unchecked, will grow up to something very ugly indeed.

Put in contrast with such conduct the behavior of an unselfish child. He has his happiness in seeing others happy. When there are gifts presented to be distributed among brothers and sisters, or playmates, he would have others choose first. He likes to see his companions get what pleases them. He would rather go without a thing himself than see others want. He yields a good place to another, happy to oblige. He looks to the comfort of others more than his own.

IV. A *fourth* ring of gold is marked *tender-heartedness*. You know what it is to be cruel. What are we that we should needlessly, or in sport, add one pang to the misery that is in the world? To take pleasure in witnessing battles between any of the lower animals is very hateful. Keep away from all sights of the kind.

Boys and girls, cultivate a tender heart. Feel for the pains of others. Never inflict pain without reason. But it is beautiful to see in children a feeling, kindly heart, sympathizing with sufferers, and never giving pain that can be helped. Their disposition is very lovely. The gold of their ring is very bright.

V. I shall just name one other. It is *industry*. The opposite of this is idleness, a very unlovely and a very unhappy thing. What I wish,

however, to show by putting the ring, industry, on the finger, is the beauty of being useful, of doing something, of helping on the tasks of the world. The man that does not work in some way is a nuisance on the earth; and a boy or girl should learn when young to hate being a mere idler.

VI. But now I have in reserve a jeweled bracelet, worth all the rings many times over, and when worn along with them making them all look brighter. Bind it around your arm. Its name is *Grace*. Grace is what God gives to make the heart good, or the effects of that gift. Here I use the word as meaning the effects on the character. These are very lovely, like sparkling diamonds.

A child that has grace loves God, loves Jesus, is afraid to sin, tries to do all things so as to please his heavenly Father. There may be those other things I have mentioned as lovely without this; but this makes them all still lovelier. For then they all shine in a light from above.—Rev. J. Edmond.

247

THE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN

You have seen Mr. Turtle or his cousin Mr. Tortoise walking about near some creek or pond carrying his house on his back. If you disturb him he will pull himself inside and close the doors and lock them on the inside. We think him a queer creature because he lives in his house all the time and carries it about with him. But we do the same thing. This house we live in is made of bones, muscles, nerves, and skin. The bones make the joists, the crossbeams, and the rafters of the house we live in. The muscles make a great rope-and-tackle outfit that enables us to carry our house around with us and to work and play. But the muscles would never know when to act if each one did not have a telegraph wire attached to it. The telegraph wires we call nerves, and they carry messages as quick as lightning. If you touch something very hot the nerves in your finger tips flash a message to "central"—your brain—and instantly the muscles in your arm are notified to take your finger off the burning object, and it is done. Sometimes you cut your finger. The "wrecking crew" is notified immediately.

Truly, this is a wonderful house God has given us to live in, to carry us around, and to do our work for us! Let us not forget that our body is only the house we live in.

If we should try, it would take a long time to tell all the wonders of this house we live in. It has a heating plant to keep it warm. It has a system of canals to carry the food, done up in red packages,

round to the hungry muscles. It has a sugar factory where starch is changed to sugar. It has a drainage system. It makes its own medicine. It does its own repairing, if we give it good food, water, and air for material. When you mash your finger nail it slowly pushes the old nail off and puts a brand new one on. It has hands that can be trained to do wonders with a needle, hammer, knife, brush, shovel, fork, and pen.

This house was equipped, was planned by our heavenly Father. Just as you can learn how skillful a man is by looking at some piece of work he has done, so you can learn somewhat of our heavenly Father's wisdom and power and loving forethought by studying the marvelous house you live in. Many, many years ago David said: "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are Thy works." (Psalm 139:14.) We could tell our heavenly Father the same thing.—C. A. M.

248

GETTING BILLY WELL

Boys and girls, a short time ago I went to a hospital downtown to see one of our boys who had just had a very serious operation. As I sat beside Billy and talked to him, I wondered if he realized how many people were helping him get well. Perhaps you think there were only two—the doctor and the nurse; but how about the people who so generously gave money to build that big hospital? They are surely helping Billy get well, aren't they? Then there are the people who contribute every year to the Community Fund to keep the hospital running. And don't forget Billy's parents, who took him there where he can have the very best care possible. And now you will be surprised when I tell you that two men who lived in England a long time ago are helping Billy, too. One of them, whose name is Sir James Simpson, invented that wonderful liquid called chloroform which put Billy to sleep so that he couldn't feel any pain when the doctor operated. The other man is Lord Lister, who taught people how to use another wonderful liquid which will keep all poison out of the wound and make it heal quickly. But that isn't all. There are other doctors to help Billy's own particular doctor, and there are all those fine nurses —some to bring him dandy little lunches, some to bathe him, some to arrange his pillows and make him comfortable.

They are all ready to do kind things for Billy, and he won't be the boy I think he is if, after he gets strong and well again, he isn't mighty

grateful; if he doesn't try to be a little more earnest in his work and a little more helpful to others because of what has been done for him; if he doesn't appreciate the love which makes people want to do all these things for him.

And what is true of Billy is equally true of us all; there isn't a blessing we possess—our homes, our schools, our flag, our daily bread—which we do not owe to others. Everything which we enjoy has been bought and paid for by some one else. How humble and grateful it should make us to think of them, and even more of the good God from whom, if we trace it back far enough, every good and perfect gift comes! Because of all this gratitude in our hearts, how ready we all should be to help others in every way we can.—F. H. F.

249

IT CAN'T BE DONE

TEXT: *"We saw the children of Anak there."* Numbers 13:28.

Boys and girls, the great World War long since was over and we are glad it is. But I am going to tell you a story about that war that I think you will like. The fact is that I have several stories in one, with one lesson, and I got them from a man you do not know, but his name is Alfred J. Sadler.

It is said that after the American marines landed in France to do their part in helping to win the World War they so often heard the words "It can't be done" that they decided to show the world what the marines could do, so they took for their motto, "It can't be done! Here it is!" We know how bravely they lived up to this motto, many times doing what seemed to others impossible.

Joshua and Caleb said, "What these men say about the walls, the fortresses, and the giants is all true, but let us go up and possess the land." It was just as if they had said, "It can't be done! Here it is!"

About sixty or seventy years ago a large number of people in this country said to William Lloyd Garrison and others who wanted to free the slaves, "It can't be done"; but these earnest men and women did not give up. They kept on working—working and praying—and the slaves were freed in the Civil War.

About twenty years ago a few enthusiastic men and women took for their motto, "The United States dry in 1920." Everybody laughed, even their friends, and said "It can't be done!" But they kept on praying and working, and "Here it is!"—America a saloon-

less nation, and in the same spirit we are going to keep it a saloonless nation. Let us take for our motto, "It can't be done! Here it is!"

"Some one said, 'It couldn't be done,'
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it."

250

FLOWERS ON THE ALTAR

I remember well a little village church in France, over the hills behind the hospital, into which one day I entered. Like the rest of those village churches it was open all day and had about it an air of homeliness and the signs of much use. For there the villagers are not afraid of entering their church in working garb or in soiled boots, straight from the fields. They do not dress for worship. They do not wait to put on finery before they pray. They enter and worship as they are, in homespun. The homeliness of their religion very strongly appealed to me, its intimate part in the common day.

That was the thought focused for me in some flowers on the altar. They had not been bought for the purpose, not sent down by some city florist, nor even arranged in some so-called artistic way. They were just the flowers of garden and of field—nature's own wildflower children for the most part. The villagers had gathered with their own hands the simple everyday flowers, their little flower comrades of garden and wayside, to put on the altar of their church. It seemed a parable of what our religion and our service for Christ should always be. It is the homely things of life's every day that are to be offered to Him.

We are to make a bouquet of simple, loving words and deeds, done for Christ's sake each day, and set that upon our altar. In that spirit Jesus Himself lived; He also served in life's homely ways and set His seal on homeliness and sincerity in worship and in service.—Rev. F. C. Hoggarth.

251

RIGHT SIDE OUT

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. At last his mother said: "Jack, I want you to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

This is what his mother, turning him around, said: "That is what you have been doing all day—making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, Mamma," answered Jack shamefacedly; "can't I turn them right?"

And you may be sure he did.

Boys, wear your clothes right side out. Wear your face right side out. Wear your minds right side out. Wear your manners right side out. Wear your temper right side out. Girls and boys, young people, old people, middle-aged people, let us all learn to live right side out.—H.

252

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE MAPLE TREE

There are many legends about the trees, all of them beautiful and very interesting. One of the best is an Indian legend about the maple. The Indian legends credit many things to the noble Hiawatha. Hiawatha is said, among other things, to have given maple sugar to the people, though this is disputed by others, who say a lazy squaw, to avoid getting water, used the syrup to cook in and so discovered a new confection, which must not be taken as an excuse for laziness, however. But Hiawatha's exploits were many: he gave thorns to the roses because he loved them, to prevent animals from molesting them; he stole the first tobacco from a giant, and the smoke of it, as he blows it about, makes the haze of Indian summer. The blood from sundry cuts in his flesh flowed to stain the red willows, and the blisters from his sunburned back became lichens on trees and rocks.

These are all very poetic conceptions. They come from use of the imagination. They cover common things with beauty. Let us cultivate the power of seeing beauty and of learning meaningful lessons from the most commonplace things we see about us.—H.

253

HOW THE BLUEBIRD BECAME BLUE

TEXT: *"Behold the fowls of the air,"* etc. Matthew 6: 26.

There are many beautiful legends connected with this lovely bird of joy. One is that the bluebirds love the sun as few creatures do, and that it is from that love that the under part of their little black feet is yellow. Another is that during the long dark days in the ark the two bluebirds sang their best, watching all the time for a ray of sunlight, and assuring the other birds that it would surely come!

Then one day a little sunbeam suddenly fell upon the dingy floor of the ark. The two bluebirds saw it and sent forth a ringing call to the other birds to look. They looked, but disdained so small a scrap when they wanted a whole worldful. Not a bird would hop down to where the tiny ray of gold lay quivering along the floor except the two little bluebirds. Down they went, gladly trilling out their thanks as well as their joy as they stood in the ray of light. And from that moment until this the soles of their tiny feet have borne upon them the gold of the sun.

Another legend tells us how the bluebird found his lovely coat of blue. When he and his little mate left the ark their feathers were very dull and dingy from the long dreary days they had been shut up. But this happy little pair did not lose a single second moaning over their dilapidated appearance. Instead, Mr. Bluebird shot up straight toward heaven, pouring all his happy little heart out in a glorious burst of song. On and on he flew, up and up, ever up, his faithful, true-hearted little mate right behind him.

Right to the sky they sailed, and Mr. Bluebird, with never a pause in his song or his flight, bolted right straight through! The brilliant blue stained his coat the rich color it is now, and as his tiny companion flew on through the opening he had made in the sky some of the lovely color fell upon her, though not so much as had dyed the feathers of her lord and master.

Few birds that come to us are so valuable in destroying bugs and the various insects that damage fruit and flowers, and possibly none bring to us such a message of love, hope, and good cheer as does Mr. Bluebird and the timid little dame who is his better half.

254

THE DOG AND THE DONKEY

Little stories oftentimes have useful lessons. There is a famous story about the dog and the donkey I want to tell you boys and girls this morning. And even though the story is very amusing I think you will find before we are through that it has meaning and presents lessons it will not be amiss for not alone little people but big people too to learn.

This is the story as it is told. A certain man had a dog and a donkey. He was very fond of the dog. He petted him, gave him fine food, and allowed him to sit on his lap.

The donkey worked all day for the man, and when his work was over, he was shut up in his stall with only straw to eat.

One day the donkey said to himself, "My master likes the dog. I wonder why he doesn't like me? The dog never does any work, but I work all day long. The dog has fine food to eat and I have only straw. My master always pets the dog, but he never says a kind word to me!"

The donkey felt very sad. At last he said, "I know why my master likes the dog. It is because the dog sits on his lap. I will sit on his lap and then he will like me."

Soon the donkey's master came into the garden and sat down on a bench. Then the donkey ran to him and sat on his lap.

"Help! help!" called the man. "The donkey is killing me! Take him away! I will not have him here!"

So the servants came and led the donkey away and beat him for what he had done.

Wasn't that a funny mistake for the donkey to make? He evidently meant well, but he was dumb and presumptuous and very foolish indeed. Look out, boys and girls. Think twice before you act. Don't be too forward. Don't presume. Be sure to show proper deference to the people you meet. I am sure it will help if you keep in mind this story of the dog and the donkey.—H.

255

THE FOX IN THE WELL

Now, I have a sermon this morning intended for the very little children here. But I venture it has something worth while to say to

the bigger boys and girls, and even grown-up people too. You know how in many of the old nature stories the animals are represented as talking to one another and doing some things a good deal like human beings do. This story is about a fox who fell into a well. The well was deep and the water was drawn up by two buckets. These buckets were held by a rope that passed over a wheel at the top of the well. One bucket would come up when the other went down.

One day, the fox got into one of the buckets and fell to the bottom of the well. When he tried to get out he splashed in the water and made a great noise. The wolf heard him and ran to see what was the matter.

"What are you doing down there, Brother Fox?" he asked.

"I am catching fish," said the fox. "Come down and help me."

"How can I come down?" asked the wolf.

"Jump into the bucket up there," said the fox, "and you will be here in a minute."

The wolf was foolish enough to obey the fox. He got into the bucket; and as he was much heavier than the fox, he at once fell to the bottom of the well, while the fox went up to the top. Then the fox jumped out of the bucket and ran away.

"Do not leave me down here," called the wolf.

But the fox only said, "That is the way of the world. When one goes up another goes down."

Surely that was a mean and foxy trick, wasn't it? Listen, boys and girls; don't ever be willing to succeed at the expense of other people. It ought not to be the way of the world that when one goes up the other goes down. I don't believe that it really is that way as much as some people think. Anyway, don't you be foxy. Don't be tricky. Don't try to succeed at the expense of other people. Lend a helping hand to others as you go along. I think you have discovered already what my text for this sermon is. It is the Golden Rule, given by Christ in His sermon on the mount: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matthew 7: 12.)—H.

256

THE LEGEND OF THE WINGLESS BIRDS

TEXT: *"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward."* Hebrews 12: 11.

All girls and boys like legends. The reason is that legends are interesting stories. Usually they are stories with a meaning or lesson. I am

going to recite to you a legend this morning that I think came from the Persian. It is about the wingless birds, explaining that when birds were first created they had no wings and how they came to get them. This is the story:

Once in the long ago, before man came to the earth to live, the birds had sweet voices with which to sing; they had beautiful colors with which to make the roadways bright, but they had no wings. They hopped about from place to place, often in danger of their lives from the animals all about them, but they could not fly.

Now there was work to be done in the animal world, and God chose one and another of the animals and birds to do it. Some scattered seeds, some carried messages, some worked to make the world more beautiful. But none of the animals wished to bear burdens from one place to another. The lion said, "I am too great to carry bundles." The rabbit said, "I am too small to carry bundles." The sheep said, "I give my wool so why should I carry bundles?" The chipmunk said, "I must run fast and far, so how can I carry bundles?"

One and another they all asked to be excused—all but the birds. When they saw that the bundles had to be carried they said to the great God who guarded them, "We are very small and cannot carry much. But we are glad to do what we can. Make the bundles small and we can help to do the work. There are many of us: perhaps we can do it all."

So the bundles were put on their backs. Sometimes they staggered under the weight of them, but still they carried; and they sang their sweet songs as they hopped along. They could still pick up bits of food as they went along. At first their songs could not be understood, but gradually the other animals found that they were singing, "Never mind about the burdens. We will do our very best."

As the days went by the burdens seemed lighter. Soon the burdens seemed to be lifting them instead of their lifting the burdens. Then, lo! when the winter was over and the springtime came again, the burdens rolled away and in their place were wings—wings with which they could fly away from danger and spend their days in the beautiful sky and in the treetops. They had learned how to carry the burden, and the burden had become wings to lift them nearer to the great God for whom they had done the work.

Boys and girls, our weights become wings. The work we do, the lessons we learn, the troubles we have. At the time they may not seem joyous but grievous, "nevertheless afterward." The weights become wings and lift us heavenward.—H.

257

GOD'S THOUGHTS ABOUT LITTLE PEOPLE

TEXT: *"And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid."* II Kings 5: 1–27.

I. The story of Naaman the Syrian is one of many stories in the Bible which shows us the thoughts of God about little people.

Perhaps everybody in Syria, certainly everybody in Naaman's house, thought Naaman's wife, or Naaman himself, the greatest person of the house. But in the sight of God the greatest person was the little captive out of the land of Israel, the little maid who waited on Naaman's wife.

God needed some one to remember Him in Syria and to speak for Him in Naaman's house.

II. The next thing this story shows is that it was not because this poor girl was little, or because she waited on Naaman's wife, or because she had been brought away captive out of the land of Israel that God chose her to be His greatest servant in Syria and to speak for Him in Naaman's house. It was because she only in all that land knew God and was able to tell of His power and His love.

God does not choose people for His great places because of outside things, but only and always because there is knowledge of Him and love for Him in the heart. Big bulk or little bulk, riches or poverty, palace or hovel, God passes these things and things like these by. He searches for knowledge of Himself, for love of Himself, and where He finds these, in high or low, in bond or free, He makes his choice.

III. The third thing this story helps us to understand is that if the little captive out of the land of Israel knew God better and loved Him better than anybody in Syria it was because she had been taught to do that before.

Knowledge of God does not grow up in the heart any more than knowledge of stars or trees or books. Just like other lessons, it has to be learned and gotten by heart. And once on a time, on her mother's knee, or at school, in happier days, this little captive had had to learn this lesson. And not once but many times she had to learn it and to set her whole heart on learning it. And although this thought never came into her mind, although she never dreamed when she was telling her mistress of Samaria and the prophet there that she was doing anything great or good. it was because in the happy years of her life she had been taught to know God and love Him that God in

her sad years put this crown on her life and made her a speaker for Him.

IV. By this story we may learn next some of the reasons which God has for sending trouble to children.

Unless this little maid had suffered she could not have been just where God wanted her to be when she was needed to speak for Him. She suffered things the very hardest to bear which a child can suffer. Only a few years back—perhaps only a few months back—she was a happy little girl in one of the homes in Israel. And what could God's thoughts concerning herself be when He suffered her to be carried away captive out of the land of Israel?

If such thoughts came into her mind at the time of her suffering the explanation of them comes now. Now she learned why she had to pass through so much.

V. Now, although I have tried to mix up the lessons with the story itself, there are three which I should like to put a special mark on, because they are lessons which it is good for children to get by heart.

The first is that you should not despise servants. Perhaps God has sent one of His angels, or helpers, in the form of a servant into your home as He sent the little maid from Israel into Naaman's.

The next is, that you should not weary over the lessons you have to learn at school. You never can know till long after—and this little maid from Israel did not know till long after—the good which lessons —especially lessons about God—will bring to those who have learned them well.

And the last is that you should not look upon sickness and bereavement as altogether evil. There is good in the heart of the evil. Often they are messengers sent from God to draw you nearer to His heart. It is a trial very hard to bear when God takes Father and Mother away. And the home is very dark when He takes both. But for children to whom this trial is sent, as for the child who has been carried away captive out of the land of Israel, God's purpose is love. By the very things they suffer they may be prepared, as this little captive was, to be helpers of others who suffer, and in the end to bring them, as she brought Naaman, to God.—Rev. A. M.

258

HOW THE TURTLE FOOLED THE COYOTE

I am quite sure that all you boys and girls know what a turtle is. He lives in a shell and swims about in the ponds and creeks and other small streams. If you have sharp eyes, as you go along in the country you will see one or more of them sitting on a log in the water. They

flop into the water very quickly, if you come too near, and are soon out of sight. Then, even if you have not seen one, I think you know what a coyote is—for I am going to tell you this morning a story about how the turtle fooled the coyote. The people out in the West, in the prairie regions, know the coyote better than we do. He is a little burrowing animal, looking in some ways like a very little dog, bigger than a ground squirrel, yet not big enough to be called a wolf. Yet out in the Western part of our country he is called a prairie wolf.

Now for the story. It is, as I have said, about how the turtle fooled the coyote. The story belongs to that legendary time of the long ago when the birds and animals were supposed to talk and play tricks and act in a good many ways like people do.

The story says that early one summer morning, when the ground was cool and damp, a turtle came out of his home in the river. He crawled along hunting for things to eat. He found so many good things that he crawled farther and farther away from the river.

If he had been a wise little turtle he would not have wandered so far from home. River turtles have to keep themselves damp. If they become too dry they cannot walk; and if the sun shines too hot upon them, they die.

Mr. Turtle was having such a good time that he forgot about Father Sun, who would soon come peeping up over the hills. He was far away from the river when he felt the warm sunshine on his back.

He turned around and started back to the river; but turtles travel so slowly and the sun grew so hot that he could not get home. So he climbed into a shady hole in a big rock and began to cry.

He cried so loudly that a coyote, who was passing by, heard him. The coyote's ears were not very keen, so he thought it was some one singing.

"I must find out who is singing, and get him to teach me that song," said Mr. Coyote.

He peeped around the big rock and saw the little turtle.

"Good-day," said Mr. Coyote. "That was a fine song you were singing. Will you teach it to me?"

"I was not singing," answered the turtle.

"You were. I heard you and I want to learn your song," said the coyote. "If you do not teach it to me I will swallow you whole."

"Just try it," said the turtle. "I have a hard shell that will hurt your throat."

"Well, if you will not sing for me, I'll pull you out of that shady hole and throw you in the hot sunshine," said the coyote.

"Go ahead and do it," said the turtle, "and I will crawl under my shell."

"Well, then," said Mr. Coyote, "sing me that song or I will throw you into the river."

The big tears that were in the turtle's eyes rolled out and fell, splash! on the rock. "Oh, please, Coyote-man, do not throw me into the river! Do you want to drown me? Oh, please, please do not throw me in."

"Yes, I will!" said Mr. Coyote.

He took the turtle in his mouth, carried him to the river, and dropped him in.

The turtle swam under the water so far that the coyote could not reach him. Then he stuck his head out of the water and called, "Thank you very much, Coyote-man, for bringing me to the river. This is my home. I could not travel back through the hot sun. Thank you for helping me."

And old Mr. Coyote trotted away, very angry.

That's the story of how the turtle fooled the coyote.

Be watchful, boys and girls. Don't let people fool you, especially when it comes to matters of right and wrong. You have a mind and a will and a conscience. Use them. Let no one deceive you into thinking wrong is right or that right is wrong. Everybody seems to think a sermon ought to have a text, and so I have one that I think appropriate to the matter of the being easily fooled. It is found in the Book of Proverbs, where it says: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Proverbs 14: 12.)—H.

259

THE STORY OF THE JAPANESE STONECUTTER

Some of the most interesting legends and folk stories come from Japan. Our Japanese neighbors love to think up, create, and tell such stories, and some of them have been told over and over again in each generation for many centuries. The one I have for you this morning, boys and girls, is about the discontented Japanese stonecutter. You know some of us think we would be happy if we could be anybody else but ourselves, live anywhere but where we live, and do anything else but what we are doing. It is a very foolish way for us to feel. It is a foolish condition to be in—discontented all the while with our lot. I have noticed that some girls with straight hair wish it were curly and that some with curly hair wish it were straight, that some with dark eyes wish they were light and some with light eyes wish they were dark. Some thin boys wish they were more fleshy and some fleshy boys wish they were thin. Now, it is really a great misfortune when we allow ourselves to be dissatisfied with our appearance, or

work, or condition, and the Japanese legend I have this morning is aimed right straight at this fault.

This, then, is the story of the discontented Japanese stonecutter:

Hashnu was a poor stonecutter. All day long he hacked, hacked, hacked at the stone. Sometimes he grew very tired of his work, and he would say to himself, "Why must I go on hack-hack-hacking at this stone? Why can I not have riches as others have?"

One day, when he was hacking away at the stone, he heard many feet coming. He looked up and saw the king, on a great horse, with his soldiers to the right and to the left.

Then Hashnu said, "How fine to be a king! If only I could be a king on a great horse, with my soldiers to the left and to the right." Then he began to sing:

"The king, the king,
The king I would be!"

A Voice said, "Hashnu, be the king." Then Hashnu became the king, and sat on a great horse, with soldiers to the right and to the left. And Hashnu said, "I am king, and no one in the world is stronger than I."

But soon Hashnu felt the hot sun on his head and on his back. The soldiers grew tired, and the horses could not run. Then Hashnu became angry and cried, "Is there something in the world stronger than a king?" And he began to sing:

"The sun, the sun,
The sun I would be!"

The Voice said, "Hashnu, be the sun." So Hashnu became the great sun in the sky, and shone down on the fields. But soon there came a little cloud between Hashnu and the earth, so that he could no longer shine down. Then he said, "Is there something in the world stronger than the sun?" And he began to sing:

"The cloud, the cloud,
The cloud I would be!"

A Voice said, "Hashnu, be the cloud." So Hashnu became the cloud and sent rain upon the earth, and the rain became a brook, and the brook became a river, and the river carried away hills and trees and houses. Only one great rock the river could not carry away. Then Hashnu said, "Is there something in the world stronger than the cloud?" And he began to sing:

"The rock, the rock,
The rock I would be!"

The Voice said, "Hashnu, be the rock." So Hashnu became the great rock. Then he saw coming to meet him a man. The man had in his hand a hammer, and he began to hack at the rock. The chips flew this way and that. Hashnu cried, "Is there something stronger than the rock?" And he sang:

"The man, the man,
The man I would be!"

The Voice said, "Hashnu, be yourself." Then Hashnu took the hammer and said: "The sun is stronger than the king, the cloud is stronger than the sun, the rock is stronger than the cloud, but I, Hashnu, am stronger than all."

Now, boys and girls, I have a text for this sermon. I think if you remember the text you will remember the sermon—the legend about the discontented stonecutter who learned how happy after all he should be in the place and the work where his lot had been cast. It was the Apostle Paul who said this: "Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Philippians 4: 11.) There is all the more reason for our feeling thus when we realize that the place and condition in which our lot is cast is by the will and appointment of our wise and loving heavenly Father.—H.

260

ABOUT THE NIGHT

TEXT: *"The darkness he called night."* Genesis 1: 5.

I have heard, and am sorry to think it, that there are boys and girls, and some older people too, who are afraid of the darkness of the night. Some are in fear when they go along a country lane in the dark, and some don't like to be alone even in a room of their own home without a light. They must fancy that God goes to sleep in the night and cannot take care of them as He does in the daytime. There are even people so wicked as to talk to children of bogies or ghosts who may come to do them hurt in the darkness. I hope you never tell such tales to your little brother or sister, because to tell a lie which frightens some one is the worst kind of lying.

You know that God never slumbers or sleeps. He makes us sure of that by the things which He does in the night. He has made many flowers to bloom in the darkness—the evening primrose, the great water lily, the convolvulus, and a great number of other flowers. Then

there are more butterflies on the wing in the darkness than there are in the daylight. It is true, the scientific men don't call them butterflies, but you and I may very properly call them butterflies of the night. Many caterpillars feed by night, and some of the most richly colored beetles are asleep all day and busy in the darkness. One of the sweetest songsters among the birds sings by night. And one reason why flowers open in the dark and butterflies sip their nectar in the night is, I believe, that you should be sure that God is not slumbering or sleeping, but keeps watch over us all by night as well as by day.

Have you ever thought that night is just the shadow of the world which stretches out on the side of the earth opposite to the sun? Sometimes the shadow sweeps across the moon, and we say that there is an eclipse of the moon. There are people who are frightened when they see the moon eclipsed. They are terrified by a shadow—the shadow of the world on which they live!

How strange it would be to live in a world which had no shadows! And there are such worlds. They are lighted by two suns, and the inhabitants may see one sun rising while the other is setting.

One wonders whether the people who live in such a world know as much as we do of the vastness of the dominion of God. For it is to night that we owe our knowledge of the greatness of the universe. If we had never seen the stars, how little we should know of the power and glory of God! It is when we are being swept round through the shadow of the earth that we perceive that God has thousands and ten thousands of other suns than ours, and millions on millions of other worlds which He is keeping and guiding through the immensity of space as a shepherd leads his flock. Think of that when you read or repeat the twenty-third Psalm. The Lord who is your Shepherd is the Shepherd of myriads of worlds, and He thinks of the little flowers which open in the dark, and of the butterflies which flutter over them drinking honey in the stillness of the night. Why should you be afraid of darkness, or of anything, since the mighty God watches over you through day and night, and life and death, and forever?—Rev. John A. Hamilton.

261

SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE

It is a quite too common fault among boys and girls to make fun of one another when one is a little slow in his or her studies. This quite often happens at school when one gets a lesson easily and quickly and the other has to dig hard and slow to get it. And yet sometimes those thought-to-be slow students make the greatest success in life, some-

times even the best scholars. Anyway, it is not very nice, is it, to taunt another boy or girl with being slow?

But I have discovered that it is evidently a very old fault; for Mr. Æsop, that old Greek writer of fables of a time more than twenty-five centuries ago, addressed one of his lessons or legends to the correction of this fault. I well know you are all familiar with his fable; but I am going to give it to you anyway this morning.

I am quite sure you are willing to listen to it again, that it will interest you all, and that it will especially interest all the older people who are here to-day. I am not going to tell you why it will interest them so much; but you may watch and see how attentive they are while I tell the story.

This is it:

One day a tortoise was creeping down the road when a hare came running along.

"Good-morning, Mr. Tortoise," said the hare. "Don't you wish you could run as fast as I can?"

"You run fast and I go slowly," said the tortoise. "But I think I can beat you in a race."

"What!" said the hare. "You beat me in a race! I can go ten times as fast as you can."

"So you can," said the tortoise, "but I may beat you, for all that. Will you run a race with me?"

"Yes," said the hare; "but I am foolish to run with an old creeper like you. Where shall we race?"

"Let us go from this big tree to the big tree in the meadow," said the tortoise. "We will start when you count three."

"One, two, three—go!" said the hare, and away he ran as fast as he could go.

He ran a little way, then he looked back. The tortoise was not in sight.

"I will stop and eat some of these green leaves," said the hare. "Then I will run on to the tree."

So he stopped and ate the green leaves. Then he said, "That old creeper is not in sight. I will lie down a while and rest. Then I will run to the big tree in the meadow. I shall be there long before Mr. Tortoise comes."

So the hare lay down and soon he was fast asleep.

When he waked, he looked back; he did not see the tortoise at all. "I may as well go on," he said, so he ran to the big tree in the meadow. There under the tree sat the tortoise!

Slow and steady wins the race.

Now, boys and girls, the trouble with many of these smart people is that they are lazy. The hare was swift but lazy and went to sleep on the way. Now, I have a text for this little sermon: "Slothfulness

casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." (Proverbs 19: 15.)—H.

262

SOMETHING HID INSIDE A MAN

TEXT: *"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."* Genesis 2: 7.

Boys and girls, we have bodies, but we are souls. When God made man he breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living, immortal, undying soul. That is a great mystery, I know, boys and girls, but it is a great, a blessed, an all-important truth. We are God-breathed. We are made in the image of God. We ought, then, to live up to our high birth—don't you think so?

Now, I have a story to bring you this morning, and it is upon this great thought of our high, our divine origin. It is a legend about something hid inside a man.

This is the way it goes:

Once upon a time, or rather at the birth of Time, when the gods were so new that they had no names, and Man was still damp from the clay of the pit whence he had been digged, Man claimed that he too was in some sort a god.

The gods weighed his evidence and decided that Man's claim was good.

Having thus conceded Man's claim, the legend goes that they came and stole away this godhead, with intent to hide it where Man should never find it again. But this was not so easy. If they hid it anywhere on Earth the gods foresaw that Man would leave no stone unturned till he had recovered it. If they concealed it among themselves they feared Man might better his way up even to the skies.

And while they were all thus at a stand, the wisest of the gods said, "I know. Give it to me!" He closed his hand upon the tiny, unstable light of Man's stolen godhead, and when that great hand opened again the light was gone. "All is well," said Brahm. "I have hidden it where Man will never dream of looking for it. I have hidden it inside Man himself."

There is something hidden inside of you, boys and girls. It is a very wonderful thing indeed. It is divine. It is glorious. It is God-given. As boys and girls are like their parents, this thing hidden inside of you makes you related to God himself—your heavenly Father. You are sons and daughters of a King. Then live—try to, determine to live

like princes and princesses. God help you always to be worthy and never disgrace the divinity that is within you!—H.

263

MARCHING ORDERS

TEXT: *"Trust in the Lord, and do good."* Psalm 37: 3.

Here is a good motto for you, boys and girls—something to keep always before you—easy to be remembered, yet containing Bible truth in a nutshell. "Trust"—that is the first thing. And "do"—that is the next, and you must keep them in that order. Some people reverse them and put "do" first and "trust" next but these are the people who are always trying to make the stream flow uphill. They can't do it, and are only wasting their strength.

I. "Trust" first. That comes first. For trust goes up to God, and we never make a right beginning about anything until we begin with Him. So trust Him. Trust Him first, trust Him last, and trust Him all between.

II. And "do." That's the next thing. That has to do with Father and Mother, your brothers and sisters, and everybody in the wide, wide world. "Trust"—that is to get light and wisdom and strength from God to "do" what we should do as long as we are here on the earth.

Did you ever row a boat with only one oar? Then you remember how you went round and round but never forward. Did you ever see a bird try to fly with one wing broken? Then you remember how the poor thing made scurry enough, but it never mounted upward. It is just the same with us when we try to go by only one or other of these words. It we "trust" but do not "do," or if we "do" but do not "trust," then we are like the boat with one oar or the bird with one wing—we shall be going round and round but getting no nearer to God, to happiness, or to blessing. We must have both oars and both wings, and the name of the one is "trust" and the name of the other "do."

III. But trust what and do what? It is all told us here. "Trust in the Lord." He is almighty. He never fails. He is everlasting. He never dies. They that trust in Him shall never have cause to be ashamed.

IV. "And do—good." That's simple. That's clear. It covers everything, from mending baby's doll and helping Charlie with his lessons up to helping boys and girls and men and women to know and love the Saviour. For in all that, and in all that comes between, you can be doing good. Stick to your rights, then. Let other people say as they will

that they have a right to do this or a right to do that, never do you forget that there is only one thing in all the world you have a right to do, and that is—a right to do good. Hold fast by that, and let no one ever take from you the right that God has given you.—J. R. H.

264

THE BRIGHT TINSEL CORDS ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(Christmas)

I am sure that you have all noticed, boys and girls, how general is the use of bright tinsel cords on Christmas trees. All over the tree is wound a network of cords that look like golden cobwebs. Did you ever hear how that custom came about? Of course, sometimes the cords are of popcorn, but there are usually the glittering tinsel cords too. There is a fairy story that is told to explain how this network of golden cobwebs came to be used on Christmas trees. As Christmas comes this week, I think this is a good time to tell you the story. This is the way it is related:

Once a Christmas tree stood all alone in a room. All the doors were shut, and the children, even the bigger boys and girls, did not know that the tree was there, though their mother knew it, and the Christmas Fairy also knew it.

Some other people in the house had seen it too. Black Tom, the cat, had jumped through the window when no one was looking, and Snowball, the little white kitten, had run in after him. So they got a sight of the tree. Mr. and Mrs. Mouse, with all their family, had crept around and around the tree before Tom and the kitten had arrived. Then a funny thing happened.

The little gray spider heard the mice talking about the beautiful tree, and they wanted to see it too. But the children's mother had cleaned the house for Christmas Day; every corner had been dusted, which made the little gray spiders run for their lives and hide in dark corners. So, of course, they could not see the tree.

But at last Grandfather Spider went to the Christmas Fairy and told her how badly they all felt. The Christmas Fairy was sorry for them and promised, "Wait, and you shall all see the tree."

Late the afternoon before Christmas the Fairy said to the spiders: "Now you may go in the room and look as long as you like; because the family are all away until night." So the grandfathers and grandmothers, the fathers and mothers, and the many children of the big spider family all went in to see the beautiful tree. Round and round

the tree they went, and looked and looked. They ran up the branches and over the twigs and over toys and in every direction on the tree. Then, by and by ran back into their dark corners.

Now, in the middle of the night the Christmas Fairy went to know if the tree was all ready for the children to see in the morning. When she looked at the tree, what do you think? It was all covered with cobwebs! Every branch and twig; every drum and doll and cart and box had a cobweb on it! "This will never do," said the Fairy; whereupon she waved her magic wand over the tree, changing the cobwebs into shining gold. Now the tree was more beautiful than ever, covered with golden cobwebs!

Next morning when the doors were opened there stood a beautiful shining tree! And that is the way Christmas trees have been trimmed ever since—to make them look as if covered with spiders' webs of gold.

Boys and girls, I hope you will all have a very happy Christmas, with a beautiful tree, and that you will do all in your power to make other people happy on Christmas Day, and on other days too. One of the reasons why the day is so happy is that it is in celebration of God's great Gift to us all of Jesus as our Saviour. It was said of the One whose Advent we celebrate: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." That is what Christmas really means, that we have a Saviour, who saves us from our sins. No wonder all who know about Christ's coming are happy on Christmas Day. Let us also do our very best to make known to all the world the message of peace on earth, good will toward men. (Matthew 1: 21.)—H.

265

HOW JESUS BLESSES PEOPLE

TEXT: *"Men shall be blessed in him."* Psalm 72: 17.

Everybody in the world receives some blessing from Jesus. The blessings He obtained for us are so numerous that even the poor heathen, who have never heard of His name, have received some of His blessings. But I wish to speak of what Jesus does for His own people, for those who love and serve Him, to make them blessed. I will mention three things which Jesus does to bless them.

I. The first thing He does for them is to make them wise. It is a great thing to be wise. People may be wise in many different ways. Some men are wise to make money and others are wise to get honor. Some men are wise to build houses and others are wise to build ships. Some are wise to cure disease and others are wise to make interesting

books, or to invent curious machines that no one else ever thought of. Some are wise as generals to win battles and others are wise as rulers to govern nations. Some are wise to do good and others are wise to do evil. But I do not mean any of these ways when I speak of Jesus making people wise. The way in which He blesses people is by making them wise to serve God, wise to get to heaven. The Bible says this, "Wisdom is the principal thing"; "it is more precious than rubies."

II. The second way in which He blesses them is by making them strong.

I said that there are different ways to being wise, and so now I may say there are different ways of being strong. Sometimes people are strong in body. Samson was strong in this way. What wonderful power he had! He could take hold of a lion and tear its jaws asunder. He could pull up the huge gates of a city with the posts and bars and carry them all away on his shoulders. He could kill a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass. He could take hold of the pillars of a great temple and bend them like young twigs and tumble the whole building down just as easily as a child can knock down a house of cards.

Some people are strong in mind. They can do a wonderful deal of thinking with great ease. Napoleon Bonaparte was so strong in mind, was such a great thinker, that he could keep six persons writing and could think for them all just as fast as they could write.

And some persons are strong in soul. I mean by this that they have power or strength to do what is right and to resist what is wrong. This is the strength that Jesus gives to His people. I do not mean to say that He doesn't give the other kinds of strength too, for all the strength of any kind that people have comes from Him. But I mean that strength of soul is the best kind of strength, and Jesus blesses His people by giving them this. And this strength is very important, because there is so much wickedness in the world that unless we are made strong in this way we cannot keep from sinning.

III. The third way in which Jesus blesses His people, is by making them good.

If we want to be good inside we must get our hearts changed. And Jesus only can do this. He says in the Bible, "A new heart will I give them, and a new spirit will I put within them." When Jesus undertakes to make people good He always begins with the heart When that is made good, then we are good inside. If you can make a fountain pure, then you may be very sure that the streams which flow out from it will be pure also.

Some time ago I went to the docks to see one of the great ships lying there. The friend who was showing me about asked me if I knew where they first went to work in building a ship. I said, "No."

"Well," said he, "the first piece of timber that is laid is the middle of the keel, and all the rest is built upon that." Now, the center of the keel is the very middle of the ship. "Ah!" I thought to myself when I heard this, "that is just what Jesus does when he is going to build a Christian. He begins at the heart. He makes that good first, and then, by degrees, He makes all the rest good too. He makes His people good inside first, and then He makes them good outside afterwards." "Men shall be blessed in Him."—R. N.

266

CHILDREN LIKE ARROWS

TEXT: *"As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of youth."* Psalm 127:4.

Children like arrows! That is a curious statement, isn't it? But you know about arrows. You remember, for example, about William Tell. How many arrows had he? You are not quite sure; you know he had one, for with that arrow he shot the apple off his little boy's head, and obtained freedom for Switzerland. Yes, but he had another; and when the cruel man who made him shoot at the apple on his son's head asked him what he had meant to do with the other arrow, Tell told him—spoke out manfully and freely—saying that if the first arrow had missed the mark and killed his son, the next arrow would have been sent whizzing through the heart of the wicked man who made him do it. William Tell had two arrows—one that could bring life, and one that could bring death! Now I wonder if that is what our text can mean—that some children can do a great deal of good and others can do a great deal of harm? It is true, anyway, whether it is what the text means or no. But what does the text mean?

I. This, at all events, that an arrow should have a good head; and so should a child. Now we begin to get at the meaning. What would be a good head on an arrow? Wouldn't it be one that was rightly balanced? If it was heavier on one side than another the arrow would go all askew. And, do you know, that sometimes happens with children—as it sometimes happens with the little boat you sail in the basin. You want it to carry cargo, but you don't balance it nicely; you put too much on one side, then over the boat goes, and you have to play diver to fetch up what is lost! It is sometimes the same with children. They think a great deal about themselves; they always want this or that for themselves; and they go on thinking about themselves and forgetting about other people till they grow all on one side and be-

come selfish. A selfish boy or girl is an untrustworthy arrow; it is sure to miss the right mark.

II. A good head, that is the first thing, a well-balanced head, a head which thinks for other people as well as for itself. But again (you see we are getting at the meaning now!), an arrow should have a sharp head. Yes; it is a very great thing that it should be sharp. I have seen hundreds and hundreds of arrowheads that were made of flint only, and I have seen hundreds that were made of iron; I have also seen a few that were made of silver. But I cannot recollect that I ever saw but one that was made of gold and that was in a museum. But it doesn't matter what the heads are made of if they are well balanced and sharp. Some children are like flint—good and useful and beautiful if they get fair play; but they are brittle, easily discouraged, and broken in spirit. Most are like iron—can stand a good deal of knocking about and be the better for it! A few are like silver—very clever, very bright, always taking prizes; but there is only one in a million who is like gold—and we call him a genius. He has the worst time of all; for he is cleverer than anybody, and therefore everybody envies him, and some hate him just because they don't understand him!

But it doesn't matter of what a head is made—if it is blunt it is of no use; if it is sharp, then flint is as good as gold for bringing down the prey.

Why are you sent to school? It is to sharpen you up! Why are you set to do things you don't like? To sharpen you up! Never grumble at such things; they will sharpen and polish you if you only let them. The more education you get the better will you go through the difficulties of life.

III. But an arrow which had only a shaft and a bolt, a head and a body, of what use would it be? Why, you could not take aim with it for there would be nothing to guide it when it had gone off. Therefore an arrow must be feathered. It is the feather that guides it. Now, what is a feather? It doesn't seem very important, does it? Neither does a helm seem a great thing, only a bit of wood and iron at the end of the ship. Nevertheless, it is the little helm which keeps the ship right, and it is the frail feather which guides the arrow. And God's Spirit is something like this—it does not seem a great thing, but yet it is everything for guiding us right.

Strive to get the Spirit of Jesus. You know what it is to "catch" another's spirit, as we say? Sometimes you hear a person say about a naughty boy, "I don't like that boy's spirit; I hope my boy won't catch it!" Or again, when speaking of a good child you have heard some one say, "I wish you would catch that child's spirit." Try to get the Spirit of Jesus. It means trying to be like Jesus; trying to do things in His Spirit, after His fashion, in the way He would do them.

Try to get this and the Lord will use you; He will set a very high mark before you and will guide you right to it.—J. R. H.

267

LOVERS OF THE SUNLIGHT

TEXT: *"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts."* Psalm 139: 23.

I can remember when I was a little boy one of my great treats was to visit a certain building in my native city in which was situated what was called a "Camera Obscura." One entered a dark room and looked down upon a circular surface of white cloth like a magic lantern screen, whereon, by an arrangement of mirrors, a reflection was thrown of the scenes going on around in the city streets below. It seemed so curious to watch all these people going about the hundred and one incidents of daily life, and yet to know that none of them were aware that they were being watched by those who stood within the little tower. It was the sun that enabled us to be such spies upon the doings of our fellows; the sun was the witness that disclosed to us all their movements. But science has discovered that the sun can do much more wonderful things than that; the whole art of photography has simply been the power of using the sun's skill as an artist to draw pictures for us more accurate and beautiful than any we could draw for ourselves. The light of the sun is so penetrating that it can reveal many things our eyes could never discover; thus you have no doubt heard that the photographer's plate has revealed the existence of many stars that the eye of the most skilful astronomer had never seen, and each of these stars is just a far-off sun.

Again, some of you girls know how impossible it is to match the shades of ribbons or silks in any light other than that the sun affords, how clearly it brings out the delicate distinctions and makes clear the subtlest difference of color. You have noticed too, how, when you are in a room into which the sun's rays are pouring, you can see myriads of tiny little specks dancing in the sunbeams. These were there all the while; the air was laden with the dust and other particles of matter, but you could not see them: it was the sun that disclosed their presence. Now, nothing beautiful need be afraid of the sunlight; the lovely things only become more lovely when it shines upon them; but those which cannot boast of beauty may well seek to hide themselves from its telltale glance, for it will only make their ugliness the more manifest. There is only one light stronger than that of the sun, and this is the light of God.

The prayer of the old Hebrew poet was that God would look into his heart and test his inmost thoughts. Now, would you and I be willing to let God do that? We need the light to show us what is wrong as well as what is right, but once we have seen the evil it must be our task to set ourselves to remove it, and once God has shown us the fair order in which He would have the room of our life set, we must ask His help to make it as beautiful as He wishes it to be.

The sun is a universal witness. I remember being greatly impressed by a sundial in the public park at Baltimore. It was so cleverly arranged that when the sun's rays fell upon it the shadow not only told the time at that one place in America, but the numerous other angles of the dial—like the facets of a gem—enabled one to know the hour at many far-distant cities of the world. The one sun gave all these different results—effected these widely varying records. So the light of God is the great universal recorder. In one case it comes to disclose a life in agreement with itself, guided by the precepts of His testimonies, obedient to the utterances of His will. At other times the light of God's word breaking in upon a life shows such ugliness and shame that it almost drives the one who sees it to despair. We must let the light shine clearly in that we may see all that is wrong and try to set it right. God's Book has counsel for every difficulty, a curve for every wrong. We need never remain in doubt as to our course of conduct if we will only consult it and have the courage and faith to obey and follow its directions.—G. C. M.

268

THE STORY OF THE KING'S SON

TEXT: *"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."* Ezekiel 36: 26.

In the books I read when I was as young as you are was the story which I used to think very wonderful. A certain king had an only son, and he was the heir to the throne. But his son had a great infirmity. Whenever he opened his mouth to speak, frogs and serpents sprang out. The king wept many tears, so did the queen. But the evil did not cease. Doctors were called in, but they could do nothing. Night and day the king cried in secret, "Oh, that my poor boy might be cured!" Night and day the queen joined in the prayer, "Oh, that the evil might come to an end!" But it did not come to an end, and the longer it continued the worse it seemed to grow.

One day a traveler was passing through the kingdom, and as he

came near the royal palace he heard the porters and people about talking of the boy and the sorrows of the king and the queen. So he said to himself, "Should I pass by this sorrow?" So he went into the palace and sent word to the king that he knew how the boy could be cured.

"What the boy wants," said the traveler, "is that a new heart should be given to him. It is in the heart that the evil is." And the king said, "The half of my kingdom will I give to you if you bring this cure to pass."

But the stranger said, "I shall not receive either silver or gold, either house or fields; but I want that your son shall come with me." So the king and queen allowed their son to go with the traveler.

Now down in a beautiful valley lived a wise and a noble woman who was known for her wonderful cures. She had made the blind to see and the deaf to hear. The traveler placed the boy under her care, and by the wonderful skill she had the old heart was put away and the new heart was brought into its place. And then he was sent back to his father.

When he came to his father he said, "What a beautiful dream I have had!" As he spoke, instead of frogs and newts and serpents, there came out of his mouth the most lovely rubies and pearls. Everybody was delighted; everybody wished to be beside him. And the king made a great banquet in honor of his son's return.

By and by the old king died and his son ascended the throne, and in the history of that kingdom the chapter which tells of this reign is called the history of "The King with the Ruby Mouth."

Now I have told the story just as I read it. I have let you a little bit into the secret of its meaning. The mouth out of which serpents came was the mouth of a child that had a heart unkind. The mouth out of which rubies came was the mouth of the same child after the evil heart was taken away and a kind heart put in its place. Serpents were unkind words, unbeautiful words, rude thoughts, and harsh thoughts spoken to servants and to parents. The pearls and rubies were the loving, honest, brave words from the new, loving, honest and brave heart. And the wise lady in the beautiful valley was the Church of Jesus, where by prayer, by penitence, and by faith in Jesus the new heart was given.

You are sons and daughters of the King of heaven. Speak good words, words honest and true, words of loving-kindness to all around you. God will fulfil His word, "A new heart will I give unto you," to all who ask Him and who use it to make others happy.—A. M.

269

THE YOUNG PARISHIONER

There is one thing I know about boys and girls. It is that when they want anything they want it very much. I know a true story of a little girl, the daughter of a minister. There came upon her a little illness which caused her to be put to bed quite early.

In a little while she called her mother.

"Mamma," said she, "I want to see my dear papa."

"No, dear," said her mother, "Papa is not to be disturbed just now." Presently came the pleading voice.

"I want to see my papa!"

"No," was the answer, "I cannot disturb him."

Then the four-year-old parishioner rose to a question of privilege.

"Mamma," said she, "I am a sick woman and I want to see my minister."

It is certainly true that children do sometimes say very striking and interesting things. I have read of a Philadelphia woman who recently went calling, accompanied by her five-year-old boy.

Being a rather good-looking little fellow, of the Fauntleroy type, more than one of the women she visited said complimentary things about him, all of which he took with due modesty. Before the afternoon ended, however, he revealed his ideas of maternal pride. One of the women said jokingly but with a serious face:

"My little man, I think I'll just keep you here with me. I have a little boy of my own. Do you think your mother will sell you to me?"

"No, ma'am," he replied promptly.

"You don't?" she asked, in affected surprise. "Why, don't you think I have enough money to buy you?"

"It isn't that," he answered politely, "but there are just five of us, you see, and she would not care to break the set."

Now, what lessons can I draw from these two incidents? Well, I suppose one is that it is right to want things but not to want them too strongly. I think the other is one for your parents, not to permit people to put notions of vanity in their children's minds, and also to remember that children are very observing and quick to take in things they hear their parents say.—H.

270

THE RADIO BRIDGE

I wonder how many of you boys and girls read the newspapers? Possibly not very many of you, I imagine. You may be leaving that to your fathers and mothers. Yet there are some very interesting things in the newspapers which you will enjoy reading immensely when you grow older. You hardly realize what a wonderful time you are living in, you are so accustomed to such comforts as telephones, electric lights, autos, and radios. Only your fathers and grandfathers, who can make the comparison with what they had years ago, see what a marvelous age this is; and sometimes I think that even they have grown so familiar with these things that they no longer look upon them as marvels and almost feel as though we have always had them.

I am going to tell you of something described in the morning paper a few days ago (January 8, 1927). It says that on the day previous a long, long bridge was built across the Atlantic Ocean. What do you think of that? Not a wooden bridge, nor a stone bridge, nor a steel bridge, but a radio bridge! Not a railway bridge, nor a footbridge, but a talking bridge!

You know how for several years you have been able to "listen in" over the radio—but could only listen. You could not talk back. If the program was good, you couldn't applaud or tell them you liked it, nor could you tell them if it was not good. But now, by means of this radio bridge, a man in London can talk to another man in New York just as you talk to your neighbor over the telephone—that is, if you are willing to pay twenty-five dollars a minute. And all this over the wide, wide ocean.

Jesus is like that radio bridge. Between us and God there is a great gulf fixed, because we are sinful and God is holy—a gulf just like the Atlantic Ocean. But Jesus has put a bridge across the gulf. Before He came God spoke to men, and they could "listen in" to His message. While they could speak back to Him, they couldn't do it nearly as well as we can to-day, for they didn't know Him as well. But we know Him better now through Jesus. We can pray to God in the name of Jesus, and God speaks to us through Him. He is the Bridge —for that is what the Bible means when it says that He is the Mediator between God and man.—Rev. C. G. Jones.

271

THE ELEPHANT AND THE LEECH

"There come the elephants!" Every child stretches out from the curbing to see if it is really so. Yes, there they are—one, two, three, up to twenty. They are at the end of a long parade, but they are worth waiting for. See them go by, every elephant with his trunk stretched out and holding fast to the tail of the elephant in front of him. They look so big, and their skin is so tough! No wonder hunters use them in India to hunt tigers with. You have seen pictures of these great animals with a saddle looking something like a summer-house. In this house ride the hunters at a safe distance from any man-eating tiger. The elephant doesn't look very afraid either. I imagine he doesn't mind a tiger's scratch any more than we do a cat's scratch.

There is, however, a tiny little animal that elephants are very much afraid of. I used to be afraid of them myself, for they swam around in the water of the pond where I went swimming when I was a boy. Sometimes they would fasten to my leg, and before I could get at them they would be filled with blood. We called them bloodsuckers, but a more polite name is leeches. Dan Crawford, who lived twenty-three years in the jungles of Africa, tells us that these leeches are very plentiful in that country also. Now an elephant is deathly afraid of a leech. That seems almost nonsense, but what can a tiny leech do to a great elephant? His skin is so hard that no leech can bite him. It certainly would seem so. But an elephant has to drink through his long trunk, and the inside of that trunk is very sensitive. It may happen that a leech will be in the water and fasten himself to that sensitive skin. Then there is a terrible commotion. The elephant cannot scratch the leech off. He is almost "tickled to death." Yes, I really mean it, for sometimes the elephant is so irritated by the tiny leech that he thrashes out his own life. Dan Crawford says he has come upon places in the forest where an elephant has rolled over and over in a frenzy, snapping the trees off and sometimes dashing out his own brains just because a tiny leech was fastened inside his trunk. That is why elephants are so careful to wave their trunks over the water when they drink. They are looking for leeches.

The worst enemies we have are like leeches. They are very small, but when they fasten themselves upon us they cause much misery. One bad word hidden away in our minds, one evil thought cherished in our hearts, a little anger or jealousy that clings to us—how these things do bring misery! Do not be deceived, boys and girls, into

thinking that any sin is not dangerous just because some call it a "little sin." Remember the little leech and the big elephant.—C. H. H.

272

THE EMPEROR AND THE FIGS

I have been telling you, boys and girls, quite a few stories from Hindu folklore or fables. Hindu fathers and mothers tell such tales to their children, and the children tell them to one another. In this way the stories come down by word of mouth from generation to generation. Some people in England and in this country have taken a good deal of pains to gather the stories and put them into books and papers and magazines. We all like to know how people of other countries talk and think and express themselves. It makes us feel our kinship with them.

The story I am going to tell you now is about the emperor and the figs. It says that an emperor saw an old man planting a fig tree and asked why he was doing that.

The man replied, "I am old and may not live to eat any of the fruit of this tree; but if I do not, my son will enjoy it."

"Well," said the emperor, "if you do live to eat fruit from this tree, I pray that you will let me know about it."

The man promised to do so, and, as it happened, he lived to be so old that the tree grew and bore fruit for him to eat.

One day the old man picked some of the finest of the fruit and sent it to the emperor's palace. When the messenger told his errand the guards brought him before the emperor.

The emperor was so much pleased because the old man had remembered his promise that he accepted the basket of figs and ordered the old man's basket to be filled with gold and sent back to him.

I think that story teaches how sacred a thing a promise is. If you boys and girls make promises, keep them. Do not make too many promises. Do not make them too easily. But when you make them consider them sacred and keep them faithfully. And how happy a fact it is, too, that God makes promises to us. Some of them are especially to boys and girls. I am going to give you one of them as a text for this sermon: "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." (Proverbs 8: 17.)—H.

273

THE HAWK AND THE NIGHTINGALE

I have made up my mind, boys and girls, that there is not one of Æsop's fables which is not more than worth while for you to hear and whose lesson is not more than worth while for you to consider. And, strange to say, I have also discovered that the older folks are as much interested in them as you are. Does it not seem strange that a man should have written these little paragraphs more than two thousand five hundred years ago and yet, while quaint, they should seem as fresh, as meaningful, and as applicable to our times as if they had been written but yesterday?

The one I am to bring you this morning is about the hawk and the nightingale. The fable is this: A nightingale once fell into the clutches of a hungry hawk who had been all day on the lookout for food. "Pray let me go," said the nightingale; I am such a mite of a bird for a stomach like yours. Besides, I sing so nicely, you know. Do let me go; it will do you good to hear me." "Much good it will do to an empty stomach," replied the hawk; "and besides, a little bird that I have is more to me than a great one that has yet to be caught."

Do you get the meaning of that, boys and girls? I am sure I do not need to tell you the moral of the fable, though I am going to do so. It is this old saying: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

That is true about a great many things, my young friends, besides birds. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. So are the opportunities you have now, the comforts you have now, the pleasures you have now, the friends, the teachers, the possessions you have now, worth two anticipated ones that are as yet only in some future dream or prospect, some hopeful bush. Enjoy your present pleasures. Value your present friends. Embrace your present opportunities and do not wait for some will o' the wisp of future bliss you may never catch up with.—H.

274

A LION STORY

TEXT: Judges 14: 5–9.

Samson is considered to have been the strongest man who ever lived. But he had a bad habit of wandering from home when he was

young and of mixing with company that was not good for him. The outcome of this was that he fell in love with a young woman who was a heathen and was possessed of some very bad qualities. At first Samson's father and mother would not listen to his request that this woman should become his wife. But in the end he overpersuaded them and got his way. Well, one day when he had gone on a visit to the home of the young woman, he came on a lion as he was walking through some vineyard on a rocky hillside. He had no weapon with him, and the lion made a rush at him, roaring as it came, so he had to defend himself with his hands. It was a very perilous position to be in. But God gave the young man fresh strength for the combat, and soon the savage beast was lying dead at his feet. When Samson rejoined his father and mother so great was his modesty that he never mentioned his great feat. Many a one would have made much boasting about it, but he never said a word. Some days after, as he was passing the same spot, he turned aside to see his fallen enemy's carcass, and he found that the flesh had all been cleaned off the bones by birds, beasts, and insects, and that a swarm of bees had made their nest in the skeleton. Taking some of their honey, he refreshed himself with it and gave some to his father and mother, and again he told them nothing about his great exploit.

Now, boys and girls, you may be astonished when I say that just as a lion met Samson on his way when he was young and tried to kill him, so will you be met many a time in your youth. "Oh," you say, "what can you mean? There are no lions in our country except those in menageries and zoos." Well, I mean that on the path of your life there are many lion-like foes lurking that will try to compass your hurt or your ruin.

Here are the names of some of these. There is disobedience, a lion that lurks near most young people's doors, and there is laziness, who is a very dangerous fellow, although few folk think so. Then there is selfishness, which is a dreadfully destructive lion, and there is untruthfulness, which works a great deal of mischief. And this last-named lion has a twin brother called dishonesty who damages and slays a large number of boys and girls every year.

Let me tell you how one boy, when he was met by a lion, grappled with it and so saved himself. He was asked by his chum to go for a walk one Sunday instead of going to church. The temptation was great. For it was autumn time, and the country was lovely, and his minister did not preach very interesting sermons. Besides, his mother was not to be at church on that day, and she need never know whether he was there or not. But he remembered that his mother trusted him, and so, although his companion laughed at him, he said he would not go. Boys and girls, as Samson got what was comforting and helpful

to him out of the carcass of his enemy, so will you, if you bravely face and slay the lions on your path.—C. J. T. M.

275

DO NOT ALWAYS TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED

Now, boys and girls, if you like animal stories, I have got one for you. It is about a hunter and two animals, a fox and a tiger. It is intended to teach you, and older people too, to look before you leap, not to take things for granted, but first find out conditions before you act. When you get big this would be good advice about investing your money. Even now, it is good advice about the things you wish to buy with your pennies, your dimes, or your quarters. It is good advice about other things, too, besides money.

The story is about a hunter, a fox, and a tiger. It says that a certain hunter saw in the middle of a field a fox, whose skin was so beautiful that he wished to take him alive. Having this in view, he found out his hole, and just before the entrance to it he dug a large and deep pit, covered it with slender twigs and straw, and placed a piece of horseflesh on the middle of the covering. When he had done this he went and hid himself in a corner out of sight, and the fox, returning to his hole and smelling the flesh, ran up to see what dainty morsel it was. When he came to the pit he would fain have tasted the meat but fearing some trick he refrained from doing so, and retreated into his hole. Presently up came a hungry tiger, who, being tempted by the smell and appearance of the horseflesh, sprang in haste to seize it and tumbled into the pit. The hunter, hearing the noise made by the tiger in falling, ran up and jumped into the pit without looking into it, never doubting that it was the fox that had fallen in. But there, to his surprise, he found the tiger, which quickly tore him in pieces and devoured him.

"Do not always take things for granted." There are other kinds of traps in the world besides traps for foxes and tigers. Some traps are set on purpose for boys and girls. Some time you may be invited to go to a place you do not know anything about. Find out before you go. Look before you leap. Do not always take things for granted. Some people may seek your friendship or your company. Know what sort of people they are, whether they are good people, people of character, before you go with them. It is not right to be uppish and proud, or to despise other people, but it is right to choose only good companions for those you make your friends. In the story the hunter was not as wise as the fox. Anyway, boys and girls, be careful. Be wary

about traps that may be set to catch you. The traps may look very innocent and harmless. Most traps do. But do not always take things for granted. "Look before you leap." The seemingly innocent thing may be a trap intended to catch you. Now for our text. This is it: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Proverbs 14: 12.)—H.

276

THE STORY OF THE HEN AND THE FOX

I am going to talk to you for a little time this morning, boys and girls, about something you seldom hear mentioned. Older people hear about it often, but you do not. The thing I am to talk about is flattery. Abraham Lincoln once said, "Knavery and flattery are blood relations." Sometimes we think those that flatter us are our best friends, for flattery is sweet to our ears; but flatterers are in reality the worst kind of enemies.

I do not intend to try to define the word flattery, for that would be very dull indeed. But I intend to tell you a story that will show what flattery is like, and the evil of it.

This story is about a hen and a fox. It is from the old Greek writer, Æsop, who is the author of so many fables. The story is more than two thousand five hundred years old, but is just as meaningful for boys and girls, and older people too, to-day as ever it was. It is interesting as a story, too. Of course, it represents, as in most of Æsop's stories, that the animals talk to one another and act in many ways like people do.

This story relates that a fox, having crept into an outhouse, looked up and down for something to eat and at last spied a hen sitting upon a perch so high that he could by no means come to her. He therefore had recourse to an old stratagem. "Dear cousin," said he to her, "how do you do? I heard that you were ill and kept at home; I could not rest, therefore, till I had come to see you. Pray let me feel your pulse. Indeed, you do not look well at all." He was running on in this impudent manner when the hen answered him from the roost: "Truly, dear Reynard, you are in the right. I was seldom in more danger than I am now. Pray excuse my coming down; I am sure I should catch my death." The fox, finding himself foiled, made off and tried his luck elsewhere.

The moral of the story is this: "Those who will not listen to flatterers will have a safe life." Another old Greek philosopher, whose name was Socrates, once said: "Though flattery blossoms like friend-

ship, yet there is a vast difference in the fruit." Flattery is a kind of knavery. It is the parent of wicked, of dishonest deeds. Honest praise is one thing, but flattery is a very different thing and bodes no good to the one who receives it. You can always tell the difference, I am sure, boys and girls, between honest praise and flattery. There is a memory verse I want to give you this morning. It is from the wise Solomon, who said so many things worth remembering. It is this: "Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." (Proverbs 20: 19.)—H.

277

THE SPANIEL AND THE MASTIFF

In Æsop's fables there is an interesting story about a spaniel and a mastiff. Of course you know that a little spaniel is supposed to be a very good-natured and peaceable dog, while the mastiff has the reputation of being rather surly and quarrelsome. Of course there are some good mastiffs and some snappy spaniels; but this story is about a spaniel who was kind and good-natured and a mastiff who was not. And the story has a lesson about the kind of company we should keep. That is why I tell it to you boys and girls this morning, for there is nothing more important in life than the kind of company you choose.

This story comes down from a time more than twenty-five hundred years ago. It is by an old Greek writer and, as with so many of his stories, represents the animals as talking to each other and acting in many respects like people, men and women, do to-day.

This is the story: A good-natured spaniel overtook a surly mastiff as he was traveling upon the highroad. Tray, although an entire stranger to Tiger, very civilly accosted him; and if it would be no intrusion, he said, he should be glad to bear him company on his way. Tiger, who happened not to be in so growling a mood as usual, accepted the proposal, and they very amicably pursued their journey together. In the midst of their conversation they arrived at the next village, where Tiger began to display his evil disposition by an unprovoked attack upon every dog he met. The villagers immediately sallied forth with great wrath to rescue their respective favorites; and, falling upon our two friends without distinction or mercy, poor Tray was most cruelly treated, for no other reason but his being found in bad company. Hasty and inconsiderate connections are generally attended with great disadvantages; and much of every man's good or ill fortune depends upon the choice he makes of his friends. The moral of the fable is this: "Choose your friends well." I am not

going to enlarge upon that suggestion at all, for you hear it often from your parents, your Sunday-school teachers, your day-school teachers, and others. But I am going to give you a good Bible text to remember. It is from the wise Solomon, who says: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." (Proverbs 13: 20.)—H.

278

THE FOX AND THE SICK LION

It is a good thing, boys and girls, to have a kind and friendly disposition. But it is not wise to be too trustful of people of whose character you may be in doubt. There is a little word every boy and girl ought to learn and be able to use, and use it firmly when asked to do wrong. The word is N-O, NO.

I wonder if you ever heard the story of the fox and the sick lion. It is another of Æsop's fables. It was written more than two thousand five hundred years ago, by the old Greek author, Æsop, whose stories have lived through all these years and are still enjoyed by young and old alike. For every one of his stories has a meaning and yet is put in such a keen and humorous way that the teaching is easily grasped and remembered.

This is the story of the fox and the sick lion. It was reported that the lion was sick and confined to his den, where he would be happy to see any of his subjects who might come to pay the homage that was due to him. Many accordingly went in, but it was observed that the fox very carefully kept away. The lion noticed his absence and sent one of his jackals to express a hope that he would show he was not insensible to motives of respect and charity by coming and paying his duty like the rest. The fox told the jackal to offer his sincerest reverence to his master and to say that he had more than once been on the point of coming to see him, but he had in truth observed that all the footprints at the mouth of the cave pointed inward and none outward, and not being able to explain the fact to his satisfaction, he had taken the liberty of stopping away. The truth was that the illness of the lion was only a sham to induce the beasts to come to his den that he might more easily devour them.

The moral attached to this story is this: "Be not too easily led." The fox was certainly very commendably alert when he noticed that all the footprints of the animals went inward and none of them out-outward. It is easy to say Yes when we receive certain invitations or proposals. It is easy to yield to temptation. It is easy to walk into

dangers. But it is better to be alert and see what the results are likely to be. Along some roads the tracks are all inward. There are no returning tracks. This is what the wise Solomon said in a proverb I am going to give you now as our text: "There is a way which seemeth right (or safe) unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Proverbs 14: 12.)—H.

279

THE CAT AND THE FOX

We all like stories. I am sure of that, boys and girls. And I'll tell you a secret: Older people like them as well as you do. And older people like pictures too. Older people are just boys and girls grown up. Now Æsop's fables are just interesting short stories. That is what they are. They are especially stories with a meaning. So I am going to tell you to-day another of his stories, which he wrote more than two thousand five hundred years ago. It is about the cat and the fox. Of course, you know the fox is always supposed to be so very sly, but his tricks did not always win him success. And that is one of the things that old Mr. Æsop wanted to teach us—that it doesn't pay to be tricky.

The story is this: The cat and the fox were once talking together in the middle of the forest. "Let things be ever so bad," said Reynard, "I don't care; I have a hundred shifts if one should fail." "I," said the cat, "have but one; if that fails me I am undone." Just then a pack of hounds burst into view. The cat flew up a tree and sat securely among the branches, and thence saw the fox, after trying his hundred shifts in vain, overtaken by the dogs and torn in pieces. Miss Puss, who had been looking on, said: "Better one safe way than a hundred on which you cannot depend."

Yes, that is true, "Better one safe way than a hundred on which you cannot depend." It is better not to walk on a railway track than to walk on it thinking you will be smart enough to get off when the train comes along. It is better to be cautious for a few minutes than to be dead all the rest of your life! It is better to be honest in an examination than it is to think you can "put over" a dishonest trick. It is better to do right even for its own sake than it is to do wrong, however smart you think the way it is done may be. Be honest and genuine and true through and through. Have truth in the inward parts. Never depend on being sly and tricky and foxy. If you do, you will be sadly defeated in the end. Now for my text. Remember it, boys and girls. "There is a way which seemeth right to a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Proverbs 14: 12.)—H.

280

FUNNY MIRRORS

If any of you boys and girls ever go to Massachusetts do not fail to visit Mt. Tom. It is a high mountain not far from Springfield. One side of the mountain is almost perpendicular. The other side is a long slope on which has been built an electric incline railroad. It is great fun to ascend the mountain in the odd cars which are drawn to the top by strong steel cables. On the very top is an observation palace four or five stories high. There are broad stairways from floor to floor. The towering palace is provided with easy chairs, long telescopes, radio, dance floor, restaurant, a souvenir booth, and many other interesting things. Up so high you get a wonderful view of the beautiful valley far below. Away off winds the broad Connecticut River like a silver ribbon.

Now, in one corner of the observation palace on one of the upper floors are located what I call "funny mirrors." They are about ten feet high and five feet wide. One mirror is convex and another is concave. Others are curved and waved in every fashion, and one is bowed out lengthwise. People stand around them and laugh and laugh so that you are attracted to the corner to see what all the fun is about. Oh! How funny you look when you stand in front of one of those mirrors! In one I appeared like a big, fat, heavy-set, short man weighing about four hundred pounds. I looked into another and I was as tall as a telephone pole and thin as a bean pole. Here my legs were like broomsticks and my face looked like worn-out men's rubbers. In another mirror I appeared curiously crooked. I thought of the man who was very crooked, lived in a crooked house, in a crooked lane, with a crooked mouse. Do you wonder that people laughed at themselves and at one another as they saw themselves and each other in those funny mirrors?

Now the "funny mirrors" teach us a lesson we ought to remember. All about us are "funny mirrors." They picture us as what we are not. Some one calls us lazy when we are ambitious. Another says we are fight-cats when we like peace. Another names us swell-head when we are modest and humble. At school a fellow may say you are a cheat and copy your spelling when you do no such thing. They may tell you you look like an old man in your new hat and that your new shoes are out of style and number tens when you know better. How cross you get at some of these people who mirror you what you are not! Why get angry at these mirrors? They are not telling the truth. Be like the folk who look into the funny mirrors on Mt. Tom. Just

laugh! It may be this is what Jesus meant when He said: "When men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake, rejoice and be exceeding glad." (Matthew 5: 12.)—H. E. M.

281

THE THREE PHONES

TEXT: *"Ask and it shall be given you."* Matthew 7: 7.

Prayer is a very wonderful thing. Who are we that we should enjoy the privilege of talking with God as a man talketh with his friends? How strange that we should be able to speak to Him as simply as I speak to you! And yet it must be so, or Jesus would not have taught us to pray. When He said, "Ask," He knew that God would hear. There are three modern inventions which are very marvelous in their way and which have been used as illustrations of this great privilege.

I. One is the telephone, which enables us to converse with people a long way off. The Psalmist said, "From the ends of the earth will I cry unto three"; and prayers have arisen from the strangest places possible. Hezekiah lifted up his voice from a sick-bed; Jeremiah from a deep and miry pit; Daniel from the den of lions; John from the bleak isle of Patmos; Paul as he was tossed about in the ship. And in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, God heard. Nay, He tells us that "while we speak, He will answer; and before we speak, He will hear." It is not possible for us to imagine how quickly our voices reach His ear.

II. Another is the microphone. You all know what a microscope is. It is an arrangement of lenses and tubes through which we look, and by which whatever we gaze upon is magnified many times. A spot of water is placed beneath it, and we see a host of creeping things which are invisible to the naked eye. Now the microphone is to the ear what the microscope is to the eye. When a child's heart is full of sorrow and the whisper rises, "O Father in heaven, have mercy on me!" though no human ear can catch the sound, it is as plain as a mighty shout in the ear of God. A little girl was once asked, "Do you think God will hear your feeble voice? Why, the hosts of angels continually sing before Him, and it is not likely that you will be heard." "Ah!" she replied, "but when I pray, God says to the angels, 'Hush! a little girl is calling to me, and I want to hear her voice.' " And her thought was true. Our Father listens for the feeblest tones, the faintest whispers, the lightest sigh of prayer.

III. Then there is the phonograph, which registers sounds. Did you ever hear of that wonderful frozen horn? The trumpeter had blown

it in the frosty air, but no sound could he evoke. He played upon it his choicest tunes, but the music was silent. The melodies froze as he blew. But when the day's march was ended and the horn hung above the fire, the warmth thawed its music and the airs he had played so vainly came forth one after another, to the wonder of all who heard. That was only a fable, but the phonograph translates it into fact. For whatever you speak into this wonderful instrument is recorded. Years afterward, when the maker wills, it will repeat the words you speak in the tone in which you speak them. So are our prayers written in heaven. Not one is lost; not one forgotten. They are all treasured up in the wonderful book of the memory of God.

So then, wherever we are, and however feeble may be our speech, God hears and remembers our prayers. It is very wonderful, and the wonder grows upon us as we think of it, but it is true. Yet it is only half the truth. For in the text Jesus promises much more than a hearing for our prayers. He assures us of an answer. "Ask, and it shall be given you." These words are the Great Charter of Prayer.—Rev. G. Howard James.

282

DEFERRED PAYMENTS

When I tell you that I am going to talk about deferred payments some of you boys and girls will be asking, "What is that? What does that mean?—deferred payments." Well, suppose I tell you a story that will explain. In an old account Dr. Dwight tells of how, in the early days of America, when the country near Albany was newly settled, an Indian came to the inn at Lichfield and asked for a night's shelter—at the same time confessing that, from failure in hunting, he had nothing with which to pay. The hostess drove him away with reproachful epithets, and as the Indian was retiring sorrowfully—there being no other inn for many a weary mile—a man who was sitting by directed the hostess to supply his wants and himself promised to pay her. As soon as his supper was ended the Indian thanked his benefactor and said he would some day repay him. Several years afterward that settler was himself taken prisoner by a hostile tribe and carried off to Canada. His wife was spared, however, though the man was detained in slavery. But one day an Indian came to him and, giving him a musket, bade the captive follow him. The Indian never told where they were going or what was his object; but day after day the captive followed his mysterious guide, till one afternoon they came suddenly on a beautiful expanse of cultivated fields with many houses rising amongst them. "Do you know that place?" asked the

Indian. "Ah, yes—it is Lichfield"; and whilst the astonished exile had not recovered his surprise and amazement the Indian exclaimed: "And I am the starving Indian on whom, at this very place, you took pity. And now that I have paid for my supper, I pray you go home."

Deferred payment. Some kindnesses we do we get paid for right away, in thanks, appreciation, or maybe in money. But that is not true of all the good services we render. But there will be payment some time, in some way. It is not only right to be kind and helpful and unselfish, but it is also wise and rewarding. God has so arranged things in the world that right is right, but right in the end brings reward. Godliness is profitable in all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.

283

ALL ABOUT GEESE

The goose family of birds is quite a large one, for geese are found in many different parts of the world, and besides the ordinary goose, which is found on so many farms in the country, there are several kinds of wild geese.

On the continent of Europe and in this country the wild geese fly northward during the spring and summer, and return again to the warmer regions of the earth during the winter. They are found mostly in meadows and marshes in the interior of the country, where they feed in the daytime on water plants, grasses, and grains. During the night they usually rest on the water.

Wild geese fly in very regular order, each bird keeping its place in the ranks. When the leader is tired it goes to the rear of the column and another bird comes forward to take its place. The sight and hearing of geese are very keen, and when they feed or sleep one of their number always acts as a sentinel to give warning of any approaching danger. Though geese are very awkward in their walk and look very stupid, yet in reality they are very intelligent birds.

Among the different kinds of geese may be mentioned the bean goose, the Chinese or Guinea goose, and Canada goose, the barnacle goose, and the painted goose.

The snow goose is so called because of its snowy whiteness. The painted goose has plumage that looks as if it had been painted.

The goose is a very long-lived bird. In some cases we are told that a goose has been known to reach the great age of one hundred years.

Geese are valuable for their feathers, which are used for beds and pillows. Before metallic pens were invented, goose quills were used

for making pens. Geese are also used as food for the table, the best time for eating them being about Christmas.

I have often heard boys and girls say to each other, "Now, don't be a goose!" After all, a goose is a very good and proper bird as a *goose*. But, nevertheless, boys, girls, don't be a goose!—H.

284

KEEPING THINGS IN ORDER

TEXT: *"Joying and beholding your order."* Colossians 2: 5.

The church at Colosse kept things in order, and Paul, seeing it, was glad. But how did Paul find out that the church to which he wrote kept things in order? for he was in prison at Rome for Christ's sake at the time. He heard of it through one of the members of that church who came to Rome to see him, named Epaphras, and who told him of their order and love. Hence Paul could write: "For though I am absent in the flesh, yet I am with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ."

Let me say a few things about keeping things in order.

I. Many boys and girls like to scatter things about. When you play with your toys, or cut out paper dolls and dresses, you cover the floor or table with them. You take great delight in them. But after a while you become tired of them and leave them scattered about, and such a looking table or floor!

II. Now comes a sore trial to most of you; for it is hard keeping things in order. You do not like to pick up playthings, putting each in place as your mother wishes. How many of you keep things in order? How many of you leave it to your mothers to pick up after you? If I were to ask your mothers, what do you think they would say? There is no play in keeping things in order, you say. Well, there is something better than play. So I am going to tell you how to do it.

III. Always have a place for everything. Have a place for your playthings, for your hat or cap, your coat, your books. And put your clothes in order at night when you go to bed, your shoes side by side. That is the way the cadets or scholars at West Point have to do. That is the way you ought to do. You ought to have a place for everything, not a half dozen places for each. If you have not such a place, ask your mother to give you one: one for your playthings, one for your books, one for your clothes, one for your hats and caps.

IV. Then always put a thing in its place. When you are done playing put everything away in its place. When you come in hang your cap or hat in its place every time. Do not throw it down anywhere. If

you use a tool, as hammer or hoe, do not leave it where you used it but put it in its proper place. And so of everything.

V. Why? I will tell you. Because then you will know where to find it. Another reason is that if you do so, you, like the church in our text, will have such order that all will rejoice in it. But there is another reason. As you do in childhood, so you will do when you become men and women. If you keep things in order as children you will always keep things in order; but if you let everything lie scattered about where you happen to use them you will never keep things in order all your days. You will have trouble all your life because you did not learn to be orderly in childhood. Hence your plays are of use in teaching order.—Rev. A. H. Ross.

285

A GIRL CHRISTIAN

TEXT: *"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda,"* etc. Acts 12: 13–16.

Rhoda and Miriam are the only two girls of the Bible whose names we know. Rhoda was evidently an earnest Christian and occupies an important place in the records of the early church. The mention of her name, the memorial of her life, and the fragrance of her service are abiding marks of her precious testimony for Jesus. Rhoda means a rose, the emblem of beauty, sweetness, and fragrance, and these certainly were some of the features of Rhoda's character.

On a girl's tombstone in France there is a rose nicely carved upon it with these words underneath: "She was just like that." And this is the picture the Holy Spirit has drawn of Rhoda in the New Testament. A bright, beautiful blessing. "She being dead yet speaketh."

I. Rhoda was a true Christian. But you ask, How do you know? She was in fellowship with the church. The Lord only added living souls. She was interested in the prayer meeting. Prayer, the evidence of life. She was glad when Peter was released. Christian love a family mark; grace, life, and fellowship, all true marks of a real Christian.

II. Rhoda was a careful Christian. She was placed on guard. No doubt she was set to watch and listen by the church whilst they prayed. There were enemies about. She used her ears well. She hearkened carefully. She used her tongue wisely. She asked who was there. She was very quick. She recognized Peter's voice. Grace makes us wise. Danger makes us careful, and love makes us quick.

III. Rhoda was a warm-hearted Christian. "She opened not the gate for gladness." Rhoda got a little excited, still there was real joy.

Her whole soul responded to the fact that prayer was answered and Peter was released. There were three good reasons for Rhoda's gladness. Rewarded faith, answered prayer, and relieved anxiety. These blessings are always means of great joy and happiness.

IV. Rhoda was an active Christian. "She ran and told how Peter stood before the gate." She had a quick ear, warm heart, nimble feet, and a ready tongue, all alive for Jesus. The outward evidences of a soul full of the love and joy of Jesus. If we are not like this, let us breathe that oft-repeated prayer in Psalm 119:25, "Quicken thou me according to thy word."

V. Rhoda was a useful Christian. She was most useful to the church then, and has been ever since. It was only very humble service, but it has been recognized and recorded by the Holy Spirit. It is a guide and pattern for every follower of Jesus. It was wise, hearty, helpful, happy service for the Lord. So every Christian, young or old, with head clear, heart warm, soul glad, faith strong, feet shod, and the tongue touched by the Holy Ghost can do wonders for the Church and the world too. The Lord give us the Divine touch.—Rev. C. Edwards.

286

A SCANDINAVIAN FOLK TALE

In every country there are legends and folk tales that have grown up in past years and that the people tell over and over again to one another. They all have as their aim the teaching of some truth or a wise and practical lesson. Boys and girls like them, and older people like them too. I suppose the reason older people like them is that they are just grown-up boys and girls, and what young people like they like too.

The story I have for you this morning, boys and girls, is a very old one. It is from the north countries of Scandinavia; but the same tale in slightly varying forms is told in many parts of the world. It is about the cock and the fox, and in the Scandinavian form is told like this:

One morning a fox heard a cock crowing. The fox ran up to the cock and said, "How well you crow, Mr. Cock." The cock was greatly pleased, of course, and crowed over and over again.

The fox then said, "Yes, you crow very well indeed, but I know something that you can't do. You can't stand on one leg and crow."

"Yes, I can," said the cock. And he did it.

"That is wonderful," said the fox; "but you can't stand on one leg and shut one eye and crow."

"Yes, I can," said the cock. And he did.

"That is wonderful," said the fox; "but I am sure you can't stand on one leg and shut your two eyes and crow."

"Yes, I can," said the cock. So he stood on one leg and shut his two eyes. He could not see the fox slyly creeping nearer and nearer.

The cock began to crow, "Cock-a-doo——" but he did not finish, for the fox jumped, caught the cock, and away he ran. The fox ran and ran until he came to a tree. Then he put the cock on the ground and held him with his paw.

"I fooled you that time, Mr. Cock," said the fox. "Now I will eat you. Ah, this is a dinner for a true gentleman!"

"Are you a true gentleman?" asked the cock.

"I am," said the fox.

"Then you will wash your hands before you eat," said the cock. "All true gentlemen wash their hands before eating."

"So do I," said the fox. "I am going to wash them now." With that he let go of the cock and the cock flew up into the tree.

Then he looked down at the fox and crowed. And this is what he said:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
First you fooled me,
Then I fooled you.
Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Now, I suppose there are a lot of lessons you might learn from that story. One very practical one might be about the duty of washing your hands before you eat—about neatness and cleanliness and all such gentlemanly and ladylike traits. Then, I suppose there is another, about the wisdom of keeping out of dangerous company. There is another connected with the idea of the slyness of the fox. You know, he is always represented as sly and cunning and up to deceitful tricks. But even cunning does not always pay. Honesty is the best policy. When you begin to play tricks you are liable to meet some one who goes you one better. As the saying is, "You get left!" This I am sure of, boys and girls, that trickiness is bad business. It is right and wise and always best in the long run to be fair and square, honest and honorable in all your dealings.

Now I am going to give you the text of this sermon. I saved it for the end. Most ministers give the text at the beginning of their sermons. But why is it not just as well given at the end, so that you are more likely to remember it? Both the fox and the cock were practising deceit—they were not strictly honest. The text I have chosen commends being absolutely honorable and honest. It is a word from the wise Solomon in one of the Proverbs: "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are His delight." (Proverbs 12:22.)—H.

287

THOU GOD SEEST ME

TEXT: *"Thou God seest me."* Genesis 16: 13.

One of the most difficult things for any boy or girl to realize is the fact that God can see us no matter where we are and hear our conversation and even read our thoughts. I want to tell you a story that beautifully illustrates the words of my text.

Once a bunch of boys walking along the country road chanced upon a deserted farm. The windows of the house were broken, the yard overgrown with weeds, and the gate was hanging on one hinge. There was no sign of life anywhere. On one side of the house was a large tree laden with apples. Oh, my! what a temptation the boys had! One of them suggested that they fill their pockets with apples. Others, however, expressed their fear that some one might chance to pass that way and see them. Finally one of them hit upon the idea that they visit the orchard at nine o'clock that evening.

They did so. One boy climbed the tree and shook down the apples while the others gathered them in little bags they had brought with them. All of a sudden a man appeared on horseback and, jumping off at the gate, made for the apple tree. This he did so quickly that the boys did not know of his presence until he stood before them.

Now, how did that man know about these boys? Did he overhear their conversation? No. Did he see them enter the farm? No. Did he happen to pass that way at the time? No. Well, you might be guessing till midnight without success, so I will tell you. Seven miles away an astronomer, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, saw what was going on under that apple tree. He thereupon telephoned the news to the owner of the farm, whom he knew well, and he, mounting a horse, galloped to the scene a mile and a half away.

Now, there are two things I want you to remember:

I. How terrible the words of my text are when boys and girls do wrong. If an astronomer by the aid of his telescope could see those boys seven miles away, surely God can see us anywhere. Let us, therefore, never do evil, for "Thou God seest me!"

II. What a comfort and joy these words must be to those who try to do good. Has any one of you boy scouts ever led a blind man safely across a busy street? Remember, God has seen the good deed and He will never forget it. Have you girls ever tried to be helpful to your mothers or done a kindly deed that nobody took any notice of? Remember the words: "Thou God seest me," and will surely reward

you some day. Has any one of you been kind in word or deed to some one who did not appreciate your kindness of heart and gave you a scowl in return? There is one, at least, who did appreciate it, and He said: "Whatsoever ye have done to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Let the words of this text be ever present in your minds, and they will keep you from doing wrong and help you to do right. Surely, "Thou God seest me!"—Rev. Frederick T. Bastel, D.D.

288

A LEGEND FROM ITALY

I have been telling you, boys and girls, legends and fables and folk-lore from many countries—from England and Holland and Norway, from Russia and Japan and China. I do not recall that I have told you any from Italy. But the legend I have for you this morning is a very beautiful one. I am sure you will like it. The older people here will also. Just notice how they listen, and you will see that older people like stories as well as you do. The reason is that they are just boys and girls grown up! This story, as I said, is from Italy. It is called a Latin legend, which means the same thing.

This is the way it goes:

In Italy there was once a little town called Atri, which ran halfway up a hill. The king had a great bell hung in the market place, with a roof above to shelter it from the rain and the sun. Then he rode through the streets with all his soldiers and with trumpets and called to the people, saying, "Whenever wrong is done to any man, he shall ring the great bell in the market place, and I, the king, will see that the wrong is made right."

Then were the days happy in Atri, for all wrongs were righted. At last the rope was worn away with much use and became frayed and torn. Some one in passing noted this and mended the rope with a vine. The green leaves and tendrils hung down to the ground.

Now in Atri there lived a knight who had once loved the hunt and his hounds and his horses. Now he was old, and he loved but one thing—his gold. He sold his horses and his hounds, his gardens and his fields. One horse, too old to sell, he kept in his stables, to shiver and to starve, while he sat planning how to get more gold. At last he said, "What is the use to keep this lazy horse eating his head off in my stables when food is dear? Let him go feed upon the wayside."

So the old horse was turned out into the street to find what grass he could in corners. Day after day he wandered about, hungry and cold, barked at by dogs and torn by thorns.

One afternoon in the summer, when all the people were taking a

nap, they were roused all at once by the sound of the great bell! The judge turned on his bed and listened. Then he rose, put on his robes, and went to the market place, where the great bell was still ringing:

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
Some one has done a wrong, a wrong!"

When the judge came to the market he saw not a man or a woman, but a poor hungry horse tugging away at the green vine.

"Ah!" cried the judge. "This is the Knight of Atri's horse. He has met with wrong, and he rings the bell as loudly as the rest."

From street and lane a noisy crowd rolled together, and they told the story of the poor horse in twenty ways, with much shaking of heads and fists.

At last the knight was called. "And so my horse," he said, "has roused you from your naps!" And then he tried to laugh; but the people did not join in. "You have done him wrong," said they, "and he rings the bell to call the judge."

The knight grew angry. "With my own horse," he cried, "I shall do as I please."

Then the judge spoke. "It is the will of the king," he said, "that every one who rings this bell shall have his wrong made right. When he was young this horse served you well in war and in the hunt. Now that he is old you must give him shelter in your stable and food and a field as well."

The knight went away with head hanging low. The people, shouting, led home the horse to his stable. The king heard and laughed and said, "Right well I am pleased. My bell helps not only men and women, but dumb beasts as well, who cannot tell their wrongs. This poor horse has made the Bell of Atri famous for all time."

And so it has, for ministers use this story to tell people little and big to be kind to animals, especially those that have served them well, like a faithful horse. Even in school the boys and girls in all parts of the world read the story of the Bell of Atri. The bell has indeed been made famous, and the story concerning it is helping not only men and women, but dumb beasts as well, who cannot tell their wrongs.—H.

289

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

TEXT: *"A little child shall lead them."* Isaiah 11:6.

I think that one of the temptations of boys and girls, especially while they are quite young, is to think that little things don't count

for much. Let me give you this morning illustrations of little things that count. You may be encouraged by hearing of them.

"There's no use for me to shine," said a star. "I'm so little I can do no good." And the star hid its bright face behind a thick cloud. But there was a little sick child watching for that star, who would not be comforted, though all the other stars blinked in the far-away sky.

There was a little stream that rippled down the hillside. "What good can I do?" said the little stream. "I am so little, nothing needs me." And the little stream hid itself in the white sand. But there was a tiny flower blooming by the stream, and when the clear water ran into the sand the pretty flower drooped its head and wilted in the hot sun.

There was a robin that suddenly hushed his song. "Why should I sing," said the robin, "when all the birds sing? My music is not heard." But there was a blind man resting by the wayside, and when the robin hushed his merry song the old man remembered again how tired he was.

There was a little child who grew tired of working for his Master. "There's so little I can do," said the child. But the Master whispered soft and low in his heart, "It's the little things that count, dear child. The world's sweetest service is made up of kindly deeds."

You are not going to forget what the prophet Isaiah said, are you? —"A little child shall lead them." You are not going to forget what Jesus said, are you, when He took a little child and set him in the midst of a company of people saying: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven"? Boys and girls, little people count. Yes, they count big. You can each one count as big as you will.

290

LESSONS FROM A LEAD PENCIL

TEXT: *"My heart is inditing a good matter; I speak of the things which I have made touching the king; my tongue is the pen of a ready writer."* Psalm 45: 1.

The pen and the pencil have been of incalculable value to the human race. By them the gains of the past have been recorded and handed down to us.

The lead pencil is a very common article but an exceedingly useful one. The artist and the architect, the business man and the school-

boy, the doctor, and in short, all classes and everybody, uses the lead pencil.

It is very close to human life in its everyday work and may teach us some worth-while lessons.

I. The value of a pencil depends most on the quality of the inner elements.

The thing that counts most in a lead pencil is the quality of the lead. If it is hard and crumbly or gritty, no matter how fine the outside is in the quality of wood or the color or varnish, it is not of much use. So it is with people. The body may be almost perfect in stature and physique, yet, if the soul or character is defective, that life will not count for much. King Saul was a fine-looking man but he had a very defective soul. David was much less imposing in appearance, yet God chose him because he had a good, honest, and humble heart. It was his inner life for which he was accepted.

II. The outside must be sacrificed before the pencil can be of any use.

Jesus said: "If any man would be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me"; that is, deny himself. Just as the wood must be whittled away, so the selfishness and pride and all that is of self will, must, get out of the way before we can be of any use, and cast an influence which will count for Christ.

If the pencil could feel when the knife cuts away the wood, it would be hurt. But the cutting gives it a finer point. This is what trial and discipline do for us: they give us a clearer edge and point.

III. Many pencils are fitted with a rubber—to erase mistakes.

Mistakes are inevitable and provision must be made to correct them. That is the work of the rubber. This speaks of forgiveness. "There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." Yes; our nature is such that we make mistakes and fall into sin, but "He remembereth our frame; He knoweth that we are dust." He has made a complete plan by which "our sins, though they be scarlet, shall be as wool, though they be as crimson, they shall be as white as snow."

IV. The pencil is useless except in competent hands.

A human life is never in competent hands until it is placed in the Master's hand. "No one shall pluck them out of my hand." Paul, until he gave himself into the Master's hand, was a blasphemer, and a murderer in heart. When he said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and became obedient to Christ, he became one of the greatest of men. The secret of Dwight L. Moody's life was just here. He put himself fully into the hands of God.

V. A pencil stub indicates great usefulness.

The new pencil looks the best and seems more desirable. But, after all, the stub shows that much work has been done; and who can tell how important it may have been? The lesson is, to keep on in our work clear up to the end. There is more honor in an old age

after hard work than in the life that has never soiled its hands in service.

VI. The latest pencil—an Eversharp pencil.

The Eversharp pencil reminds us of everlasting life. Ordinary lead pencils wear out, are lost and finish their career. The Eversharp, as it is called, might last for a lifetime. These lives of ours, like the lead pencils, wear out and come to an end. But the Saviour came to tell us that we "might have life and have it more abundantly." This is the everlasting life.

Unlike the pencil, which must be what it is and cannot change itself, we may be what we desire to be so far as the life eternal and Christ-like character are concerned. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." —Rev. A. M. Reach.

291

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING

(*Thanksgiving*)

Well, boys and girls, next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day. I am sure I do not need to tell you that, for you have been thinking a good many days past of the fine things you are to have to eat—chicken and turkey and mashed potatoes and gravy and cranberry sauce and pudding and pies—my, it almost makes you hungry to think now of all the goodies! But it will be time enough for those things when next Thursday comes. This morning let us recall what we can about the first New England Thanksgiving.

When the Pilgrims came to America there were no houses for them to live in. The country was covered with woods. In the woods were wild animals and Indians.

The brave Pilgrims built houses of logs. They made friends with some of the Indians. These Indians showed them how to plant corn, but they planted it too soon and the frost killed it. That year the Pilgrims had very little food. They were often hungry. Many of them were sick and many of them died.

Then one day a ship came sailing across the sea from England. It brought more Pilgrims and more food and seed.

The next spring the Pilgrims planted their corn at the right time. It grew and ripened. In the fall there was plenty of corn.

The Pilgrim fathers said, "Let us have a day of Thanksgiving. We will all go to church and thank the heavenly Father for saving our lives and giving us food."

The Pilgrim mothers said, "Yes, and after we come from church let us have a good Thanksgiving dinner."

"Let us invite our Indian friends to our Thanksgiving dinner," said some one.

That was a happy, busy time for every one. The fathers went into the woods and shot wild turkeys for the dinner. The mothers were busy for days, cooking and baking good things to eat. The children gathered nuts and cracked them, and ran errands, and helped in many ways.

At last everything was ready for the Thanksgiving dinner. The Indians came to the feast of their white friends. That was a wonderful feast. It began on Thursday and it lasted three days.

Between eating times, the Pilgrims and the Indians had shooting and running and jumping matches.—H.

292

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

Well, boys and girls, this is the Sunday before Christmas, is it not? You have not forgotten that, I know. In some way boys and girls seem never to forget the day and have a way of knowing when it is coming around. Wouldn't it be strange if you were to forget it and forget to hang up your stockings on Christmas Eve? But you never do!

Now, what shall I tell you for a Christmas story this year? Last year I told you about how Christmas is celebrated in Holland, the land of windmills and wooden shoes, and how the Dutch boys hear over and over again the story of St. Nicholas and his big white horse, and how they put their wooden shoes in the chimney corner on Christmas Eve and find them full of toys and goodies on Christmas morning. At another time I told how they celebrate the day up in Norway, the land of the midnight sun, where all the people, and the animals too, share in the Christmas cheer.

Well, then, I think I'll tell you this morning how Christmas is celebrated in another country—that of Italy. In Italy wise mothers send their children to bed on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. You think you would not like that, I know. But you will change your mind when I tell you why—that it is so that they can be up that evening until after midnight, and when you know why they stay up.

While the children are sleeping the house is made beautiful with flowers. If there are no real flowers to be had, busy fingers make blossoms of pretty colored paper.

The table is then spread with the Christmas feast. About seven o'clock every one sits down to dinner. The children, rested by their

long naps, enjoy their share of the good things. There are fish, chicken stuffed with chestnuts, macaroni, almonds, and sweetmeats.

When all have finished eating the table is cleared and a large urn or vase is put in the center. Every one, from Grandfather to baby, in turn puts a hand into the urn and draws out something. It may be a bonbon or a little gift. Sometimes Grandfather draws the little dolly meant for baby sister, or Mother draws the lead soldier meant for little brother. Then how everybody laughs!

Soon, however, each one gets the gift meant for him, the empty urn is put away, and all the family play games. One of the favorite games is played like jackstraws, using nuts in place of jackstraws.

About nine o'clock every one, even the children, go to church to stay until midnight.

The church is beautiful, lighted by hundreds of Christmas candles. The music is soft and sweet. More and more crowd into the church until the midnight hour, when the bells in the steeple peal out the glad Christmas message:

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace and goodwill to men."

—H.

293

PREPARING A ROAD FOR GOD
(*Advent*)

TEXT: *"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."* Isaiah 40: 3, 4.

I. Let us think, first, where the road for Jesus is to be made. Isaiah says it is to be made in the desert—you know what a desert is. A desert is a dry, hot place, all sand and rocks, where the heat of the sun pours down. It is very hard to travel across because the heat is so great and there is no water there. But it was not in a desert like this that John the Baptist was to make "a highway for our God." Our hearts are the desert through which a road is to be made for Jesus. And is not our heart like a desert?

It ought not to be like a desert, I know. It ought to be like a beautiful garden, full of sweet flowers and fruit. It ought to be like a fruitful vineyard bringing forth beautiful grapes. But I am afraid that in all our hearts there is at least some little spot, even if it is

only some out-of-the-way corner, which is so dry and barren and so full of ugly weeds that it is more like a desert than a garden full of sweet flowers, or a vineyard full of beautiful grapes. Instead of bringing forth the good grapes Jesus looks for it only brings forth "wild grapes," like untruthfulness and disobedience and sulky tempers. But it is right across these hearts of ours which are so like a desert in God's sight that we have to make that road for God.

It was by telling people of their sins, and to love Jesus, that John the Baptist was to be Christ's messenger and prepare a way before Him; and so it is by repenting of our sins and giving them up that we are to make a road for God in our hearts.

And why does God want a road made for Him in our hearts? He wants this road made for Him so that He may come to us along it and bring us His wonderful blessings. He longs to find his way into your hearts, for He loves you so much that He wants to come and bring you all these blessings; so I hope you will ask God to help you to make a road in your hearts for Him to come to you.

II. We have thought now where the road for Jesus is to be made, and we see that it is to be made in our hearts. Now we come to the second question—how this road is to be made?

The prophet Isaiah, who tells us about the highway John the Baptist was to make for Jesus, also tells us how it was to be made. He says, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain."

And this is just how people make roads in these days. You can see it especially in the way railways are made now. There must be a level line for the train to run along, as they would not be able to go down a steep hillside into a valley and then up another hill. To make this straight road the valleys are filled up and hills have to be leveled down or a tunnel made through them. And just in the same way we have to make a road for Jesus in our hearts. Let us think how we are to make it. "Every valley shall be exalted." These valleys remind us of the things we have left undone in our past idleness and neglect and carelessness. They remind us of the opportunities of doing right that we have lost. You must pray to God to help you to put all the care and diligence and activity you can into this work of filling up the valleys. Then there are the mountains and hills. I am afraid that with all of us there are many mountains and hills that come between Jesus and our souls and prevent Him from coming to us, such as pride, disobedience, and other sins like them. Such are the mountains and hills that stand on the road below, for Jesus will not climb over these hills to come to us. Then, the next thing in making this road is that "the crooked places shall be made straight." These crooked places are deceit, untruthfulness, etc. You know we call a truthful person straight-

forward—that is the opposite of crooked—because he does not turn about to this side or that in what he says or when asked a question, but he tells the truth at once. Well, whatever is not straightforward is crooked. And Jesus does not like crooked paths and will not come along them to us, so we must make the crooked paths straight for Him to walk along. Then, one more thing we have to do in making the road is to made the rough places plain. The rough places in the road are our bad sulky tempers, and unkind words, and angry feelings, and spite, and ill-nature. When we make our road for Jesus all these rough places must be made smooth.—J. L. S. D.

294

A NEW KIND OF CHRISTMAS TREE

(Christmas)

Well, boys and girls, Christmas is almost here. I guess I need not tell you, for you have been thinking about it for weeks and weeks. But it will really be here this week—next —— day.

Of course, we always have Christmas trees at Christmas time. We have them in our homes. We have them in our schools. We have them in our churches and Sunday schools. But this morning I am going to tell you about some Christmas trees that are not brought inside any house at all. It is especially up in Norway and Sweden and other Northern countries that they have some of the kind of Christmas trees I am going to tell you about. I will tell it in the form of a story, or rather a dialogue between the birds and the animals and the trees.

This is the story:

A little fir tree lived in the forest. All the fir trees around it were old and big. One day some men came into the forest and cut down some of the big fir trees and carried them away.

The little fir tree asked, "Why did the men take our brothers away from the forest?"

"We do not know," said the other trees. "Every winter some of our brothers are taken away, and they never come back."

"We know! We know!" sang the birds.

A robin said, "Yes, we know all about it. We have seen what becomes of the trees. They are taken to town. People buy them and put them in their homes. They hang toys and many other pretty things on the branches. Sometimes they put bright lights on the trees. They call them 'Christmas trees.' "

"How wonderful! How wonderful!" said all the fir trees.

"I wish I could be a Christmas tree," said the little fir.

"Wait! Wait! Wait till you hear the end of my story," said the robin. "After some days all the pretty things are taken off the branches. Then the trees are thrown out to die. Would you like that, little fir?"

The little fir said, "No, I should not like to die, but I should like to be a Christmas tree. Can't I be a live Christmas tree?"

"No, you can't. Who ever heard of anything so silly?" said the robin.

"How silly! How silly!" sang all the other birds. Then they flew away.

The little fir said, "Why can't I be a live Christmas tree?"

A big tree said, "Can you be a live Christmas tree if you are cut down?"

Another said, "Can you be a live tree and stay in a house?"

Another said, "Your big brothers could not be live Christmas trees. Do you think you can do what they could not?" All the big firs shook their tops and said, "Silly! Silly! Silly!"

Just then some children came into the forest. They were carrying baskets.

The biggest boy said, "Let us put down our baskets and look for a good Christmas tree."

The children stopped under a big tree.

"Here is a pretty tree," said a boy.

"Oh, that is too big. We can't get to the top," said a girl.

"Here is what we want," said a boy.

"Oh, yes!" said all the other children. "This one is just right."

Then the little fir was very happy. Do you know why? He was the tree they all wanted!

The children opened their baskets. They took out strings of popcorn and pieces of bread and meat. They hung these things on the little fir. "These are our Christmas gifts for the birds," said the children. Then they hung some nuts on the little fir. "These are our Christmas gifts for the squirrels," they said. Then the children put some cabbage leaves under the tree. "These are our Christmas gifts for the rabbits," they said. Then they said, "What fun it is to have a Christmas tree for the forest people! What fun to have a live Christmas tree!" The children took hands and made a ring around the little fir and danced about it and sang songs. Then they bowed to the little fir and said, "Good-bye, live Christmas tree. We wish you and all the other forest people a merry Christmas."

Then the children went home.

All was still again in the forest. Then the animals came out to see the little tree. The birds flew to it. They began to eat the popcorn and the bread and the meat. The squirrels climbed up and began to eat the nuts. The rabbits began to eat the cabbage.

You should have seen the live tree, covered with live Christmas gifts. The birds were bright and gay. The squirrels and the rabbits were soft and pretty. They were prettier than any toys we put on our Christmas trees.

The little fir said, "Now, am I silly? You see I am a live Christmas tree."

"No, you are not silly," said the robin. "You are the prettiest Christmas tree in the world."

The little tree said, "And I shall not die. I shall stay here. I hope the children will come here every Chirstmas and cover me with gifts for the forest people. Oh, I am so happy!"

All the forest people said, "So are we. A live Christmas tree is the best Christmas tree of all!"

Now, boys and girls, that is our Christmas story for to-day. It says: "Think of others." It tells about some Christmas trees that do not have presents for ourselves only. I wonder if it would not be a good idea for some of you—all who can—to have a live Christmas tree in your yard this year, with at least some of the things on it the birds will like—some popcorn, some biscuits or crackers, some bread crumbs, and some little bits of meat. Ask your mother when you get home if you may not make a little treat for the birds on the coming Christmas morning.—H.

295

THE GUIDING STAR

(Christmas)

TEXT: *"We saw his star."* Matthew 2: 2.

There are no more picturesque figures in the imagination of the early Church than those of the three Wise Men who came from the Far East. They were typical of how one day not only all nations, but all the wisdom of this world, was to bow at the feet of Jesus. They came from a long distance, no one knew quite whence, and they had followed a strange and wonderful guide, no revealing voice, but a brilliant steady star.

I. One noticeable point about the star the wise men followed was that it led them to Jesus. The stars that may be the guides of our life are what men call "ideals." Every boy and girl builds what we call "castles in the air." They form fancies about their future life—one is going to be an artist, another a poet, another a nurse, another a doctor, another a minister, another a soldier. They discuss all these with the greatest gravity and regard them as of the highest importance. Sometimes their ideals are very strange. But in spite of all their

quaintness these children's fancies are of the greatest value, they often mould life much more deeply than older people think. Many times they are God's messengers to us, to show what He wants us to be and to do; they point out the way for us whereby God will lead us to render Him the best service we can in the coming years. Men think they explain them when they call them by big names, but it is much better for us to think of them as God's stars and never to lose sight of the true and noble ones, for they will bring us to the place we desire.

So I say to you, follow those things which are best and purest so far as you know and understand them. Let your noblest impulses guide you, your most loving thoughts prompt you, and be true always to the best that is within you, and you will find Jesus.

II. Another thing about the journey of these Wise Men is that when once they saw the star they followed it faithfully. Had they turned aside at the first difficulty, or when beset by discouragements and dangers, they had never found their way to Bethlehem. So when we set out on this quest of the best we must not permit ourselves to turn aside for any lower consideration. We shall, most certainly, be often laughed at, and there will be many ready to dissuade us from the line of conduct we have chosen, but if we are only brave enough to persevere we shall find our endeavor crowned with the highest and truest success.

III. The last thought is that these men saw a star only, yet it was enough for them. There are some words in the story that I always delight to read: "When they saw the star," it says, "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Such gladness filled their hearts because the star they had been following at last stood still over the place where the Christ Child lay. For us there is not only the star and the Child that they saw; but we know the Child grew up to be the boy Jesus at Nazareth, to be the Man of healing and helping in Galilee and in Judea, to be the Man of Sorrows who suffered on the cross, and to be the Man at God's right hand who, Victor over sin and death, remembers and prays for us.—G. C. M.

296

THE BETHLEHEM OF THE HEART

(Christmas)

I wish you all a very happy Christmas, boys and girls. I think there is nothing so well for me to do this morning as to tell you again something of the Christmas story.

There is a beautiful story in the Gospel by Matthew that has al-

ways stood out very vividly in my memory as one of the most appealing of my mother's bedtime stories in those happy childhood days so long gone by.

It is an old, very old story. It has to do with that little hotel in Bethlehem—the inn—and an ancient Old Home Week. Cæsar Augustus, who then was emperor of Rome, had issued an order for a census of all the world, and every one had to return to his old home town to register.

What a home-coming week it was! For the little town of Bethlehem it was a week when every family found its house full of returned loved ones and friends. Those who had been away so long that they had lost trace of their friends or relatives who had remained behind had to put up at the little hotel.

So when Joseph, the young carpenter from Nazareth, arrived with his weary little bride, everything, in modern hotel terms, was "full up."

Why? Why was Jesus born in a stable? Because the people in the inn were vicious or hostile? Not at all. The inn was full, that was all; every room was taken by folks who had affairs to attend to and money to spend. The Bible merely says, "There was no room in the inn."

People's lives are sometimes like that inn. You know or have heard of people whose taste of reading and music and art is gone; who have literally no interest in life beyond their daily work, which has become a mere treadmill whereon their days are ground away. This is not Jesus' idea of what a life should be. He who refused to turn aside from His business to become a king was never too busy to turn aside for a sick man, a friend, a little child. He never forgot that one night His mother stood on a threshold where there was no welcome—the threshold of the little inn in Bethlehem. It was so busy that the greatest event in history knocked at its doors—and could not come in.

There is another story that Jesus tells which has an application in this connection. It is about a man whose only thought was of amassing wealth. Because he controlled so much goods he finally decided to tear down his treasury, his warehouse, his barns, and build larger ones.

And God said to that man, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

There this man was, with all of his wealth and ability. He might have accomplished great good for God. But there was "no room in the inn." The inn of his heart was full of other things. What an opportunity he missed!

You know people to-day who are like that inn. They are so busy with life. They have so many important engagements. There is "no room is the inn," ever, for the Master. So they rush madly on.

Now, boys and girls, every life is a little Bethlehem inn. At some time or other there comes a gentle knocking at the door. In some lives the knocking must come repeatedly before the door swings open.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock," Jesus whispers. But so many modern human inns are already so full of other lodgers that there is no room to be had. Is there room in the inn? Is there room in the inn of our heart for Jesus this morning? Open the door and let him enter.—H.

297

LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

(Christmas)

Many, many years ago the roses had a meeting. They met to decide at what season they would best like to blossom. There were ever so many varieties, large and small, double and single, white and pink, and red and yellow. Nearly every one of the many kinds chose to blossom in June. There was here and there a straggler who preferred the later summer or early autumn. The majority said: "June! June! June is surely the most beautiful month, and the rose is surely the most beautiful flower. The month and the flower belong together."

But there was one little plant, the leaves of which were not yet unfolded. It thought it was a rose, but it was so small it hardly knew. None of the proud flowers paid it the least attention. It wasn't asked for an opinion, and it never said a word. But it had its own sweet thoughts. They were something like this: "It seems too bad that all the roses should bloom when the world is already full of beauty without them. I should like to have blossoms that would cheer when things were dreary. I should like to bloom in winter. I wonder if I could!" The little plant did not yet know what power there is in a kind purpose.

The year sped round. The beautiful roses enjoyed their time of blossoming and had all passed away. The snow was heavy on the ground. Men said that in many years there had not been such a snowfall. Christmas Day came, and on that day a young woman went to live with Him who was once the Christ-child. "How sad that there are no flowers," one said. "She was so fond of flowers." But another said: "I know a bush which has blossoms under the snow. It is in the far corner of the garden."

They dug away the white drifts, and sure enough, deep down below, the brave plant had done its best. Dozens and dozens of roses bloomed sturdily, daintily, white with pale pink frills, many more than were needed for the friend who appreciated flowers. In a house near by a new baby came on this joyous day. "The mother must find

a flower on her pillow when she awakens from her sleep." So a spray of the pale pink-edged blossom lay there to welcome the new life.

In still another house on this Christmas Day there was a gay wedding. The bride's table was adorned with a bowl of the delicate winter rose blossoms. All the guests praised their exquisite perfection. "To think they blossomed for my wedding!" the bride exclaimed. Happy rosebush, for it had given beauty and gladness to the great events of life!

But there was something better for the rose. The Lord of the garden knew all about it. He said: "Because this little plant grew and blossomed unnoticed, unpraised, content to wait and bring its small meed for others' happiness, glad to be of use when other roses failed, it shall be named for me. Now and always it shall be the Christmas Rose."

Think of others. Do not be selfish. Christmas means unselfishness. Love came down at Christmas, love all lovely, love Divine. Children, young people, bring all the love you can into the world—all the beauty, all the kindness, all the helpfulness.

298

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(Christmas)

On top of all right-minded Christmas trees there is a star; and that star, of course, is in memory of the Wise Men who came from the East, guided by a star to Bethlehem. Then the whole tree is lit with many candles, and these were suggested by the lights upon the altars of churches. In the first place, they were lit there simply because people had no electricity or gas, and they needed light to conduct their service. But then they also reminded people that Jesus, whose tree this was, had called Himself the light of the world. Again, there is a cross somewhere or other upon every properly trimmed Christmas tree, and a dove resting on one of its branches. I need not tell you what these things represent. The cross is the cross of Calvary, and the dove is the Holy Spirit. "But," you say, "you have missed the streams of tinsel, silver and gold, and all the presents and things without which no Christmas tree would be worth looking at." Yes, these were there from the beginning, and they told again the same story as the star, and represented the gifts of gold and other things that were brought to the cradle of Jesus by the Wise Men from the East.

Now, the strangest thing about this Christmas tree is that every single one of these things—nay, Christmas Day itself and the Christ-

mas tree—has a history older than the days and years of the Christian religion. Every one of them was pagan before it was Christian. Everything that reminds you of Jesus at Christmas-tide is a converted thing. It lived a life in the old days before Jesus had come, and after it had quite grown up to a respectable age it was baptized into His name and service and became the symbol of His love and grace.

This is true of Christmas Day itself. There were several Roman festivals just about the same time of the year in which we keep Christmas. One was called Juvenalia, the holiday on which Roman people used to give presents to little children and to the poor. Again, there was the Saturnalia which was celebrated in memory of the Golden Age of Saturn, the father of Jupiter and the oldest of the gods. For hundreds of years after Jesus there were Romans who worshipped what they called "the unconquered sun," and built temples in his honor and loved his warmth, and rejoiced in his might. On this festival, prisoners were set free, and the children and the slaves got holidays, and the slaves used to dress up in the hats and clothes of grandees, just as you see little boys and girls doing on Thanksgiving in America, and go about the streets having a real good time. Again, there was the Silgillaria. That was a feast which was celebrated about the 21st or 22d of December. It was held at the close of the Saturnalia, and at that time little images of the gods and curious puppets, like dolls, were brought out, and people gave wax tapers and gifts to their children and friends. These were the beginnings of Christmas Day, and Christianity took over these festivals, made them purer and merrier, and sang hymns to Christ in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem, at the same time of the year when the Romans had held their winter feasts.—Rev. John Kelman, D. D.

299

GOD'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

(*Christmas*)

TEXT: *"For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."* John 3: 16.

The best present that was ever given on Christmas Day was given to the world by God when He sent Jesus to earth as a little babe in the manger at Bethlehem. He gave us that present because He loved us so. On Christmas Day let us think of God's present. He gave Jesus to you and to me to be our Saviour.

On that first Christmas Day the little Lord Jesus received some gifts, too. The Wise Men from the East came to visit Him and brought Him "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Ever since that time He wants men and women and boys and girls to give Him a gift. Do you know what He wants? He wants each one of you for His own. He says, "Give me your heart." Give it to Him.

If you take the present God offers, and if you will give Jesus your heart, you will have the happiest Christmas you have ever had. Then, too, you will want to make others happy, as He did.

There was once a Roman prince who had heard the story of Jesus from a missionary, but he didn't want to give his heart to Jesus. On Christmas Eve he sat in his fine dining room at a table laden with delicious food. Just as he was about to eat he heard a tap at the window, and looking up he saw the face of a beautiful child, and a sweet voice said, "The Christ Child is hungry." The prince was very angry and told his soldiers to drive the child away. They did so, and as the prince took up the food it turned to ashes. Again he heard a rap and the child's face reappeared, and the same voice said, "The Christ Child is cold." More angry the prince again ordered the soldiers to send the child away. When they did so the prince began to shiver. He had his servants pile great logs on the fireplace, but it did no good. He became colder and colder, and it was freezing in the palace.

Then the prince realized that he had made a mistake, and springing up he went out into the darkness to search for the child. He wandered about in the streets, and as he passed a wretched hovel he heard the pitiful cry of little children. He opened the door and found a poor mother and five little ones suffering. They had no food, no fuel, and very few garments. He took pity on them; brought them to his palace; fed, clothed, and warmed them; and once more he heard the tapping at the window; once more he saw the face of the Child; and the sweet voice said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Then his heart was filled with joy and gladness and he gave it to Jesus.

Let us make Christmas a merry one for others. Let us give our hearts to Jesus.—Rev. M. G. Gosselink.

300

JESUS CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY
(Christmas)

TEXT: *"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord."* Luke 11 : 11.

Girls and boys all have birthdays. Come downstairs, first thing in the morning, what do friends say?—and besides often give us something. Sometimes, too, like to keep our birthday rather differently from other days; cake made, invite friends, have birthday party or feast. Christmas Day is our Lord's birthday. May keep that too.

I. The birthday greeting. All know what we say on birthdays—"Many happy returns of the day"—really a prayer, means "May God give you many happy returns." Don't forget this whenever you say the words to your friends.

Remember also that Jesus Christ is your friend. He has not forgotten you because He has gone up to heaven. If we really wish Him happiness that will make Him more happy.

II. All, however, no good unless we mean what we say—therefore must show that we really mean it by offering—the birthday gift. What can we give? What would He like to have? This the main question. Our hearts. Asks for this gift. Perhaps have given it already. If so, may give it again. Our bodies—His—for His use—if we give them. Eyes, ears, feet, hands, all His. Our possessions. If we give anything for Christ's sake, because we think Christ wants us to give it, then we give it to Him. All this what we can do to give Christ pleasure on His birthday.

III. But He, too, likes to give us pleasure, so invites us to the birthday feast. Knows we cannot be happy without Him—wants us to be happy—so willing to feed us. The food He gives makes us strong—gives us the best kind of happiness. He offers it to you to-day, will not you come to the feast?

Our brother at home—we still at school. Yet, even so, can increase His happiness, and allow Him to increase ours—one of these days all at home together. How happy when all keep His birthday at home in His Father's house.—REV. C. A. GOODHART.

301

A LITTLE GIRL'S CHRISTMAS
(Christmas)

TEXT: *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will."* Luke 2: 14.

Long years ago there lived a young girl by the name of Eagerheart. The news had been proclaimed in her city that the king was to visit it and that he would stay at the home of one of its citizens. So all the people began to get ready for the visit of the king. Eagerheart prepared her house to receive him. "The king will surely come to my house," she cried, as she finished the last bit of work.

Just then a knock came at the door of the home. When she opened it she saw there a poor, ragged man with his wife and little child. They looked like tramps to her. The man begged for a night's lodging. But Eagerheart thought of the king. "Not to-night!" she cried. "Not to-night!" She felt sorry for the poor man. And seeing how sad he looked she cried again: "Any night but to-night!"

As the man turned to go away he said: "They all say that—'any night but to-night.' And my family and I have no place to rest for the night."

Eagerheart's heart was touched. The poor family looked so forlorn, the night was so cold, and the boy child looked small and weak to spend the night out in the open.

"Come back!" cried Eagerheart. "I had expected to entertain the king. But I cannot see you go. Come! Stay here!" she cried, "and good-bye to all my dreams."

So she took them in. She drew them close to the fire and gave them all the comforts she had planned for the king. So happy was she in ministering to the wants of the poor family that all thought of the king was driven from her mind until a knock came at the door. Eagerheart opened it and she found some of the neighbors inquiring for the king.

"He is not there," she said quietly. But the people replied, "Oh, yes, he is." And then Eagerheart found that the child she had sheltered was the king.

When Eagerheart took in the poor man and his family and attended to their wants she showed good will toward men. And in doing so she showed good-will to Christ, her King.

The Christmas time celebrates the birthday of our King. Many, many years ago the Son of God came to earth and entered the home

of Joseph and Mary. They found in that tiny babe the King of the whole world, and not only its King but its Saviour. This Christmas time is a happy time for us. We receive the love and gifts of our parents, and how glad we are. But do not forget that the greatest gift of all is to have the King come into each heart. That means joy everlasting and happiness through all the years to come.

As you think of the Child Jesus, remember the story of Eagerheart. Make this Christmas time a happy time for some who are neglected or poor. Maybe they are cold! You can give them fuel and clothing so that they can have bodily warmth. Maybe they are hungry! You can give them food. Maybe they are starved for a little bit of love! You can give them of the store in your own heart. Then people will come to you and say: "We would see the King!" And lo, you will find that He has entered your heart!—M. C.

302

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE

(Christmas Time)

Next Sunday is Christmas Day. To-day is a week ahead, but I am going to give you a little talk with a Christmas flavor. For I know you boys and girls are all thinking about Christmas already. Besides, the story I am going to tell you may give a hint of how some of you may help the birds about your houses to have a better Christmas.

Some years ago, we are told, a bird-loving family added to the holiday pleasure of the household, and also to that of its bird neighbors, by having a birds' Christmas tree. They lived in the suburbs of a Northern city, and a large lawn with trees and shrubbery helped to make it a success.

The birds' Christmas tree was placed on the roof of a veranda and fastened to the narrow strip dividing a large double window, so that it was easily seen from the room. Small berry baskets containing sunflower and hemp seeds were fastened on the limbs; also festoons of pumpkin-seed strings and suet were tied to the branches. Loosely woven cord bags, resembling stockings, were hung to the tree. These were filled with cracked nuts. Suet and bones were hung on all the trees around the house.

The birds enjoyed the royal feast. They came in large numbers, especially in the morning and late afternoon.

The gay company was composed of chickadees, woodpeckers, brown creepers, golden-crowned kinglets, blue jays, tree sparrows, and others.

The children in the neighborhood enjoyed the novelty of the birds'

Christmas tree, and the grown-up people also watched with pleased interest the feast of these little feathered creatures.

I hope, boys and girls, that you will all have a very happy Christmas. But remember it will be all the happier if you do kind things for birds and animals, and especially if you try to make the members of your family, your friends, and all your neighbors happy by doing kind things for them. Some one has said that happiness was born a twin, that truest happiness is found in sharing with others. May you all have a very blessed Christmas, boys and girls of my junior congregation.—H.

303

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

(Christmas)

Once there was war between England and Wales for a long while. The people of Wales did not want to be ruled by a foreign king. They were fighting to throw off the English yoke. At length the King of England became weary of the conflict. He was sorry to see the suffering which abounded—was sorry to see the terrible bloodshed. So he at last sent ambassadors to offer the people of Wales peace.

He promised them that if they would lay down their arms, he would give them as their ruler one who was born in Wales and could not speak a word of English.

The Welsh readily agreed to his proposition. "Why," thought they, "that is what we are fighting for!"

The King then presented them his infant son, who was born in the Castle of Carnarvon, in Wales, a short time before. He was Welsh by birth and could not speak a word of English.

The Welsh kept their part of the agreement in admiration of the Kings resourcefulness, and the heir to the British Crown has ever since been called the Prince of Wales.

The men of earth for many centuries suffered untold misery because they preferred to be self-ruled rather than to be God-ruled. They committed sin and suffered the penalty. Sin, boys and girls, is a general purpose to have one's own way. God had every right to expect obedience from men. He created. He preserved and protected. But, unmindful of this, men persisted in rebellion against Him.

At length the heavenly King, grieved over his rebellious subjects, looked with pity on their suffering. He grieved because they were destroying themselves by sinning against Him. He formed a plan to restore peace between humanity and Himself. He said, "I will cause my Son to be born on earth. I will give them as their ruler One who

understands them, One who will sympathize with them, One whose example they should be willing to follow. My Son will become the Son of Man. Through Him they shall be reconciled with me. Through Him they shall learn of my love. He shall represent my authority upon earth and those who follow Him shall know peace. Thousands shall flock to His standard, and so shall the earth be filled with my glory." This is what Isaiah meant when he sang: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Let us give the Prince a hearty welcome to-day. Let us ask Him to shed His love abroad in our hearts, that through us others may flock to His standard. God grant that you may always enjoy the Prince's favor—that you may share His peace here and His glory hereafter.

304

USING TIME WISELY

(End of Year)

TEXT: *"Redeeming the time."* Ephesians 5: 16.

The words of this motto stand high up in a tower above one of the busiest streets of a great city. Underneath them is the dial of an uncommon clock. There are two circles alongside one another. In the first of these, in clear figures, is displayed the hour. In the other are the figures that denote each minute. And as one watches it, the one, two, three, four, etc., succeed each other in regular succession.

The first time I saw it, the thought occurred to my mind very forcibly, how long a minute is. I was surprised to find how far I could walk along the street between the appearance of one of these figures and the next. It was a very noteworthy manner of impressing on one's mind how frequently we waste our time.

Perhaps you have all been impressed with it on certain occasions. You may have stood with a watch in your hand trying to time a race, or to see how long elapsed between a flash of lightning and the subsequent peal of thunder. It may have seemed to you then as if even seconds were long, and when we read in certain sciences about seconds being divided up into millionth parts, our brain becomes dizzy at the thought of the enormous length of time. But the more common idea is of time's shortness.

I suppose this becomes more and more noticeable the older we get. When we are quite little the hours seem long, and a summer day is

like a week. But even children, when they are happy, think that time flies too quickly

There is one phrase people use sometimes which always appears to me one of the worst, and, if they really meant it, most sinful phrases one could use. They speak about "killing time."

As a matter of fact, time is one of God's most precious gifts, and like His other gifts of highest value it is common to every one. Time is the same everywhere, and we have all the same length of day, hour, and minute; everywhere there may be inequality, there are perfect fairness and adequate opportunity here, and it altogether depends upon the way in which we use our time as to how we are going to manage our life. Time is far too sacred a gift to be abused.

I know one great castle in the south of England, and on its entrance tower there are two sundials. The one that faces the approach has upon it the one Latin word, *Praetereunt,* meaning, "They have passed by," and refers to the hours that the dial has measured. Then, as one comes up to the flight of stairs that lead to the hall, the other dial upon the right hand bears the word *Imputantur,* "They are reckoned up," thus reminding every one who enters that the hours one has lived have their chronicle with God. It is a solemn lesson to be taught so forcibly, and impresses, at any rate, the casual visitor. One wonders whether it becomes so familiar to those who live within the roof of the castle that they do not even notice the words as they go out and in at the door.

It is possible to become so familiar with danger that men forget it altogether, and we may become so familiar with truths like this that they do not impress us. Some men are so rich that we read about their being worth so many pounds a minute; but in reality every one's minutes are worth far more than can be reckoned in the terms of earthly currency. In reality our time is not ours at all, but God's. He gives it to us, and it is a trust we hold for him.—Rev. G. C. Martin.